

FIVE GENERATIONS

*Life & Letters of
an American Family*



Library



LIBRARY
COLLEGE OF PUGET SOUND
TACOMA, WASH.

THIS ITEM HAS BEEN
DISCARDED BY THE
UNIVERSITY OF PUGET SOUND
COLLINS MEMORIAL LIBRARY



FIVE
GENERATIONS

*Life and Letters of
An American Family*

1750-1900





MRS. HARTLEY OF CHARLESTON, HER DAUGHTER MRS. SOMARSALL, AND TWO
GRANDDAUGHTERS, MARY SOMARSALL AND MARGARET CAMPBELL

From a portrait by Henry Benbridge

FIVE
GENERATIONS

LIFE AND LETTERS OF
AN AMERICAN FAMILY

1750-1900

By Margaret Armstrong

*"Oui, cette note particulière qu'émet toute âme humaine
et qu'il est délicieux d'entendre résonner toute pure,
c'est dans les documents originaux, et là seulement,
qu'il la faut chercher."*

—ANDRÉ MAUROIS.

NEW YORK AND LONDON
PUBLISHED BY MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS

M,DCCCC,XXX

COPYRIGHT, 1930, BY MARGARET ARMSTRONG
PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

FIRST EDITION

B-E





TABLE OF CONTENTS

FOREWORD	I
I. A YOUNG LADY OF FASHION AND HER FRIENDS	5
II. WHEN NEW YORK WAS THE CAPITAL OF THE UNITED STATES	34
III. THE TRANSPLANTING OF A SCOTCH THISTLE	63
IV. IN OLD CAROLINA	94
V. THE BOUWERIE FARM AND ITS NEIGHBORS	112
VI. TWO WARS AND A VISIT TO LA FAYETTE	143
VII. MIDDLE DISTANCE	163
VIII. A NEW YORK DIARY	199
IX. ROSE	227
X. MORE ABOUT NEW YORK	255
XI. MOSTLY SALT WATER	281
XII. DANSKAMMER	326
XIII. ABROAD AND AT HOME	370
FAMILY TREE	404
INDEX	405

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

<i>Silhouette of Dr. John Neilson, by August Edouart</i>	First end paper
<i>Mrs. Hartley of Charleston, S. C.; her daughter Mrs. William Somarsall; and two granddaughters, Mary Somarsall, afterwards Mrs. John Ward, and Margaret Campbell, afterwards Mrs. Robert Deas: from a portrait by Henry Benbridge, owned by Mrs. E. Maitland Armstrong</i>	Frontispiece
	Facing page
<i>Margaret Marshall, wife of Colonel William Armstrong; from a miniature by Walter Robertson, owned by Hamilton Fish Armstrong</i>	22
<i>Don Francisco Rendón of Jerez de la Frontera; from a miniature owned by Margaret Armstrong</i>	22
<i>Old Cards of Invitation; from the Minister of France, Mrs. William Bingham of Philadelphia, and the Philadelphia Assembly; owned by Margaret Armstrong</i>	44
<i>Colonel William Armstrong of the British Army; from a miniature by Walter Robertson, owned by Mrs. Alfred Edey</i>	74
<i>Petrus Stuyvesant, last Dutch Governor of New Netherland; after the portrait by Van Dyck in the N. Y. Historical Society</i>	112
<i>Facsimile of first page of the list of persons invited to the Funeral of Patroon Van Rensselaer; original owned by Margaret Armstrong</i>	116
<i>Colonel Nicholas Fish; from a miniature by Edward G. Malbone, owned by William Beverley Rogers</i>	132
<i>Dr. John Neilson, as a boy at Princeton College; from a portrait by James Sharpless, owned by Mrs. Philip Van Rensselaer Schuyler</i>	146

	Facing page
<i>Catharine Voorhees, wife of Colonel John Neilson; from a portrait by James Sharpless, owned by James Neilson of New Brunswick, N. J.</i>	146
<i>Colonel William Armstrong and his wife, Margaret Marshall; from engravings on copper by Saint-Mémin, owned by Margaret Armstrong</i>	170
<i>John Neilson, Jr.; from a miniature, owned by Edwin B. King of Warrenton, Va.</i>	200
<i>Fanny Kemble; from a portrait in water color by Thomas Sully, owned by Mrs. E. Maitland Armstrong</i>	210
<i>Programme of Commencement Exercises at Columbia College, 1820; original owned by Margaret Armstrong</i>	220
<i>Margaret Fish, Mrs. John Neilson, Jr.; from a miniature by Henry Inman finished by Thomas Seir Cummings, owned by Mrs. Harford Willing Hare Powel</i>	226
<i>Elizabeth Town, N. J. about 1840; from an old print, owned by Margaret Armstrong</i>	244
<i>Weehawken, N. J.; from a water color drawing by John Neilson, Jr., owned by Margaret Armstrong</i>	258
<i>Helen Neilson (Mrs. Maitland Armstrong) as a child; from a portrait by J. H. Shegogue, owned by Hamilton Fish Armstrong</i>	274
<i>"Alabama Claims," cartoon from Punch</i>	280
<i>Fight between the Constitution and Guerrière; from an old engraving by William Croome</i>	296
<i>Commodore William Dayton Salter of the U. S. Navy; from a portrait at the Brooklyn Navy Yard</i>	308
<i>The Old House at Danskammer; from a photograph</i>	326
<i>Edward Armstrong of Danskammer; from a miniature by Nathaniel Rogers, owned by Helen Maitland Armstrong</i>	350

ILLUSTRATIONS

ix

Facing
page

*Maitland Armstrong, as a boy at Trinity College, Hartford; from
a daguerreotype* 368

Henry Armstrong, as a "Forty-niner"; from a daguerreotype 380

*Silhouette of Helen Neilson (Mrs. Maitland Armstrong)
as a child* Last end paper

FIVE
GENERATIONS



FOREWORD

It happens that our family in city and country has moved from one house to another less often than is usual in America, and this may account for an uncommonly large accumulation of drift from the letter-writing age just past. Diaries and notebooks, ball tickets and visiting cards, valentines, original verses and copies of favorite hymns, newspaper clippings of births, deaths, and marriages, as well as many fat bundles of letters. Love letters tied with blue ribbon. Business letters tied with red tape. Letters of condolence and congratulation from many different families and countries. Flotsam and jetsam of a hundred and fifty years, all gathered together now in the little chest of black embossed leather that my great-uncle, the Commodore, brought from China.

The letter-writing age is over. Judging from these old letters of mine, it reached its peak in the years between the Revolution and the War of 1812. This was a busy, anxious time of reconstruction, but everybody who could hold pen in hand somehow found leisure for correspondence. Our great-grandparents filled immense square sheets of paper with spidery writing, folded them intricately—envelopes were not yet invented—sealed them with careful blobs of red wax printed with a coat-of-arms or grandmother's thimble according to the writer's station in life, and usually added "Kindness of Mr. So-and-so" to the address; for Sir Roland Hill had not yet dreamed of the penny post, packet boats and stages

were unreliable, and letters often waited for weeks until some obliging traveler on horseback or in his own carriage happened to be going that way.

Even after the War of 1812 I find that correspondence was holding its own as a leisurely and agreeable art. English fashion still insisted on sealing-wax, and the small bright-colored wafers affected by the French were considered vulgar, but they were convenient and gradually replaced the seals. With another fifty years, and the Civil War, envelopes with gummed flaps and postage stamps had become commonplace, and letters, inside and out, looked much as they do today. They still were pretty long and had a literary flavor, but moral reflections and abstract advice on the duty of resignation and other old-fashioned virtues had disappeared. Today letter-writing, like sermon-writing, is an outworn form of art and will soon vanish altogether. Unfortunately, when letters have everywhere given way to telegrams and typewritten messages, the world—to quote this morning's editorial in the *New York Times*—"will be deprived of a great and original source of information and literary pleasure." For family letters are one of the few *unbiased* records of manners and customs, and although a girl's letter to her mother describing a ball may give only a side light on current events, a number of side lights, each insignificant in itself, may illuminate the past so that we see it in truer colors than if we are dazzled by the historian's spot light, whether it is turned on by an old-fashioned hero-worshiper or a modern muck-raker.

Granting the value of family letters in general and returning to my little black leather chest of miscellaneous papers, as I said before, these letters of mine cover a period of over

a hundred and fifty years, beginning before the Revolution and coming down to the end of the nineteenth century. Some of them are from Scotland, a few from Spain and India and Brazil, many from New Jersey and Carolina. But, fortunately—as old letters should be “a source of literary pleasure as well as information”—most of them were written either to or from New York. According to an early historian, the settlers of New York “came hither to enjoy life, not to establish creeds; to secure a domestic fireside, not to make converts to political opinions.” Lacking in idealism? Perhaps. Anyhow, that “proud and opulent city,” as Walpole called New York, naturally turned out a racier article than Puritan New England or Quaker Philadelphia.

Serious-minded people—genealogists and historians—will not find very much in these letters, but they are crammed with the little events of every day that make the past alive. You see Rose Armstrong opening a letter, hear the buzz of interest from the other girls as she reads: “Listen to this—Charles says that twenty-eight thousand stewed oysters were eaten at the Boz Ball!” Or catch the slightly envious tone in Margaret’s, “It seems the Prince de Joinville gave a magnificent gold chain to every girl he danced with at Newport.” Echo the surprised: “So Tom Thumb is to be married in Grace Church—a mountebank—Bishop Potter oughtn’t to allow it!” Sigh with little Helena, who went all the way to Washington Square on the Fourth, but it rained and “wet the wings of the sky-rocket pigeon so he wouldn’t fly out of the willow tree.” The very small sorrow of a very small person—Helena was only five—but that Fourth of July celebration was in 1826 and trivialities, like wine, acquire flavor with the passing of time.

Among so much that is amusing it is hard to know where to begin, but perhaps the most entertaining relics in the chest are the odds and ends collected by my great-grandmother, Margaret Marshall, preserved for sentimental reasons connected with her engagement to a young Spanish don before she married William Armstrong, my great-grandfather. Invitations to tea, visiting cards and billets doux, all the souvenirs of this romantic episode, were carefully kept, as well as many from her girl correspondents. Taken together they give an excellent picture of society in New York, New Jersey, and Philadelphia for the ten years between 1780 and 1790, an extremely interesting period, for in those years the War of the Revolution was won and the Government of the United States established. So Margaret Marshall shall take precedence of my other great-grandparents, and her circle of friends shall contribute the first letters in our family chronicle.



CHAPTER I

A Young Lady of Fashion and Her Friends

1780-1785

The endearing elegance of female friendship, and the happy commerce of domestic tenderness.

—DOCTOR JOHNSON

Margaret Marshall. My great-grandmother! An old lady in a cap? No; here is her miniature, and a girl's face looks back at me. A beautiful face, delicate tints and textures—powdered hair and pearls, muslin scarf and pale blue girdle—pretty contrast to this other miniature of her Spanish fiancé, Rendón, left with her as a parting souvenir, or, perhaps, sent from Spain. Handsome and spirited; an extraordinarily vivid face, spark of laughter in the dark eyes, touch of arrogance about the clear-cut mouth and lifted chin; just the face you would expect from his letters. There is no laughter, only the faintest Mona Lisa smile and more than a touch of wistfulness in Margaret Marshall's miniature; but Robertson, the painter, may have been responsible. He often preferred romance to accuracy. In a later portrait, one of St. Memin's charming copper-plates, she appears as a sweet little lady, pretty and plump, more the sort of person that her correspondence suggests, a lively girl fond of dress and with great powers of enjoyment that she kept to the very end of her life.

Margaret Marshall and her elder sister Janet lived with the

family of their stepfather, John Ramsay, their mother having married again after the early death of her first husband, Charles Marshall. He must have been a kind stepfather, for Margaret Marshall's daughter described him as "the kindest man I ever knew, we all loved him." These half brothers and sisters made up a cheerful pleasure-loving family absorbed in society, balls and beaux being the chief interest of the girls, whether they happened to be living in Philadelphia or New York. Some of their most intimate friends lived in Elizabeth Town, as that New Jersey village was called before its name was shortened to Elizabeth, when it still was a pretty place "containing an unusual number of polite families." One of these, the De Harts, were well known in Colonial times; their correspondence with Margaret Marshall's descendants continued until after the Civil War.

At the time the letter below was written, Abigail De Hart was visiting in Trenton. This particular December was a terrible month for the Americans. Arnold's treason and André's execution were fresh in everybody's minds, the Carolinas had been lost, and the whole Continental army was known to be on the edge of mutiny because it had not been paid for ten months and was without proper food or clothes. A few weeks before, Washington wrote: "The army cannot rub through a second campaign as through the last. It would be as reasonable as to suppose that because a man can roll up a snow ball till it has acquired the size of a horse, that he might do so until it was as large as a house." In addition, bands of ruffians were making havoc of New Jersey. A Trenton newspaper of almost the same date as Abigail's letter, after noting that "Major-

General the Marquis de La Fayette passed through here on his way to Philadelphia," goes on to describe the capture of "eight horse thieves from New York, who skulked when pursued, hiding in the tall thick weeds of a swamp; but the Bergen boys, for the sake of expedition, setting fire, the contents came out and very submissively surrendered." Abigail, however, knew better than to write to her friend Margaret of such tiresome incidents and dwells only on what seems to her really thrilling.

*Miss Abigail De Hart to Miss Peggy Marshall,
at Mr. John Ramsay's, Front Street
near Walnut Street, Philadelphia.*

Trenton, December, 1780

My dear Peggy: I wrote you by Mr. George Washington to introduce him. I had not time as Susan Livingston was with us to say a great deal. Short as the scrawl was, I hope you got it and was not displeased with your new acquaintance. He is certainly a clever little fellow. We were diverted the day he drank tea with us at a curious question proposed by Billy Morris—after General St. Clair, the Marquis and the other French gentlemen had taken leave, George Washington and Billy Morris sat two hours or more. In the course of conversation, Whiskers and Mustachios were mentioned. Susan Livingston said they were frightful but perhaps they might still come into vogue. "You could not wear them," said Morris to the other. "He might get false ones," said Susan. "Pray, Sir," said Billy looking full in Washington's face and very gravely. "Do

you shave yet?" "Oh yes, Sir," replied he, "I have a long time," and held up his head. We girls were ready to strangle to keep from roaring out, but they were as serious as possible. Billy Morris was in town for three or four days, he came to gallant Rachel Cox home, and I saw him several times, he is a queer animal. Māma, who left us yesterday, has given me leave to stay here three weeks. She came down about four days ago with one of my brothers to squire her, till then I had expected to see the Chair come to carry my ladyship home every day.

This goes by Mrs. Meredith, and if she is not too much troubled with her own Trunks, boxes and bundles I shall ask the favor of her to take your chemise. This is the first shadow of a conveyance that I have met with to send such a charge by. I suppose you have seen Miss Lawrence since her return from New York. Pray what fashions did she bring out? Though I suppose she was à la Madame Lloyd. I wish to see somebody with a fashionable head; if it is easily done give me a description of one and tell me what shape the cushion is. Isaac Cox called here this morning. I was somewhat in Dishabille and ran off to put on a habit, but hearing who it was, I returned without making any alteration. I am always glad to see people I like, is it not strange?—confessing that I like to see Isaac. He told me of Mrs. Cox's having a fine child, wish her joy for me.

General St. Clair asked why I did not send my letter by him instead of by George Washington. I told him I thought he would call without, so I suppose you saw the old general. Give my love to Janet and Betsy—to Hannah and ask her if she is any fatter for the *cramming* party—to Polly and Jacob Morris. Comp'ts to Mr. Cunningham and that sweet woman

his wife, and so forth. Adieu my dear, believe that I love you tenderly.

A. De H.

It is hardly necessary to explain that the young George Washington mentioned in the letter above was not the General, but his nephew, George Augustine, about seventeen at this time. The Marquis was, of course, La Fayette. General Arthur St. Clair often appears in the Marshalls' letters; he was a grandson of the Earl of Roslin, served under Wolf at Quebec, and later took up arms on the American side. Isaac Cox, not long before he came to call on Abigail, had distinguished himself in Philadelphia; assisted by four other gentlemen with drawn swords, he had saved the life of an unlucky lawyer attacked by a mob because he had ventured to defend a Tory client. Rachel Cox was one of five sisters "known from end to end of New Jersey and beyond as the Cox Beauties"; she married a "Castle Point" Stevens, and it was her son who built the famous yacht *America* that won the first international cup race. It was natural that Abigail should inquire with some anxiety about head-dresses, for I find a complaint in a newspaper of this date that "ladies' heads tower above to the extremity of the fashion, with cushions, pomatum, powder, and essence; below, a single petticoat leaves them as lank as rats." And butterflies, caterpillars, and coaches and horses made of spun glass were fashionable hair ornaments. The prejudice against whiskers and mustaches lasted long after Abigail's time; as late as 1848 a writer condemned "Mahomedan whiskers on Christian men."

Jacob and Billy Morris, mentioned in Abigail's letter, were the nephews of that well-known revolutionary figure, Gou-

verneur Morris, author of the verses below. Here Susan Livingston, who hated mustachios, appears again. Susan and her sister Sarah, Mrs. James Ricketts, were the daughters of Peter Van Brugh Livingston and nieces of Governor Livingston and Lord Stirling, all conspicuous for their patriotism. The Ricketts were equally conspicuous Tories, with such an affection for the old country that Sarah had gone all the way to Scotland to be married at Eglinton Castle, the seat of her husband's family. But in spite of their loyalty, the Ricketts family had an unpleasant encounter with a British ship just before the Revolution; His Majesty's Ship *Greyhound* fired on their little boat as it was crossing New York Harbor, for the seemingly inadequate reason that the "burgee was flying at the masthead," and killed the baby's nurse!

Perhaps a rebel family counteracted a Tory husband; anyhow, the verses show that old friendships could remain unbroken by politics. Gouverneur Morris must have been an amusing and original character. One of his "whimsical oddities" was a dislike to having a horse held while he mounted; even his driving-horses must be trained to stand. On one occasion "his spirited grays being thus unrestrained by groom or rein while he mounted to his seat in the stylish phaeton," they ran away, his leg was broken and had to be amputated. But even then he kept his sense of humor. When a clerical friend offered pious consolation, Morris remarked: "You argue the matter so handsomely, and point out the advantages of being without legs so clearly, that I am almost tempted to part with the other." He was celebrated for his poems, "mostly casual, addressed to friends or produced for his own diversion," like the lines below, which record great events with amusing careless-

ness. He boasts in these verses of freedom from the bonds of matrimony, but late in life he married and had one son, much to the disgust of his family, who had expected to inherit his very large fortune. A frivolous nephew suggested that the young heir should be christened after Count Kutuzoff, but his pun was not considered funny by the other relations.

Gouverneur Morris to Mrs. James Ricketts.

Dear Madame, Your fair sister Sue
 Commands me write, and write to you.
 Her kind request I'd fain have parried,
 And reason good, for you are married!
 Then too, with politics and nonsense
 I've lost my rhyming talents long since;
 But since, in time and reason's spite,
 I'm doomèd for my sins to write,
 And what is harder still, I deem,
 Precluded from my favorite theme—
 Phoebus disdaining to inspire me
 And Cupid not allowed to fire me,
 For should he play me such a trick it's
 Ten to one 'twould anger Ricketts!
 In such a case I needs must choose
 (A Hobson's choice) to write the news.
 Know then, the great Burgoyne's surrounded,
 His arms magnanimously grounded.
 I'd tell you, if I was a Tory,
 That Howe had gained much greater glory,
 He's taken Philadelphia City,

For which the honest man I pity,
Because he is so high in air
That if his Knightship don't take care
He'll get so terrible a tumble
As e'en his Quaker friends will humble.
Your friends are all in health and spirit
And we shall conquer, never fear it!
Your sisters, as some folks relate,
Have each of them secured a mate,
But would you know if this be truth
Ask Nature and her handmaid Youth.
For me, I'm as I used to be,
I'm often wounded, always free,
The servant of the common weal.
I will, with true Poetic zeal,
As long as Sun and Moon endures,
And longer still, continue Yours.

G. M.

This rhymed letter was probably sent to Elizabeth Town where Mrs. James Ricketts usually lived. That winter of 1779 was very gay in Elizabeth Town for the Jersey Brigade was there, the officers quartered in the old tavern that housed British and American soldiers alternately through most of the war, while Washington and seven brigades were "huttet" at Middlebrook. The village streets swarmed with uniforms; "Liberty Hall," Governor Livingston's country place, was near by; so was "Convivial Hall," where Lord Stirling had his headquarters. It was a frightfully cold winter. All the way up to Albany the Hudson was "mere terra firma" and New

York Bay was frozen over so thick that two hundred sleighs laden with provisions, escorted by two hundred light horse, crossed in a body from the city to Staten Island. All winter long the snow was from three to six feet deep, and the American army suffered almost as much as at Valley Forge. But snow and ice could not depress the young people of Elizabeth Town—after all, there is nothing like dancing to keep one warm! And not only the young. It is recorded that at a ball of this time, described as “a pretty little frisk,” General Washington danced all night without ever sitting down.

One of the oldest papers I have, dropping to pieces now and yellow with age, is a list of names, either the guests at some entertainment in the nature of a “book party” or a satirical summing up of their mutual friends, sent to Margaret Marshall by the De Hart girls. Each name—there are some fifty in all—is fitted with an appropriate character; it is too long to give in full, but here are some of them:

A Catalogue of Books and Charectors.

Elizabeth Town, January 7, 1779

The well bred man, or honesty of heart imposed upon—by Lord Stirling.

True Piety—by Lady Stirling.

The old Batchelor, a comedy—by General Maxwell.

The widow in search of happiness—Mrs. Pollock.

The honest veteran rewarded, a well wrote history—by Capt. M’Cleod.

The Satirist or Lady would be—by Miss Sally De Hart.

The Language of the eyes out done by the flippancy of the tongue—by Miss Jelf.

The Surgeon or Sharps the word, a farce—by Col. Barber.

Jery Sneak—by Mr. Brasher.

Mrs. Sneak—by Mrs. Brasher.

Affectation in folio—by Miss Noel.

Good Sense a little blended with folly—by Capt. Anderson.

The Principal actor—by Major Ogden.

To which is added a farce Take me in the humor—by Capt. Dayton.

The Sensible Companion, some years published—by Miss Smith, lately bound in sheets and presented to the publick—by Mrs. Boudinot.

The Happy Man—by Col. De Hart

Natural perfection—by Miss Chandler.

The officers mentioned in the list, all of them important figures during the Revolution, were, of course, headed by Lord Stirling, as William Alexander was styled by his contemporaries although the earldom had been long extinct when he claimed it and his right was denied by the House of Lords. There were jokes about his liking to be called "Lord." He was reported to have taken as addressed to *himself* the exclamation "Lord, have mercy on me!" of a man he had just condemned; and a Tory contemporary complained bitterly that Stirling "cut the figure of a real earl, returning from England with carriages and horses, valet de chambre, butler, steward, friseur, cook, coachman and mistress." Major Ogden became Governor of New Jersey. Colonel De Hart was afterward President of the St. Tammany Society, then "a national institution, holding

up as its object the smile of charity, the chain of friendship, and the flame of liberty." Captain M'Cleod was a British officer on parole in Elizabeth and was mentioned in a letter from General Maxwell to the Legislature as a dangerous spy. Maxwell also suspected Mrs. Chandler, wife of the Tory rector. "There is not a Tory passes in or out of New Jersey," he wrote, "but waits on Mrs. Chandler. She would be much better off in New York, and to take her baggage with her so that she might have nothing to come back for." The "charectors" of the Brashers suggest that they too were spies. Mrs. Pollock was a daughter of Jonathan Edwards and an aunt of Aaron Burr. The ladies of Elizabeth Town must have been much like suburban ladies today, for Governor Livingston complained to General Washington that they were always bothering him for passes to New York and had an insatiable desire for "tea and trinkets."

But tea and trinkets were, of course, necessities in a town where so much entertaining was going on. The very names of the two big houses near by, "Liberty Hall" and "Convivial Hall," suggest a good time. The dancing and flirting must have worried fussy mothers, but pleased the matchmakers; for Captain Dayton of the "book party" married Miss Chandler, "Natural Perfection," and Colonel Barber married Nancy Ogden. Alexander Hamilton's name might also have appeared as a "charector," for he was courting Elizabeth Schuyler while she was visiting at "Liberty Hall" and knew Elizabeth Town well. Before the war he had been a pupil there in the school of Colonel Barber, who fought all through the Revolution only to be killed by a falling tree on the very day that Washington announced peace. An amusing anecdote has come down

in history concerning the Livingston girls of "Liberty Hall." A letter from Kitty Livingston to her sister Mrs. John Jay, then living in Madrid, tells of a bet Kitty had made with Miralles the Spanish chargé, Luzerne the French Minister, and Marbois the French consul. It seems that these three gentlemen couldn't believe that Mrs. Jay's color was genuine and insisted that she painted; they also declared that her disposition was so lively that it would be impossible for her to resist going to the theater in Spain on Sundays. Later on, Luzerne had to acknowledge that he was wrong in his suspicions and presented Miss Kitty with "a handsome dress cap."

A tragedy of this time connected with the Noels, Boudinots, and Ogdens of the "book party" was the murder of the Reverend Mr. Caldwell by an American sentry; his body was placed on a large stone in front of Mrs. Noel's house in Elizabeth, which had been bought from the Boudinots, while Elias Boudinot delivered the funeral oration. Strange to say, Mr. Caldwell's wife, Hannah Ogden, had also been murdered by a soldier, a red coat, not long before while the British were "marauding the Jersies." She was shot sitting in the window with a baby in her arms, and her murder created as bitter feeling as that of Edith Cavell in our own time. It was during this same raid of the British that "Liberty Hall" was attacked. The story goes that when Susan Livingston, the Governor's niece, suddenly appeared in the doorway, the soldiers cried: "God, it's Mrs. Caldwell we killed today!" and fled in disorder. But the family does not vouch for this anecdote. They say it was not fear but Susan's charm that saved the house from being sacked—and more than once! When Lord Cathcart came to search "Liberty Hall" for the Governor's papers, Susan was

so shy and sweet, looked up at him so confidingly, whispered so innocently that a certain box was *hers*—billet doux, girlish relics—that the poor man actually put a guard over the box which contained the only valuable papers in the house and finally went off with some worthless papers in the “sulky.” Another time a smile and a rose was all the beguiling girl needed to get rid of the Honorable Cosmo Hamilton when he came on a similar unpleasant errand.

New Jersey in the Revolution could have matched Belgium’s stories in the Great War, but Abigail in her letter below had, as usual, more amusing things to write about than “atrocities.” She mentions several names that appeared in the “Catalogue of Charectors,” and Susan Livingston, the Governor’s niece, comes in again, as well as “Susan Livingston from Princeton,” so called because her mother had moved to Princeton in order that the boys, Peter and Maturin, could be educated there. The scarcity of beaux shows that the army had left Elizabeth Town.

Abigail De Hart to Margaret Marshall.

Elizabeth Town, April, 1781

Methinks there is an unusual coldness in your style, Peggy, you say you will visit us when *convenient*—how cool! I know very well that it is not in your temper to be ever making professions and I love you the better for it, but there was a *freeness* in your letters that was very pleasing. Let not distance lessen the affection I have been so long flattered with. You enquire who are the ladies that ask about you in this town—the answer is short—all, particularly Miss Chandler. She has

been deeply distressed for the death of her brother, but the account is happily contradicted and cheerfulness has taken the place of melancholy. Nelly Noel is not one whit changed. She is very intimate with one Miss Bross, daughter-in-law to Major Adams that Billy Lawrence talks of. I saw her yesterday at Noel's for the first time—I only just saw her for she spoke not a word. Indeed I was glad that she did not open her mouth, for she so perfectly resembles the idea of a lioness that if I had seen her jaws move I should have given up my head for lost, and may be had died of Terror. You wonder how Jelf can live in the Shades as she does. I am surprised at it too. She can have no lover up there unless it is poor Sam Hackett, who I hear visits her often, but he is too enamored of the flowing bowl to admit a thought of even Miss Jelf's bright eyes. Susan Livingston has been fortunate, twice a bridesmaid in one season; when does she return to Jersey? Susan Livingston from Princeton is at Major Adams's, I called on her yesterday. She is a clever grave girl enough, vivacity does not tempt her to say indiscreet things—I say nothing of her beauty, you have seen it.

Not a single Beau in Town and what is worse no prospect of any. Now and then we see something that some of our ladies call gallants, but we have too little taste to honor 'em with that appellation, perhaps we have not sufficient discernment to see that they are *smart*—I console myself, I know you would join us. In pity, you who have so many, send us one to cheer us solitary girls.

But Abigail need not have worried. She secured a beau, and when she wrote the letter below she was a married woman.

Her husband, Colonel John Mayo, was a grandson of the Mayo who laid out the city of Richmond; he built the Mayo bridge over the James River at his own expense, becoming so embarrassed financially that Patrick Henry asked the Virginia Legislature, without success, for a loan for "the spirited proprietor." Abigail's daughter Maria married General Winfield Scott, of the Mexican War.

Abigail De Hart Mayo to Margaret Marshall.

Richmond, February, 1785

My dear girl, Is it possible that you have waited for a letter from me? Ceremonious indeed! If you stand upon so much punctilio it will be impossible for us to have news of you more than once during our stay. I assure you of the truest friendship. I do not find any truth in what I have frequently heard, that a woman's affection for her husband, like a mighty vortex, swallows up her early attachments. I find room in my heart for you and my other friends and a good large portion too, while a very sufficient stock remains to my husband. I beg you, my dear Peggy, to sacrifice one hour to my gratification. Tell me what you have heard from Mrs. Rucker and Betsy, how they like London and what they say of returning to America. If they talk of visiting France and how England agrees with their health. What Janet writes about the fashions and in fine every little particular. Tell me what you have heard from our Philadelphia acquaintances, Mrs. Cunningham, the Bonds, etc. Who are your beaux in New York. If Rendón is among them remember me to him. Are you teased with old H— as much

as ever? Tell him I mention him in my letters but don't tell him in what manner.

You will expect me to give you some account of this ancient dominion, which one would not think near so old as our northern states. It looks wild and rude and it must look so as long as individuals own such large bodies of land, for it is impossible for one man with ever so many slaves to cultivate such large landed estates. Richmond is a very thriving town, but they build chiefly wooden houses and as they stand close should a fire break out they would hardly be able to stop it. In general they are painted white which has a pretty effect at a distance. There are a vast many ladies about here but they don't put me in mind of you girls except by the contrast. Beaux plenty, and much preferable in my opinion to the belles. I find the genteelst people all live in the country. Buckhill, Col. Mayo's place on the river, is about four miles from here. As your Papa said, we find everybody exceedingly kind and hospitable and no bounds to the goodness and attention of Mr. Mayo's family. I never saw a meeting more affecting than between him and his mother who is a very sensible agreeable woman. Col. Mayo is a tall goodlooking man, fond of promoting Balls and parties, and likes gaiety and fashion. I am told I shall rival both my sisters-in-law, who are grave women.

Mrs. Rucker, whom Abigail mentions above, was Margaret Marshall's sister Janet, lately married to her *first* husband John Rucker, and gone abroad with him—a great event in those days—accompanied by her half-sister Betsy Ramsay. Janet's second husband—everyone in old times seems to have married again and again, a habit confusing to genealogists—was Alex-

ander Macomb, nicknamed the "Speculator" to distinguish him from his son famous in the War of 1812. At one time he was enormously rich, having bought over four million acres in northern New York at eighteen cents an acre; this, the "largest real estate transaction in the history of the country," he embarked on in connection with William Duer, who became so involved that he landed in jail. In the end, Macomb also lost most of his fortune, and when Janet Rucker married him she was considered to be making a poor match. My old friend Mrs. John Navarre Macomb told me that she remembered seeing the "Speculator" when she was a little girl—he was wearing knee breeches and a sword; and she had a faint remembrance of his escape from his creditors with Aunt Janet in a "yellow coach."

But as far as the story of Margaret Marshall herself is concerned, the most important person spoken of in Abigail's last letter is Rendón, the Spanish gentleman to whom Margaret became engaged, and for whose sake she preserved so many souvenirs. When I first came across this bundle of letters, brown with dust, thick stiff paper crackling protestingly as I pored over the faded writing, a dim recollection came to me. Hadn't a great-grandmother of mine been engaged to a Spaniard? The letters confirmed the family tradition, but other questions—Why had the young Spaniard come to America? Why did he return to Spain? What became of him in the end?—remained unanswered. So I turned to history, and rather to my surprise the records of Spanish America told me almost everything I wanted to know about my great-grandmother's fiancé. For the correspondence of "Don Francisco Rendón con varios Jefes e Individios de las Colonias Americanas" bulks large in the

archives of Seville and Mexico and overflows on to the shelves of Harvard and the New York Historical Society. Bit by bit his career became clearer. At last, the lively young gentleman of the love letters stood out as a personage in history with a life so varied and sharp in contrasts, from gay beginning to somber end, that the story deserves to be told at greater length than is possible here.

Francisco Rendón was born in Jerez de la Frontera, the grape-scented home of sherry wine, and belonged to an old family, once noble but hopelessly gone-to-seed. He came to this country in search of adventure under the patronage of a friend, Don Juan de Miralles (who has already been mentioned in connection with a wager as to the genuineness of Mrs. Jay's complexion), Spain's *encargado de negocios* stationed in Philadelphia. But young Rendón was soon forced to stand on his own feet for his chief died suddenly while visiting the headquarters of the American army in Morristown during the Revolution. Miralles was, of course, buried with the ceremony appropriate to his rank and faith, and the funeral seems to have made something of a sensation in that simple New Jersey village. Marbois, the French consul, describing the affair in a letter to his fiancée, commented with amusement on the horror of an American officer who found himself sprinkled with holy water by the officiating priest but was reassured when Marbois told him that the French "considered it an honor to be well drenched."

Fortunately for Rendón, he had already shown such talent for diplomacy that he was at once made successor to Miralles and took the latter's place in Philadelphia, where he had



MARGARET MARSHALL, WIFE OF COLONEL
WILLIAM ARMSTRONG

From a miniature by Walter Robertson



DON FRANCISCO RENDÓN

From a miniature

plenty to do, for besides the usual work of a consul he was expected to keep a close watch on the progress of the Revolution, and his reports to Spain noted every movement of both armies, often from information given him by Washington. For Washington was not then afraid of "entangling alliances" and was bent on getting all the help he could from Spain, England's ancient enemy. A curious letter in the archives of Seville throws a side light on one of the worst American defeats, the battle of Camden, lost by General Gates. In this letter Rendón says that it was owing to his "influence with Congress" that troops were sent south. Rendón's purpose was to divert the British forces in Carolina—England and Spain were at war—and so leave Galvez, the Spanish general, free to take Pensacola, which he did. But Washington's cordial relations with Rendón seem to have remained unbroken; not long after, Washington wrote expressing his personal regard and promising to do everything in his power to promote the success of Rendón's mission.

If any one cares to read business letters, they will find reams of Rendón's in the Harvard library, as dull as all routine correspondence, occasionally brightened by a note on some picturesque incident such as the burning of Benedict Arnold in effigy in Philadelphia; "Dressed in his uniform and made with two faces to show his treacherous character. Behind him the figure of Lucifer dressed in black, with a purse of money and a pitchfork with which to throw him to hell, and a great paper transparency inscribed, 'The effigy of this ingrate is hanged in default of his true body as being a traitor to his Nation, his country, and the Laws of Honor.'"

But it is as a lover, not as a diplomat or a man of business,

that Rendón appears in Margaret Marshall's correspondence. The young couple first met in Philadelphia while the Ramsays and Marshalls were living there. Perhaps they were introduced to each other by Mrs. Chew or some other mutual friend at a party given by the beautiful Mrs. Bingham, for among Margaret's souvenirs is a card of invitation—a pretty little affair more like a bookplate than a card—from that lady, remembered as “the centre of a court all her own.” They couldn't have met at the theater, for play acting was considered so “ensnaring and irreligious” that it was forbidden. But it was all right to visit the “flying horses” in Arch Street or to browse among the skeletons and other curiosities of Peale's Museum, so they may have “met by chance, the usual way.” And, however the courtship began, it was kept going by the usual little notes. Rendón sends Miss Peggy a catalogue of the new library, suggesting that he should buy “any book that deserve her attention for to spend her time agreeable”; offers the use of his carriage (the Philadelphia tax lists show that “Don Rendón Envoy of Spain” paid taxes on four horses hired, apparently, from Benjamin Chew); or sends her tickets for “Quesnay's entertainment. Mr. R. have been inform it will be one of the most beutiful exhibition ever was exhibited in Philadelphia.” Rendón's spelling was weak, and he did not get Quesnet's name right. Quesnet was one of the first dancing masters in Philadelphia, and the entertainments he gave in his ball room, consisting of “freaks of philosophy and ventriloquism,” were very popular.

But a serious correspondence between Rendón and his fiancée didn't begin until John Ramsay—an importer, in partnership

with his nephew Isaac Cox—took his family to New York and Rendón was left behind “suffering the cruel torments of absence,” but expecting to receive a post from the King of Spain that would permit of his marrying. For love in a cottage never appealed to Rendón; commenting on a ball given by a certain rich Mr. Crow in New York, he adds bitterly: “Three thousand pounds a year will afford for many agreeable things, but less dont do according my opinion.” On the other hand, he was not avaricious; a letter to Spain reminds his chief that he had never received the smallest *recompensia pecunaria* for his services in the United States.

Rendón to Margaret Marshall, New York.

Philadelphia, May 17, 1784

Your charming lines are a fresh proof of your amiable disposition and when you tell me of your and dear Mama indisposition I feel very ill myself from the great Concern I have for the health and happiness of both. I wait with great impatience the letters from my Court.

The Cincinnati have met and General Washington is still here, but it's not certain if that Society will be of permanent duration, time will show it. Miss Rutledge's compliments was a very agreeable present to me—the marriages here are not so frequent among the Ladies as them of Charleston. I am happy to see my friends enjoy, it is a very agreeable State and the ultimate end of Society. You do not seem to like Watter parties; whether on board ship or elsewhere good company is always agreeable, let me know what reception you met with

on board the Warwick. I suppose Mrs. Montgomery and Miss Livingston and all the Ladies of your acquaintance were of the party. Everybody here is going balloon mad—Dr. Folke gives lectures at a dollar and two were let off last Monday. Should you like to take a trip to Spain in a balloon? If the improvement goes on we may become Inhabitants of the air. Remember me to your sister Janette and family, my love to dear little Bell, and I remain very devotedly your forever Rendón.

Your cousin Mr. Cox, Shippen and some others dine with me today, I propose myself to drink one bottle at your health and other for Janette.

Rendón's doubts as to the future of the Cincinnati were not unnatural. Strange to say, this patriotic and benevolent society, founded by Washington's officers at Steuben's headquarters in the old Verplanck house on the Hudson, met with fierce opposition as an "attempt to establish a race of hereditary patri-cians." But Washington, the Cincinnati's first president, had weathered worse tempests in even smaller teapots, and at the meeting mentioned by Rendón he managed to soothe the alarmists and the society was placed, to quote Washington Irving, on "its present harmless but highly respectable footing." The French branch of the society has also held its own. There are now about a hundred members, and last spring, 1929, a delegation headed by the president, the duc de Broglie, came to this country to attend the triennial meeting in Boston.

Apropos of "watter parties," one of Margaret Marshall's cards of invitation reads: "The Chevalier De la Touche pre-

sents his Compliments to Mrs. Cunningham and Miss Marshall and begs the favor of their Company on Board the Hermione Frigate." La Touche was a French admiral who distinguished himself during the American Revolution, and later on had the satisfaction of meeting Nelson off Boulogne and obliging him to retreat; "*c'était un marin brave et habile, sage, mais plein de décision.*" As for balloons, they were the rage in New York as well as in Philadelphia. About this time, "a monster balloon, 100 ft. in circumference," was on exhibition at 14 William Street; but when the maker, Joseph Decker, tried to send it up the crowd became so excited that they broke through the fence, and it caught fire and "departed in a blaze." This same Decker exhibited a "speaking figure suspended from a ribbon in the centre of a beautiful temple, which answered questions with delicacy and propriety whether addressed in a whisper or an audible tone." I dare say Rendón and his fiancée consulted this pretty oracle as soon as he got to New York. But some months of impatient waiting went by before he could leave Philadelphia. In one letter of this time he wrote: "So happy am I my dear Friend today with the idea of you surrounded of so many agreeable friends in that Charming Place of Mrs. Smith that I can not easily describe to you, but be assured that my joy will never be compleat till I have removed every obstacle of our wishes. A thousand thinks make me miserable at present and only one make me the happiest man in the world." As usual, he ended with an affectionate message to little Bell—five years old, and the youngest of the Ramsay girls. The "Charming Place" must have been the Long Island country house of the family of Colonel William Stevens Smith,

husband of young Abigail Adams, for they were friends of both Rendón and Margaret Marshall.

Rendón to Margaret Marshall.

Philadelphia, January, 1785

I received with infinite pleasure your letter containing an account of so many charming parties. Now my dearest friend how do you like New York? is it not more sociable and gay than Philad'a? No doubt you are by this time vastly happy with the Choice of your Papa's settlement in such an agreeable spot. The Resolution of Congress going to New York affords me more pleasure than I can describe, which will put an end to our Cruel Separation. Philad'a is not altogether destitute of the former amusements, and tho' not so brilliant as your City it has been very gay for two weeks past. I have danced in many private houses and we have besides the Assambly and Concert, and this week we have three parties, one at Mrs. Ross, another at Miss Cadwalader, and on Friday at your friend's house. I had no idea of giving any because my rooms are so small for dancing, but Mrs. Morris, Penn, Powel and the Miss Chews, insist on coming to drink tea with me, and I intend having a little musical party and they may dance after supper. You will find annexed the list of Ladies invited. Oh! my charming Margareta what infinite great delight would it be to me if you was to be present, it surpasses any idea that I can express. However, that of soon taking leave of the Ladies and perhaps being in your Company forever affords me a heavenly prospect.

The comment of a Scottish traveler, visiting New York some years before Rendón's time, perhaps accounts for the latter's

preference often expressed. Mackrabie wrote to a friend: "This place is better for company and amusements than Philadelphia; more gay and lively. I have already seen some pretty women." The Powel family—frequently alluded to in Rendón's letters, and connections of ours—have preserved many interesting relics of colonial times, among others two large silhouettes of Washington and Franklin cut out at the Powels' house in Philadelphia, with the help of a lighted candle and a big sheet of paper, just as they would be today. Washington's is endorsed "A good likeness" in his own handwriting. Mrs. Powel and Washington had coaches made exactly alike, and the chariot which appears as Washington's in processions in Philadelphia today is really that of old Mrs. Powel, for the General's was destroyed by fire. The list of fourteen ladies, which ends the letter above, includes Mrs. Ross and Mrs. Marbois. The latter was the wife of Barbé de Marbois, the French consul, afterwards famous as the Minister of Napoleon who negotiated the Louisiana Purchase. Mrs. Ross's house, on the corner of Pine and Second Streets, was almost as fine as Mrs. Bingham's; "the paper-hanging cost a guinea a panel, the curtains were of the richest silk from Paris, mirrors, china, carpets, all in the same style; and her carriages and livery servants, diamonds, point lace and costly French apparel were themes for admiration."

What with the society of fourteen kind ladies, Rendón managed to get through the winter and it turned out to be his last in Philadelphia. Soon after the letter above was written, he received orders from his court. They were a bitter disappointment. No promotion after all! He was only told that a

Spanish Minister, Don Diego de Gardoqui, was on the way, and that he was to attend the new arrival as secretary of legation. There are hints in Rendón's correspondence that he had hoped to be made Minister himself; not such a foolish hope, for although Gardoqui is considered the first Spanish Minister to this country, *technically* he was merely another *encargado de negocios*, sent on a special mission to disentangle the old snarl of Mississippi navigation, and Rendón had held that office for years. As yet he didn't realize, what was made plain later on, that the King was so opposed to his marrying an American girl that any appointment that would make marriage possible was being deliberately withheld. It is interesting to speculate as to what might have happened if Rendón rather than Gardoqui had been entrusted with the negotiations of the Mississippi treaties. He might have proved a cleverer diplomatist than Gardoqui, whose parrot-like, "The King will not allow any nation to navigate between the two banks belonging to His Majesty," was entirely unsuccessful.

However, when Rendón was notified in February, 1785, of Gardoqui's approaching arrival in Philadelphia, he made the best of the situation with his usual cheerfulness, thanked heaven that at least he would soon rejoin his fiancée in New York, and proceeded to secure good quarters for his chief in that town. For Congress had decided to make New York the capital of the United States and all diplomats would of course be stationed there. Number 1 Broadway, the house which Rendón rented for the Spanish legation, was an excellent choice and he was lucky to have secured it at a time when it was almost impossible to find a vacant house anywhere in New York. "Kennedy House," as it was called because it had belonged to

Archibald Kennedy, afterwards Earl of Cassilis, happens to be a mansion often described by contemporary writers. Tradition says that it was built for Admiral Sir Peter Warren from designs sent from Lisbon, but this seems unlikely, for old engravings prove that it was much like any other fine Georgian house of that period in London: a large square building of yellow brick trimmed with brown stone, only three stories high but the façade running some sixty feet along the street, broken by a pediment over an ornamental central window with pilasters, and a handsome front door with pillars and side lights. The roof was surmounted by a cupola with a balustrade around it. Inside there was plenty of space for entertaining—Rendón made sure of that before he rented the house. The drawing room was fifty feet long with “a graceful bow opening on a porch large enough for a cotillion party; the banquetting hall was of magnificent proportions, elaborately decorated.” As it adjoined the house of Mr. Kennedy’s father-in-law, John Watts, the two buildings were connected by a bridge at the back so that when either family entertained both houses could be thrown open. Next to these two came the house of Chancellor Livingston and that of Mr. Stevens, grandfather of John Cox Stevens already spoken of in this chapter.

Rendón to Margaret Marshall, New York.

Philadelphia, May, 1785

I shall wait here to receive the Minister to accompany him to New York and introduce him to my friends in Congress. I don’t think it proper to rent the furniture of Captain Kenedy’s house, which Mr. Wats wish to dispose of. I believe the Min-

ister will be glad to have it upon reasonable terms, but I don't like to furnish house for other person. When ever I shall be so happy as to do it for *our* use, I would with the greatest pleasure undertake such business.

The report you hear concerning Gaspar Moylan's union with Miss B. C. is without foundation, neither him or her have think nothing of the kind. It's said that Miss Molly Shippen [sister of Mrs. Benedict Arnold] is to be married with the brother-in-law of Tench Cox, and Miss Sally her sister with Mr. Foster, but I am inform the latter was broke off last week, this poor girl is really very unfortunate in the matrimonial way, for as well as I remember this is the third time she disappointed a Gentl'n. Certainly it will afford me much pleasure to pay my respects to Mrs. Ricketts en passant by Elizabeth Town. She is a Charming woman and will be a great addition to such small village where they want so much a Society. How is our friend the Minister of Holland? I dare say he is now settle in his own house and the ladies and Gentl'ns spend with him two or three days in a week, dinner parties, Balls, Cards, and everything of the kind in plenty. The Philadelphian females are much offended with him, because he promised to give them a fine entertainment before his departure, and with their great sorrow has set off without performing his promise. A Dieu, my charming Margareta. Present my best respects to Mama and all the girls, particularly my kisses to Bell.

Rendón's last letter from Philadelphia ends: "I am occupied in despatching our frigate and preparing for our departure for your City. Be assure my Soul that I do not think at all when you are not present to my mind, and I languish for the time

when being in the same place we may see each other frequently. The Minister is a Charming Man and possesses every excellent quality which will contribute to make me happy."

The Spanish Minister, Don Gardoqui, did not stay long in Philadelphia. He went on at once to New York, accompanied by Rendón as his Secretary of Legation, and was received by Congress at a magnificent reception in the Congress Chamber in Wall Street.



CHAPTER II

When New York was the Capital of the United States 1785-1790

America will never have enormous cities like London and Paris.

—BRISOT DE WARVILLE, 1788

THE last chapter ended on a cheerful note, for the Government of the United States was unconsciously playing the part of fairy godmother when, after much vacillation, it decided to leave Philadelphia. As that train of statesmen and diplomats, soldiers and sailors, lords and ladies, came trundling up Broadway, they brought Don Francisco Rendón into the pleasant company of his fiancée in New York, where the Ramsays and Marshalls were now living.

It is amusing to get a glimpse of the Ramsay household and Rendón at this time through the unsympathetic eyes of a New Englander. In a published letter from New York, July 20, 1785, young John Quincy Adams tells his sister Abigail: "At tea this afternoon, at Mr. Ramsay's, for where Mrs. Rucker was kind enough to give me letters, I met Mr. Gardoqui and his secretary, Mr. Rendón, who is soon, if common report says truly, to marry Miss M. His complexion and looks show sufficiently from what country he is. How happens it that revenge stares through the eyes of every Spaniard? Mr. Gardoqui was very polite and enquired much about my father, as did also Mr. Van Berckel, the Dutch Minister."

Here in a single careless paragraph young Adams introduces all the chief characters in this chapter. It was July and New York's summers were no cooler then than now, so light flickered greenly through the Venetian blinds of the high-ceilinged drawing room of the Ramsays' house in Queen Street. It was probably a house in the fashionable English style that was rapidly replacing the less pretentious Dutch dwellings, for John Ramsay was a prosperous man. Here sits Mrs. Ramsay in stiff brocade and a lace cap of monstrous size, manipulating the Lowestoft and silver of her tea equipage; Mr. Ramsay dispenses madeira and rum punch to the gentlemen, negus, sangaree, mead, and such mild beverages to the ladies; while numerous pretty ruffled-muslin daughters and stepdaughters—Margaret, Betsy, "little Bell," and all the others—hand around British plum cake and Dutch olykoeks to the distinguished visitors. Very distinguished visitors. For it happens that the short period covered in this chapter was the breathing spell between the two great revolutions—America's comfortably over, France's below the horizon—and the world was still safe for aristocracy. In this particular year of 1785 New York could boast of more glittering names than her Dutch or British régime had dreamed of or than she would ever see again. When the Continental Congress deserted Philadelphia with only a contemptuous smile for the infant city of Washington—a wilderness of swamps and stumps—and tossed the crown to New York, the place found itself suddenly prosperous after the poverty and depression due to the British occupation and crowded to capacity. It was only half the size of Philadelphia, scarcely more than a village, just the white-red-and-green tip—snowy stoeps, red brick sidewalks bordered with trees—of a

huge empty island; elated at becoming the capital, it turned enthusiastically to the diplomats, who were an exciting novelty.

The very latest lion was Don Diego de Gardoqui, the Spanish Minister, just arrived, and on this July afternoon he and his handsome secretary Rendón perhaps received more than their share of the Ramsays' cake and attention. Or so it seemed to young John Quincy Adams who sat sipping his tea in a sour mood—but this was not unusual with him, remembered as the most unpopular man of his time, habitually "dipping his pen in gall." Although he could scarcely complain that nobody present realized that he was to become a president of the United States, one suspects that he felt some lack of that consideration expected by an Adams and a Harvard sophomore and probably recalled the comments of his father on a similar occasion. The elder Adams liked the food in New York a good deal better than the manners: "A more elegant breakfast," he wrote, "I never saw; rich plate, a very large silver coffee-pot, a very large silver tea-pot, napkins of the finest material, toast and bread and butter in great perfection. After breakfast a plate of beautiful peaches, another of pears, and a muskmelon, were placed on the table. But they talk very loud, very fast, and all together. If they ask you a question, before you can utter three words of your answer, they break out upon you and talk away." And young J. Q. A. lifted a very supercilious eyebrow and drew those thin lips of his to an even tighter fold as he observed that his sister's friend, "Miss M."—Margaret Marshall—seemed actually to admire those dreadful Spanish eyes, such an unfortunate departure from New England blue, the only proper color for eyes and laws. In fact the young man's preference for blondes amounted to prejudice; in another let-

ter to his sister describing an acquaintance, he wrote: "She is well shaped, and the only objection I have to her is, that she has what I call Italian eyes," and the account of a large dinner party at the Ramsays' ends: "Miss M. is very agreeable, I cannot help pitying her with her swarthy don." Luckily for Rendón's reputation as a lover, his miniature contradicts Adams's snapshot criticisms. There is no hint of revenge in the dark eyes, and Rendón's letters are proof of the gayety of disposition that, all through life, made friends for him in far stranger places than the Ramsays' drawing room.

I don't know whether these Ramsay tea parties and dinners attended by J. Q. A. took place in their Queen Street house, or whether John Ramsay was living on Wall Street as he did at one time. Both were good neighborhoods. Queen Street, which afterwards lost its name and became a part of Pearl, was a fashionable street although shops were sprinkled along it, and the Bayards, Brevoorts, Livingstons, Roosevelts, and Beekmans all had houses or places of business there. On Queen Street was the De Peysters' house, much like the one rented by the Spanish Minister described in the last chapter; when Governor Clinton came to New York he chose number 10 Queen Street as his residence; and there also was the finest house in the city, "Walton House," built of brick imported from Holland about 1754, and not torn down until 1881. Before the Revolution, the reports that reached England regarding the magnificence of the Waltons' table "groaning under the weight of massive silver, where costly wines flowed free and fast," cast grave doubts on that poverty of the colonists which was supposed to prevent their paying taxes. At the end of Queen Street stood the "tea water pump" that supplied most

of the city's drinking water peddled about by the "tea water men." A writer of 1846 says that he discovered the tea water pump still in use at that time (though its name had been forgotten) in Fagin's liquor store, 126 Chatham Street, and with his generation's contempt for germs, drank of it to "revive recollections." Among the shops was the "Sign of the Golden Hammer" where you bought flower seeds, the piano store of John Jacob Astor, and the "Sign of the Rose," which sold "pomade de grasse for thickening the hair, vegetable and face powders, essences of bergamot, lavender, and thyme, and nervous essences for the toothache." But if you needed a tooth pulled, you were obliged to go to William Street and consult Greenwood, celebrated for having supplied Washington with a set of "sea-horse teeth."

To return to the Ramsay tea party; the most conspicuous guest was Don Gardoqui. John Jay had known him in Madrid and liked him for his "candor and politeness," Abigail Adams describes him as "chatty and sociable," and he had plenty of money to spend, so he was immensely popular in New York and entertained lavishly at "Kennedy House." During his stay he laid the corner stone of St. Peter's Church in Barclay Street, the first Roman Catholic church in the city, and until St. Patrick's was built the only one. Tradition says that Charles III of Spain contributed to its erection.

The family of Pieter Johan Van Berckel, the Dutch Minister, also a guest at that tea party, were intimate friends of Margaret Marshall and Rendón. Van Berckel had first arrived in this country when Congress was at Princeton, having taken refuge there because discharged troops who wanted their pay were making things unpleasant in Philadelphia. Elias Boudinot,

President of Congress, wrote at once to Van Berckel putting his house and everything he had at the Minister's disposal, adding: "We feel ourselves greatly mortified that our present circumstances in a small country village prevent us giving you a reception more agreeable to our wishes, but the unavoidable deficiencies will be compensated for by the sincerity of our joy on this occasion." In New York, Van Berckel gave lots of parties in his house on the corner of William and Wall, and his son and daughter were conspicuous figures in society. Frank Van Berckel was remembered for his gorgeous clothes and the immense size of the horse he drove in a very tall phaeton; a contemporary caricature showed Dr. Bard, a well-known doctor, driving his tiny gig *under* Frank Van Berckel's turn-out. Madame Van Berckel, I believe, never came to this country. I have a pastel portrait of this old lady, with red cheeks and powdered hair, which was given to Margaret Marshall by Miss Van Berckel when the latter married a Mr. Cenf and went to the West Indies; she never returned as she was lost at sea.

The correspondence between Rendón and his fiancée naturally dwindled when they were seeing each other every day, so the next few weeks went by with only a few notes. Then Margaret went to stay with her friend Abigail De Hart in Elizabeth Town.

Rendón to Margaret Marshall, Elizabeth Town.

New York, August 14, 1785

It is now 24 hours since I did parted from my dearest friend and it really seem to me an age. I could neither be deprive of having a little Conversation with her by writing, though I

am far from hearing her Enchanting Echo. At 4 we went to his Excellency [Van Berckel] where we found Miss C. and K. Van Horne and Miss Livingston, four members of Congress and Frank who took the place of his father, because the old gentleman is confined to his chamber with a great fever as he says, for his son deny it, giving for reason that he is angry with the Cook, the Steward, the other servants and his daughter. So we went to table after five. Mr. Van Berckel give the Rank to Miss Kitty, though younger than her sister or Miss Livingston, but I suppose Van Berckel consider her with the title of an honorable, as her future husband have so great a share of such distinction. The dinner time was very joyful, but so hot that I leave the company as soon as possible without being remarked and then Mr. Gardoqui and myself walk on the Battery till ten o'clock that we retired home.

I have hided a circumstance, but as I have determined to make you my confident I will mention that not only Mr. R. spoil the ladies's gown—though you will say that he too is a Spaniard—the nice Mr. Gardoqui meet with the misfortune of overset a glass of Claret wine and a great part of it on a very clean white moucelin dress of Miss C. Van Horne, they both showed at once their sorrow, the first for having doing it, and the last because she partook'd of such desagreable part of the Entertainment. However we laugh and make them do the same in order to be merry, and so we was, tho' them in appearance only. Tomorrow I have the honor to accompany Miss Van Berckel to Mrs. Marbois—her first visit to this lady.

An old engraving of Van Berckel, wearing a richly embroidered coat and lace ruffles, gives the impression of a very

cross little man, which bears out Rendón's report of his bad temper. The Miss Van Hornes, mentioned above, were "New York belles, remarkable for their sense and ease." Kitty took precedence of her sisters at dinner because she was engaged to General Jacob Read, Senator for South Carolina, but her sisters also made good matches; Cornelia married Philip Livingston and Anna married William Edgar. These girls are praised by a friend from Philadelphia who was making them a visit as being superior to the average New York lady, "who cannot chat above half an hour except on the set of a hoop-stay or jupon, the form of a cap, or the color of a ribbon. Here all is dead calm till the cards are introduced, when you see pleasure dancing in the eyes of all the matrons and they seem to gain new life, the misses frequently playing for the sake of making love." But the writer was not so very serious minded herself, for her letter ends: "I shall send you a pattern of the newest bonnet—no crown, but gauze raised on wire and pinched to a sugar loaf at the top, the lighter the trimming the more fashionable, and all quilling. The shoes from Charlotte De Lancey are dark maroon embroidered with gold"—it was the fashion for girls to make their own shoes out of satin and brocade, and embroider the toes.

When Gardoqui and Rendón longed for a breath of air on that hot August evening after the Van Berckel dinner party they naturally strolled over to the Battery, for it was cooled by sea breezes just as it is today, one of the few spots in New York which remains, in essentials, unchanged. But at that time its origin as earthworks containing guns was still plain, for the Old Fort although crumbling to decay still stood by the small park called, then and now, the Bowling Green. Later on the

Battery was graded and planted and became a fashionable promenade, but in Rendón's day the belles and beaux were more apt to saunter up and down the "Church Walk," also known as the "Mall," in the open space in front of Trinity churchyard and the ruins of Trinity Church, burned in the great fire.

New York society, at the time Rendón and his fiancée were amusing themselves with Don Gardoqui and the Van Berckels, was very small; only three hundred persons were invited even to public balls, but a French traveler of the period complains of "the ravages of luxury due to the presence of Congress and concourse of strangers. The inhabitants prefer the splendor of wealth to the pure pleasures resulting from simplicity of manners, and smoke cigars of rolled tobacco from the Spanish islands, smoked without the aid of any instrument whatever, a usage revolting to the French. Equipages are rare but elegant. Luxury forms a class of men dangerous to society—that is, bachelors—for the expense of women causes matrimony to be dreaded. In short, if there is a town on the American continent where English luxury displays its follies, it is New York." Which all goes to prove that New York has kept other things unchanged besides the Bowling Green.

In all Rendón's early letters there is as much gossip as love—one has an amusing postscript: "My soul excuse my writing, as we are in great spirits, with many bottles of good wine, and in this instant I am giving your name"—and the young couple seem to have made the most of every form of entertainment that the city afforded. There were several restaurants and tea gardens in the country to which fashionable persons resorted for dinners and suppers, especially one at Turtle Bay where

they "drank tea in the afternoon, fished and amused themselves till evening, and returned home in Italian chaises, a lady and gentleman in each chaise." If Rendón was fond of fishing he hadn't far to go, for the grounds of "Kennedy House" ran down to the water's edge and long after Rendón's time there was good fishing from a small summer house on the lawn overlooking the Hudson, as well as in the "Collect"—"a clear sparkling pond fed by springs of great purity and reported bottomless"—which covered several blocks where the Tombs Prison now stands. This lake got its name from a Dutch word meaning "shells," because of the piles of oyster shells left by the Indians who came there from the sea to dry their oysters for winter use. Or, if Rendón was fond of shooting, he could find plenty of snipe in the swamps close by, "whence sportsmen always returned with large bags of fly-about." In winter the "Collect" was the resort of all who enjoyed the "manly and exhilarating art of skating, watched by a galaxy of mothers, wives, sisters and sweethearts," and Rendón may have been persuaded to join them; but I fancy a Spaniard would not have cared much for skating. Dancing and riding were more in his line. Luckily there were plenty of balls that year, especially a fine one given by Mrs. Jay, whose list of guests, which is still in existence, included the Van Berckels, Gardoqui, Temples, de Moustier, and other persons mentioned in Rendón's letters, as well as himself and Miss Marshall. And fortunately the John Street theater—which had been closed after the Revolution, in deference to pious prejudice, except for a mongrel performance called a "Moral Lecture"—had just been reopened, and he probably took his fiancée to see the "School for Scandal," one of the first plays given after the house had been

"redecorated at vast expense, repainted, beautified and illuminated in a style to vie with European splendor." A gravestone in Trinity churchyard commemorates an actor of the company, with an inscription ending: "He possessed many good qualities. But as he was a Man He Had the Frailties of a Man."

As for church going, always considered a harmless way of bringing young people together, a hurried note of Rendón's finishes: "Did you wish to know what Church Mr. Van Berckel intent to go this morning, I have the pleasure to inform you that he go with the Governor to the Presbyterian, but I don't know to which. He desire me to go with him but I refuse—the happiness of your company is only the indusement to me to go to pray and if you do not go I prefer to stay at home." Governor Clinton would probably have gone to the "Brick Meeting" rather than to the older Wall Street church, as the former had "two large square pews considerably elevated and covered with a handsome canopy supported on pillars, called the Governor's pews." ("The Brick Meeting" kept its name when it went to Fifth Avenue and Thirty-seventh Street.)

Of course no church or public building of the period was very large—although we have nothing today more beautiful than the City Hall built by John Macomb—and probably all amusements were rather unsophisticated, but it is interesting to find no smallest hint in Rendón's letters that he felt any contempt for New York, or contrasted it unfavorably with the cloisters, cypresses, and fountains of his birthplace. And as Rendón was a man of the world accustomed to foreign society, this seems to contradict some modern writers who, in trying to reconstruct the New York of that date, describe it as "a dull and dirty little town." It seems unlikely that any place still so

The Minister of France

presents his compliments to
the Miss Marshalls
and requests the favour of their company,
to a ball on March 6th next,
at 7 o'clock.

Answer, if you please.

*Mr. & Mrs. Bingham requests the
honour of Miss Marshalls
company to dinner on Saturday
the 4th of May at 4 o'clock*

The favour of an answer is desired

PHILADELPHIA ASSEMBLY,

1790.

*The Favour of Miss Marshalls
Company is requested for the Season.*

J. M. NESBITT, W. STEWART,
GEO. MEADE, JOS. REDMAN,
JOHN SWANWICK, GEO. HARRISON,
MANAGERS.

OLD CARDS OF INVITATION

completely influenced by Dutch tradition could have been as dirty then as it later became, and certainly Rendón did not find it dull. In fact, years after he had returned to Spain he still wrote with homesick longing of "dear New York."

The twenty months that Rendón spent in New York went by only too quickly. The young couple didn't let themselves worry about the future, the King of Spain must soon find a post for Rendón in some place where there was plenty of the good society they both considered necessary to salvation. But in 1786 came a bolt from the blue—Rendón was abruptly recalled to Spain. No reason was given. He tried to believe that the recall was for promotion, and that he would soon return to "dear America." His farewell letter to Washington, published by Sparks, is warm with affectionate gratitude: "It will be to me a heartfelt pleasure, in giving an account to His Majesty of the distinguished characters of America, to expatiate particularly on the private virtues of George Washington, and to delineate to the best of kings the picture of the best of citizens. Others have already taught him to admire your talents and public virtues, it will be my business to teach him to love your person."

Did Rendón hesitate, balance the claims of love and ambition? In the end it may have been loyalty rather than ambition that turned the scale, for Don Carlos, "by the Grace of God, King of Castile, of Leon, of Aragon, East and West Indies Islands, Terra Firma and the Ocean Seas," was a man who inspired loyalty. But if Rendón was tempted, he resisted, and left New York on the nineteenth of November, 1786, to sail for Spain from Philadelphia.

The first day's journey only got him as far as Elizabeth

Town, and the first letter he sent back to Margaret Marshall—an untidy little scrawl, very unlike his usual beautiful hand—was written there.

Rendón to Margaret Marshall.

Elizabeth Town, *November 19, 1786*

My most dearest Soul hold dear, with my travell's companions I arrived here this evening at 7 o'clock the departure from my Enchanting Margareta is such a Cruel Poignard to my heart that work my constant death but however be assured if I could possible bear the torment and not End my life before 6 month I certainly will be your for ever and for ever. A dieu once more till Philadelphia. Do not doubt an instant of what I Have so often repeat to you and receive the heart of your Rendón.

I don't know just how long it took Rendón to get from New York to Philadelphia, or how he made the journey. As he was an Andalusian, he may have preferred to go on horseback, even at that bleak season of the year, rather than be cooped up in a "stage-waggon," the primitive sort of vehicle which had been running back and forth between New York and Philadelphia for thirty years. An old advertisement says: "John Butler with his waggon sets out on Mondays from his House at the Sign of the Fox in Strawberry Alley, and drives the same day to Trenton Ferry, where Francis Hallam meets him and proceeds on Tuesday to Brunswick, and the passengers and goods being shifted into the waggon of Isaac Fitz Randolph he takes them to the New Blazing Star the same day, where

a boat well suited will receive them and take them to New York that night." This time between the two cities was further shortened by a stage-waggon called, in consequence, "The Flying Machine," and before long the brightly painted conveyance with a canvas top adopted side curtains and tops of leather affording some protection from the weather. But even in Rendón's time public conveyances were still very uncomfortable, not yet having developed into stagecoaches. It is more than likely that Rendón made the journey in his own carriage, as he kept a carriage both in Philadelphia and New York; in his notes to Miss Marshall he often offers the use of his carriage or suggests lending her a footman. But whatever his means of transportation, Rendón finally reached Philadelphia, and the following is his last love letter written from this side of the Atlantic.

Rendón to Margaret Marshall, New York.

Philadelphia, December 3, 1786

My miserable situation in your absence continue. I had rather died than live without my enchanting Margareta. Oh! my good friend what horrible estate of life is that of being dependent from a Despotic Person! and how dear do I pay for the distinction of my present employment, god only knows it. But I trust providence will allow me the indulgency of being united, at least a year or two before death.

Bear with resignation and cheerfulness the present disappointment, *my only love*; endeavor, I beg you again, to go as often as possible to the company of your friends, do not neglect for a moment the enjoyment of Society, rely on my sacré

promise and you will see how soon six month pass. Now my lovely Margareta the moment of going from land to watter is come! I must take leave of you, receive the precious jewel of my heart and keep it forever.

The letter ends with remembrances to every one of his New York friends. They evidently agreed that Rendón's remedy for "desappointment"—"Do not neglect for one moment the enjoyment of Society"—was a good one, for they all did their best to keep Miss Marshall from being down hearted. That Don Gardoqui, the Spanish Minister, was constant in his attentions is proved by many little notes, sending her pineapples and sweetmeats, presenting her with two marble busts, offering his carriage, and tickets to "see Mrs. Henry play." Mrs. Henry was the favorite actress in the John Street company, the youngest of three sisters, all of whom seem to have been the wives of Mr. Henry, the manager, in one fashion or another; this one is described as "a perfect fairy in person, wearing hoops of such enormous size that Mr. Henry was obliged to slide her out of the carriage sideways and then carry her in his arms to the stage door."

Meantime, poor Rendón in Madrid was pulling wires, hoping against hope for a post that would take him back to America. Margaret must have kept him informed of everything that was going on in New York for his answers show, to the very end, the keenest interest in all his American friends. The early career of General St. Clair, mentioned by Rendón in the letter below, has been already alluded to in connection with a letter from Abigail De Hart in the first chapter. After

the Revolution, St. Clair became governor of the Northwest Territory and gave Cincinnati its name in honor of the Society of the Cincinnati of which he was president; but his life ended in obscurity, and he died poor in a little log cabin on Chestnut Ridge.

Rendón to Margaret Marshall, New York.

Madrid, June 18, 1787

I have had the satisfaction to see here my friend Col. Smith who arrived at this Court in his way to Portugal. He told me that his Lady [Abigail Adams] and a beautiful boy he has lately, were well. So our particular friend General St. Clair is elected president of Congress, this intelligence did afford me much pleasure, for the judicious election Congress has made of such deserve Character, and that you certainly will be one of the first Lady of his Excellency parties, for I don't doubt he will entertain the fair Sex, and often too; will you be so kind as to congratulate him in my name? tell him I hope before this year will pass to drink a good bottle of Republican Nectar at his table. Do write me often, and tell me most particularly everything concerning our aimiable friends, Temples, Jays, Knox, the both Houses of Hanover and Bourbon [the De Lanceys and Livingstons?], De Harts, Ricketts and all that you know I love. I dare say our true friend Mrs. Temple continue you her particular attachment, and Mr. Gardoqui also. So you will I hope command a carriage to go out and in their Company, to the balls, plays and riding until my return. I am in hopes that in my next letter I shall be able to request Papa to order that a Carriage may be made for me and that

you will give the direction to be finished according to your taste.

The marriage of Louis William Otto, French chargé, spoken of by Rendón in the letter below, was to Elizabeth Livingston, a sister of the Mrs. Ricketts and "Sister Sue" of Gouverneur Morris's verses in the first chapter, probably known as Betsy, for Rendón calls her "Miss B." She died soon after her marriage; a letter of Rendón's, September, 1788, ends: "So we lost our amiable Mrs. Otto! dreadful memory! what unfortunate man I consider the gentl'n since she died. He really deserve to be lamented by all his friends and to impress on our mind a lasting memory of such sweet woman."

Sir John Temple, who is mentioned so admiringly in the letter below, was the first British Consul General to the United States; his "lady" was the daughter of Governor Bowdoin. Oddly enough, both Temple and Otto had their houses attacked by mobs under very similar circumstances; Temple's by rioters during the "Doctors' Mob"—a riot caused by a report that medical students of the New York Hospital were robbing graveyards—who imagined that "Sir John" meant surgeon; Otto's, when he was Minister of France in London and illuminated his residence in honor of peace with the motto, "La Paix et la Concorde"; the mob broke his windows shouting that Britain had never been *conquered*.

Rendón to Margaret Marshall, New York.

Madrid, September, 1787

I think we are pretty well advance, the petition from my family is already in the King's hands, and protected by my

best friends here. My life and everything dear to me depend upon the resolution of this point. I do not care whether they make me after *Vice-Roy* or a *Pope*—my happiness consist in the amiable Company of my dearest Margareta and anything contrary to that will be to Rendón melancholy, shagrene, distress, Death, and every sort of confusion, take this declaration as truly as it is the language of the constant heart of your dear and only love, who prefer his Peggy to all the world. Gardoqui mention to me the happy hours he spend with you, he is the fortunate man and I the miserable.

Congratulate the amiable family of Temple for the new title they have acquired, so much merited by Sir John, his is a belove Character, man of manners, of talents, and every quality which adorn a person and inspire respect. His lady is the best of all I know, *you only excepted*. Happy very happy I am to hear our dear friends Mr. Otto and Miss B. are married, who could attempt to say some time ago, that they was to be married before R. and M. Thousands millions of kisses to my dear Bell and you know what is to you.

Margaret Marshall's letters to Spain during 1788 must have described many entertainments, for during that summer New York gave itself up to festivities and processions in honor of the new Constitution of the United States. Mrs. Montgomery, of whom Rendón speaks in the following letter, was Janet Livingston, widow of the famous general who fell at Quebec. At this time she was afflicted with a disease of the eyes that half closed the lids, which accounts for Rendón's remark about her appearance; but she was long remembered for her delightful conversation and intolerance of bores. The trip to Ireland, of

which Margaret Marshall had written to Rendón, was probably a visit to Mrs. Montgomery's sister-in-law, the Countess of Ranelagh. The "peace of cut paper" for which Rendón was so grateful, was, of course, a silhouette of his fiancée, cut out by Miss Sally De Hart, sister of Abigail. Years later, Miss Sally will appear again in these pages, still making silhouettes for her friends.

Rendón to Margaret Marshall, New York.

Madrid, September 24, 1788

Thousands millions of thanks for the peace of cut paper you sent to me, give my thanks and gratitude to dear Miss De Hart who I think she cut it for me. I am glad to hear that Mrs. Montgomery was to take a trip to Ireland to visit her friends, though I am of your opinion about her age and face for travelling, she will certainly be ridiculiss for her folly, until her charming conversation and sweet disposition shall be known. Equally I am surprise with the marriage of Moyland with such an old woman and circumspected caracter as She is. I think it ridiculos choice on his part, but inclination pass over many faults. So you say Van Berckel's son is to be employed in his father's place. I doubt much, the Minister of Holland here do not believe so.

I begin to hope, since the Constitution of your new Government have been adopted to know soon my fate. Mr. Gardoqui will be able to conclude the Treaty between America and Spain and this Country will then be under the necessity of appoint'g those other Consuls in several of your Provinces and I do not doubt that I will then fill up a place. My best

love to the dear Mama, Papa, Miss Ramsay and all the girls. My only Margareta be assured of the perfect esteem and constant attachment of your toujour Rendón.

But these hopes of Rendón's were never to be realized. The treaty with Spain—on which Rendón's post in America, and consequently his marriage, depended—made no progress in Gardoqui's hands, for that gentleman was much less successful in diplomacy than in society, where he was a prominent figure, especially in all the festivities connected with Washington's inauguration—so prolonged that poor Washington must have been worn out by the time the whole affair was over. After bidding "good-bye to Mount Vernon, private life and domestic felicity," the "Great and Glorious Man" had to go through a whole week of welcoming all along the line before he was met at Elizabeth Town Point by New York's magnificent barge, "attended by other boats, from which ravishing strains of music arose; the voices of the ladies being as much superior to the flutes that played with the strokes of Cleopatra's silken-corded barge, as the very superior and glorious water scene of New York bay exceeds the Cydnus in all its pride." All the ships in the harbor were gay with flags except the Spanish sloop of war *Galveston*, which caused a murmur of shocked surprise until it turned out that she was only waiting for the right moment; as Washington's barge passed, she fired a salute of thirteen guns and broke out the flags of all nations, making Spain conspicuous for politeness—an incident which must have pleased Rendón when Margaret wrote to him of the events of that day. She had a good view of the procession for it passed through Queen Street, and I am sure

she waved her handkerchief most enthusiastically as it came to an end with "the French and Spanish Ambassadors in their carriages, and an amazing concourse of citizens."

On the night of the inauguration, Gardoqui outdid himself; "Kennedy House presented a new, animated and charming spectacle, illuminated with transparencies representing a pleasing variety of emblems, together with shrubbery, arches, flowers and fountains. The effect heightened by the disposition of moving pictures in the background skillfully designed to present the illusion of a little spot of fairyland." These moving pictures were, apparently, wax figures combined with a painted screen on rollers which moved behind the other decorations.

The comte de Moustier, the French Minister, rivaled Gardoqui on the same occasion, bordering his doors and windows with lights and displaying allegorical figures painted by his sister, the marquise de Bréhan, remembered as "the oddest figure eyes ever beheld," always accompanied by a monkey and a tiny negro page, a French fashion very surprising to New Yorkers. For the ball following the inauguration, madame de Bréhan boasted that she had "exhausted every resource to produce an entertainment worthy of France." De Moustier is described by Abigail Adams as "contributing largely, with monsieur de Marbois, to the style and elegance of society," but his ear-rings and red-heeled shoes occasioned remark. His house on the west side of Broadway, a little below Trinity Church, belonged to Alexander Macomb the "Speculator," Margaret Marshall's uncle by marriage, and was afterwards rented by Washington when de Moustier returned to France. In honor of the inauguration Sir John Temple's house also "made a grand appearance, and every house was illuminated

except those of the Quakers." New York was frightfully crowded. A girl wrote to a friend: "We are waiting at Mrs. Vandervoort's, while two of our beaux are running about Town determined to find places for us to stay." Out-of-town people put up with any sort of lodging that would give them a peep at the parade.

Six months after the inauguration, Gardoqui's efforts to conclude a treaty were cut short by his recall to Spain, further discussion being left to his attaché, José Viar. The Spanish Minister sailed for Bilbao on October 10, 1789, in the *Snow San Nicholas*—a "snow" was a small vessel something like a brig. The following note is one of the most interesting of Margaret Marshall's relics:

For Mr. J. Ramsay's fair family.

Sandy Hook, 6 o'clock in the evening,
with a fair wind and mild weather

All well thank God and in tolerable spirits, considering my age, constitution, and the hard task of parting with my second home, where I leave so many hospitable good friends, whom I shall ever remember, and whom I heartily wish all prosperity. A Dieu, à Dieu, à Dieu, remember me to all and believe me to be sincerely yours Gardoqui.

New York society missed Gardoqui but went right on amusing itself—though a levee of Mrs. Washington's at this time came near having a disastrous ending; the ostrich feathers in the hair of Miss Mary McEvers caught fire, but Major Jackson "gallantly clapped it out with his hands," thus preserving

the young lady for her future husband, Edward Livingston. José Viar, left in charge of the legation by Gardoqui, seems to have considered attentions to Miss Marshall one of his duties, judging by the number of his polite notes.

Don José Viar to Miss Marshall, New York.

Mr. Viar's compliments to Miss Marshall and desires to know if it is customary in this country to pay a visit to the Bride and Bride Groom and to the Bridesmaids when all the ceremony of the wedding is over; in this case he will pay this morning a visit to the Bride and Bride Groom, and in the afternoon if it is agreeable to her, they will go to Mrs. Bayard, as he believes she is acquainted with the House, and from thence to Mrs. Adams. With this occasion he will have the pleasure to speak to her about the three hats that are to be sent to Europe, and he doubts not that her contrivance will be of a more delicate taste than that of Miss L. W.

It is strange to hear of hats being sent to Europe from America—it would seem more likely to be the other way about; especially as they were as big as cart wheels covered with bows and feathers, and would need immense boxes. The visit to Mrs. Adams took Don José Viar and Miss Marshall a mile and a half out into the country, but the road to Greenwich Village was the fashionable drive of the period, and “Richmond Hill” where John Adams lived while he was vice-president, is described by his wife as “vying in natural beauty with the most delicious spots I ever saw, at an agreeable distance from the noble Hudson, surrounded by venerable oaks,

and fields beautifully variegated with grass and grain like Devonshire. A large variety of birds serenade me morning and evening, rejoicing in their liberty and security." No wonder Mrs. Adams sighed when she was obliged to follow her husband to Philadelphia! And not only for the "grand and sublime left behind at Richmond Hill"; she shared Rendón's feeling for Philadelphia as a whole, and acknowledged, under her breath: "When all is said and done it can *never* be Broadway."

I don't know whether Don José Viar was sorry when in his turn he was replaced, but he seems to have bequeathed Miss Marshall to the new Spanish Minister, de Jaudenes, and his wife; for I have that lady's visiting card—a very small card with an ornamental border and the name, "Dona Matilde Stoughton de Jaudenes," engraved on the sticks of a fan. The portraits of this couple by Gilbert Stuart, gorgeous in velvet and jewels, hang in the Metropolitan Museum. Another friend of Margaret Marshall's of this time was Benjamin Hawkins, Senator from North Carolina. I think he may have been "old H—" of Abigail De Hart Mayo's letter from Richmond. A note from him asking if Miss Marshall is going to Mrs. Washington's drawing room, and explaining that he is going to Mrs. Le Roy's in hopes of seeing her there ends: "May you be as happy as you deserve to be and you will be so abundantly." The phrase evidently became a joke for all his letters to her end in some such way. Another note is tantalizingly vague; he "presents his compliments to the ladies at Mrs. Ramsay's and does himself the honor to announce that the *unfortunate story* of Bedford is totally without foundation."

In 1790 the Government—including Mr. Hawkins—left New York for Philadelphia, where the next ten years were

spent in pessimistic waiting for the site of Washington to be made fit for decent people to live in, which accounts for its nickname "the expectancy" in the letter below. Janet Rucker, Margaret Marshall's sister, is called "European" in this letter because she was traveling abroad with her first husband and her half-sister Betsy Ramsay, the same trip mentioned by Abigail De Hart. Colonel William Smith, whose visit to Spain gave Rendón so much satisfaction, wrote to his wife at this time of meeting Mr. Rucker on the Dover Road: "We stopped, jumped out of our carriages, I into the dust, and he out of it. He had the beard he brought with him from Paris, I wonder that it passed the custom house officers!" According to family tradition, Janet Rucker was as fond of dress as her sisters; when she came home she managed to preserve the magnificent puffs and curls she had acquired in Paris by covering her head with a veil all through the voyage in preparation for a ball in Philadelphia where she appeared as a living example of the latest fashion in "heads." Mr. Hawkins was a better prophet than he knew when he suggested Washington as Janet's "permanent residence," for she and her second husband, Alexander Macomb, are buried in Arlington.

Benjamin Hawkins to Margaret Marshall, New York.

Philadelphia, January 22, 1791

Having during my absence from New York been in my native country and in the exercise of native manners, purely simple and rustic, I would not immediately on my arrival here take up my pen and detail the simple dictates of my heart, fearing that an honest "Howdye" would be construed as

rude familiarity; and I determined to associate with the gay and social people of this city, thereby to be enabled to express my ideas with a softness, delicacy and sprightliness suitable to the subject. But the more I try the more awkward I become, and therefore, giving up all hope, I ask, thus happily unembarrassed, pray how do you do?

I am in better health than I was in New York. I have not that fondness for visiting here that I had there, or perhaps there is a better reason, I have not been able to find a Queen Street in all this City! Among my domestic friends are Mr. Madison—and till very lately Mr. Jefferson—the Mr. Carrolls of Maryland, and Mr. Gibbs a deserving young man in the place of Mr. Bland. I sometimes see our York friends and with real attachment; Mrs. Knox, Mrs. Kean and Mrs. Le Roy. Mrs. Washington has her levees, what some call drawing rooms, and the other ladies have, some card parties with cake etc., the others crowded and brilliant. Tell your European sister that the Expectancy is in expectation of being beautiful in 1800 and of being honored with her permanent residence.

Not long after the letter above was written, Benjamin Hawkins gave up politics and civilization, though he was rich, and betook himself to the "Creek wilderness" where he became agent for "all Indians south of the Ohio," built model villages, and made himself generally useful to the red man. Was Margaret Marshall responsible for his retirement from the world? Perhaps. Anyhow, at about this time she turned down all other applicants for her hand in favor of William Armstrong. (Luckily for our family, as it turned out; for he was

our great-grandfather and where should we be if she had married either Hawkins or Rendón?)

Of course the announcement of his "charming Margareta's" approaching marriage brought Rendón's long series of love letters to an end, as well as the romance. It also—which can scarcely be a coincidence—terminated his long dull months of unemployment. Within a very short time he received the "good appointment" of his dreams. In 1794, all danger of an American marriage being safely over, he was made the first Royal Intendant of Louisiana. The details of his career would break up what little pattern this family record can have, but a picture of the New Orleans of his time is permissible, for, as it happens, that picturesque town became the home of Margaret Marshall's daughter, and it will be amusing to contrast the two periods.

Rendón arrived in August, the season when a southern landscape is at its worst, and as the yellow mud flats of the monstrous Mississippi came in sight, rank with decaying vegetation steaming in the sun, and a pinkish blur on the shore resolved itself into the forlorn little walled town that was New Orleans. If Rendón thought of Margaret at all, he must have given thanks that she was not with him. "A barren sand," as Jefferson called Louisiana, was not the proper setting for a young lady of fashion, and New Orleans was a spot of a place; a huddle of one-storied houses, wood and adobe; only two public buildings, the Hotel de Ville and the parish church; unpaved streets, "sinks of nastiness and corruption" ankle-deep in dust or knee-deep in mud; always horribly unhealthy. Fortunately for Rendón the yellow fever then ravaging the north did not reach New Orleans until just after he had left.

Rendón would have found impressive the vast river and

the primeval forests described by a French traveler: "Les cypres ont une dimension si extraordinaire qu'on en fait des pirogues d'une seule pièce capables de contenir soixante hommes." But he was thoroughly urban, pined for civilization as he went voyaging up and down the gigantic river exploring the wilderness that was in his charge, and always returned thankfully to New Orleans with its theater and public balls, although the playhouse was tiny, and the balls held in a rough barrack, "lighted by candles and approached through mud and mire"; for any amusement was better than none and all travelers of the time agree that the ladies of New Orleans were charming: "gaies sans coquetteries, aimables sans prétention; their lips blushing red, their bosoms heaving snows, without education but passionately fond of dancing."

And both in town and country Rendón was too busy to be bored, judging by the mountains of his correspondence in Spanish archives. It was an uneasy time—on every wharf and plantation the French and Spanish were at each others' throats—and crowded with misfortunes; four hurricanes in fourteen months, a famine, a fire that destroyed most of New Orleans, and an insurrection of blacks followed by the hanging of twenty-three slaves. But the whites involved were merely banished, and Rendón, writing home, complained bitterly of this injustice, insisting that it was the whites who deserved the severest punishment. However, one good piece of business went through during Rendón's régime, the tiresome question of Mississippi navigation that Gardoqui had struggled with so ineffectually was settled—just ten years too late as far as Rendón's romance was concerned!—by the "right of deposit"

allowing the United States to export corn and pork by way of the Mississippi without paying duty to Spain.

His later story is exceedingly picturesque but would take us too far afield. Two years in New Orleans, and then Rendón was again promoted, a magnificent post this time, only one step below a viceroy, so when he wrote to Margaret Marshall of becoming "either Vice-Roy or a Pope" he had come nearer the mark than he realized! He was appointed Royal Governor of Zacatecas, a province in Mexico as big as Switzerland and immensely important because of its mines—the Veta Negra de Sombrerete was the richest vein of silver in the world—and Mexican historians agree that he "united all the qualities of a good governor, being a man of delicacy, honor and integrity." His rule of twelve years ended with a crash; the Mexican revolution broke out in 1810, the city of Zacatecas fell, and Rendón was captured by a guerilla chief. To quote a Mexican historian: "This was the end of the sad story of the Governor of Zacatecas."

As for Margaret Marshall—other opinions to the contrary—New York, I feel sure, was a pleasant place at the time of her marriage. Aaron Burr's daughter Theodosia, a woman of taste, gives a charming picture of the little town in a letter to her father: "The variety of vivid greens, the finely cultivated gardens, the neat cool air of the city's boxes peeping through rows of tall poplars, and the elegance of the gentlemen's seats commanding a view of the majestic Hudson, formed a scene so lively that I was in constant rapture." Miss Marshall, undoubtedly fond of a "lively scene," probably found New York better suited to her than that "barren sand," Louisiana, or the barbarous magnificence of a Mexican city.

CHAPTER III

The Transplanting of a Scotch Thistle

1776-1814

*Now Johnnie's gude bend-bow is broke,
And his gude gray dogs are slain;
And his body lies at Durisdeer,
And his hunting it is done.*

—OLD BALLAD

THE last chapter brought the romance of Margaret to an end by losing her fiancé in the wilds of Mexico and marrying her to William Armstrong. I don't know when or where she first met William, or why she preferred an officer in the British army to one of her many American beaux. Certainly she could have found no one less like her dark-eyed Spanish diplomat than this Scottish soldier. Perhaps it was the contrast between the two that attracted her—made her feel safe! However that may, it is not likely that they met until some time after he first came to this country with Sir Henry Clinton in 1776.

I acknowledge that it is disturbing to go back in this way to the beginning of the Revolution, considering that Washington's inauguration has just been described; but there is no help for it—family chronicles insist on wandering every which way and refuse to be kept within the tidy bounds of chronology. So without further apology I present you to young William Armstrong, making his first appearance in New York as he

steps on to the beach of the East River where Thirty-fourth Street now runs down to the water, during the spectacular landing of Sir Henry Clinton's forces. It was a deliberately dramatic affair calculated to make rebel New Yorkers shake in their shoes. Not until all the British troops had been embarked did the eighty-four flat-bottomed boats fall into two lines and approach the earthworks at Kip's Bay in a vast shining crescent, covered by a furious cannonade from the frigates. The men stood erect, their arms and uniforms sparkling and glowing in the sunshine, so that the water, to use the bucolic simile of an eye witness, was as gay "as a large clover field in full bloom." Poppies would have been a better comparison than clover for the scarlet coats of the soldiers "clambering up the steep rocks, while the river was covered with boats full of armed men pressing eagerly to the shore, that sent the Americans running as if the devil was in them."

Of course young William must have done his share of fighting in the skirmishing that followed and it might be possible to trace the movements of his regiment, but it was "a day of small carnage and many legends," and it is more amusing to picture him as enjoying a slice of Mrs. Murray's famous pie, when "that venerable lady, by detaining the British officers at lunch, rendered such efficient service to the retreating Americans." Or to see the young man laughing in the background of that still more amusing scene during the final engagement, when bullets whistling about their heads did not prevent General Howe and Lord Percy making a wager as to the age of a horse. "A cannon ball severed the animal's head from its body just as Howe was about to examine the teeth," but he non-

chalantly picked up the head, examined the teeth, proved he was right, and Percy paid the bet then and there.

I don't know how long William Armstrong stayed in New York during the "eight long years when New York was ruled by tap of drum," but I am sure he made the most of whatever entertainment the town afforded during the British occupation. Luckily for him, he was young enough to care more about amusement than comfort, of which there was mighty little. The town had been left in a terrible state by the American army's ditching and trenching and cutting down of hundreds of the magnificent trees—water beeches, elms, limes, and locusts—that bordered the streets, to make their fortifications. A contemporary wrote to a friend; "There is a battery carried across Broadway of wood cut from Lord Abingdon's estate. It was a beautiful wood that Oliver De Lancey had been nursing these forty years; it looks in piteous shape now. You remember Bayard's Mount covered with cedars? there is a very good fortification there erected. You may recall a sweet situation at Horn's Hook that Jacob Walton purchased, built an elegant house and beautifully improved the place; the troops fortified there. When Mrs. Walton received the order to go out of her house, she burst into tears, for she was fixed to her heart's desire." To add to all this destruction, a few days after Sir Henry Clinton's landing a fire broke out and spread and spread until most of the best buildings were destroyed, including Trinity Church; both the British and Americans were accused of having started the blaze, and horrible reprisals followed.

It was at sunset of that same day of dismay and confusion, the sky still streaked with flame and smoke, that a spy was

caught and condemned to death in the warm flower-scented air of a greenhouse—Mr. Beeckman's greenhouse, which had very recently furnished lemonade for General Washington. I doubt if young William Armstrong took enough interest in the execution that followed to comment on it; if he did, he probably said: "And a good job too!"—or words to that effect. But long after his name, and that of his children, is forgotten:

On Flame-leaf and Angel-leaf
The name of Hale shall burn!

The city, of course, made the best of what the soldiers and the fire had left, and started in clearing up the *débris*. "Royally inclined" families hobnobbed with the British, and some who had quite different sentiments held their tongues, for the spruce, well-set-up red-coats were more agreeable company than the shabby continentals. Poor Washington could not insist on uniforms, only "as men must have cloathes and appear decent and tight, he encouraged the use of hunting shirts, with long breeches, gaiter-fashion, about the legs"; whereas the British officers outshone Solomon in dress, danced divinely, and simply loved private theatricals. So "Assemblies, Concerts, Comedies, Clubs and the like, made them forget war save as a capital joke." The old John Street theater (where, a little later, Rendón and Margaret Marshall would enjoy the "School for Scandal") was reopened, and André got busy writing skits and painting scenery. Trinity Church graveyard was inclosed in a neat fence painted green, lamps and seats were arranged in the "Church Walk," and music given every evening by the regimental bands, "while army officers, and such city belles as loved the military, paraded up and down in pleas-

ant discourse." But it appears that not all the gentlemen were as polite as they should have been; for a British officer wrote to the *Gazette* insisting that the seats should be "dedicated to the fair sex, whose tender delicate limbs may be tired by the fatigue of walking."

I like to think of this great-grandfather of mine parading up and down the "Church Walk" with a Tory belle on his arm, his head a little bent, smiling while they "engage in pleasant discourse." He was twenty-six at this time—he got his first commission in the 17th Foot when he was nineteen—and must have been good-looking and well-dressed, for I have his miniature, painted by Robertson when he was a middle-aged man, and his face is still very handsome and his red uniform and lace ruffles conspicuously elegant. Or I can see him going in and out of "Kennedy House" (mentioned in the last chapter as being chosen by Rendón for his chief the Spanish Minister), lately the headquarters of General Putnam and now headquarters for General Howe, "where well set-up orderlies lounged on the steps, and gunners in full dress, hair clubbed and powdered, white stock, white breeches, white stockings, armed with carbine and rifle," kept guard. As William Armstrong was a Scotchman, he would not have found it so strange to go to church in attendance on Prince William—then a midshipman, later William IV of England—as did Sir Henry Clinton who "went on that occasion for the first time." And the Scottish William was probably a more experienced skater than his royal namesake, who borrowed a pair of skates and enjoyed himself enormously on the "Collect," until he skated into a hole and nearly drowned before he was pulled out.

For the Queen's Birthday the "King's Head Tavern was illuminated with two hundred wax tapers, and the gentry had great festivals; it is said the ball cost above two thousand guineas, and they had over three hundred dishes for supper." In honor of the British victory at Camden—the American defeat which Rendón, unintentionally, helped along—a *feu de joie* delighted all the Tories. In short, everything went merrily on in New York except for the rebels—whose feelings, strange to say, must have been shared by the lobsters! For it is recorded that "lobsters of prodigious size were till late caught in vast numbers, but since the cannonading they have entirely forsaken the coast"—a serious loss, if these New York lobsters measured from four to six feet long, as reported by an early Dutch settler.

But William Armstrong couldn't have taken part in very many of New York's festivities. The 17th Foot "had a great reputation as a fighting regiment," and the years between the landing at Kip's Bay with Sir Henry Clinton and their surrender with Cornwallis at Yorktown were, rather naturally, spent in fighting. Family tradition tells of one peaceful moment: a meeting with Washington at Newburgh where William Armstrong had been sent under a flag of truce to deliver a message. His subsequent remark—that he had met both Napoleon and Wellington but had never seen any man who was so impressive as Washington—was corroborated by an old friend of Colonel Armstrong, Dr. Forsyth of Newburgh, during a talk with my father about old times some thirty years ago.

Of William's military career family tradition remembers

only that he was wounded in the battle of Princeton and lost an eye at Stony Point. But Princeton and Stony Point are both too thrilling to be passed over so casually; and—according to history—young William figured rather prominently in both affairs.

For in the battle of Princeton it was the 17th Foot that was “cut to pieces and gained immortal glory” in Friend Clark’s apple orchard. The 17th “rapidly crowding towards Trenton of a bright frosty morning, their colonel on a small brown pony, two favorite spaniels bounding before him,” came face to face with Washington’s troops and were as “astonished as if an army had dropped perpendicularly on them from the clouds”; but they faced about, deployed, and came “jauntily” forward, and took the orchard both sides were fighting for—though outnumbered four to one—in a fifteen minutes that might have given time for reinforcements and the victory to the British, but for that famous flash into the foreground of Washington on his big white horse—perhaps, if Colonel Mawhood had ridden a big white horse instead of a small brown pony, things might have been different. William Armstrong probably got his wound among the apple trees—I wonder what became of the pony and the spaniels. History says that the British in the battle of Princeton were “much encumbered with baggage”; and as I look at William Armstrong’s army chest, I can well believe it. Some five feet long, almost as wide and high, built of oak, with massive brass handles, it accompanied him all through the Revolution and now preserves the mittens and winter coats of his great-great-grandchildren from moths. Washington suffered too that Princeton day, but he won; and

soon went on his way to take Elizabeth Town, and incidentally provide dancing partners for the De Hart girls and their other young friends of my first chapter.

As for the taking of Stony Point: every school-child knows—even if grown-ups have forgotten—how Anthony Wayne, having cleverly divided his men into three bands, at exactly midnight, took them scrambling up, up, up the rough back, bristling with stumps and sharp rocks, of that “little Gibraltar” that thrusts its snout into the Hudson some twenty miles below Newburgh. In spite of the darkness, they climbed under heavy fire from cannon and musketry, for the garrison was not taken by surprise. But—as Wayne had hoped—the British colonel, with the greater part of the 17th Foot, hurried down to meet the attack at the center where the first fire had been heard, and was cut off by the other two bands, who had torn down the stockade and met at the top. Surrounded—with that cry ringing from the redoubt over their heads: “The fort’s ours! The fort’s ours!”—what could the British do but surrender? Only one man got away, a good swimmer who managed to reach a man-of-war in the river. And Lieutenant William Armstrong was not only taken prisoner with his colonel but lost an eye.

Strange to say this didn’t prevent his going on parole to New York a few days later with a message for Sir Henry Clinton. Perhaps he was chosen because he wanted to consult a New York doctor. The Americans had been remarkably merciful during the attack; “no one was unnecessarily put to the sword or wantonly wounded.” Anyhow, it was young William’s detailed account of the affair—“our loss in prisoners

very serious, almost the whole of the 17th"—that went to England, and caused intense annoyance to King George and everybody else. Incidentally, the young lieutenant's good looks were gone for good, or at least, half gone. Robertson's miniature, of course, shows him in profile, from the good side.

But the rest of the poor 17th Foot—shot to pieces at Princeton and filled up again from other regiments—couldn't even go to New York, but sat forlornly in the enemy's camp, hoping soon to be exchanged, getting a little tired of hearing the story of Stony Point told and retold. Meanwhile, Anthony Wayne came swinging down from Haverstraw in fine feather, his men looking unusually smart, for Wayne had not only ordered them to "furbish up their arms and clothing," but had given his own prize money to "buy needles and thread to sew themselves up"—that prickly back of Stony Point had been devilish hard on breeches!

I hope William managed to enjoy his day in New York, in spite of his bad eye and the mortifying news he brought to Sir Henry. Everything there was going on pleasantly, although there was some scarcity of wood and Wall Street's trees went to join their fellow victims. Everything went on pleasantly for some years before the end came. One of the last festivities during the occupation must have been the "venison dinner at Mr. Bunyan's" where the song, composed for the occasion, was sung:

Friends, push round the bottle and let us be drinking
While Washington up in his mountains is slinking.
When he and Fayette talk of taking this city
Their vaunting moves only our mirth and our pity.

The poet guessed wrong. Within a few months came Evacuation Day. The welcome of the incoming Americans was interrupted for a while because the British had nailed their flag to the mast in the Old Fort and greased the pole, but a young sailor patiently nailed on cleat after cleat, and at last reached the top, tore down the union jack, and ran up the American flag. The feelings of the crowd who watched the British troops marching out of the city were mixed. But a girl eye witness, writing to a friend, summed up the general feeling: "The troops leaving, equipped for show with scarlet uniforms and burnished arms, made a brilliant display. The troops that marched in were ill clad and weather beaten, and made a forlorn appearance, but they were *our* troops and my heart and my eyes were full."

But William Armstrong was not one of the men who marched out of New York on Evacuation Day. The 17th Foot surrendered with Cornwallis at Yorktown. It is amusing to remember that another grandfather of mine, Colonel Nicholas Fish, also figured at Yorktown, but on the winning side. While still another, Colonel John Neilson, may, for all I know, have fought hand to hand with Armstrong, for they were both in the Battle of Monmouth. These two colonels will make an appearance in the next chapter.

A fact more important than military details in a family chronicle is William Armstrong's marriage. Some time during his first years in America he fell in love with Christian Amiel and married her. As family tradition describes her as a French lady, they may have met in Canada where he was stationed after the Revolution. The name is unusual; Christian is a

strange name for a girl, and Amiel by no means common. I am inclined to think she may have been the daughter of a certain New York Tory, John Amiel, probably of French extraction, who signed his name to a document declaring allegiance to the King during the Revolution. Anyhow, it is a pretty name, soft and sweet. "Methinks it hath a dying fall"—but that may be because her death is the only important thing I know about the poor lady. She married William Armstrong, had three children, and died, leaving the field clear for my great-grandmother, Margaret Marshall. So you see Margaret was not William's first love any more than he was hers!

The Revolution had not brought William Armstrong much glory. He was only a major when peace came, and then was stationed at Halifax—not a favorite post, judging from the old proverb: "Hell, Hull or Halifax," applied by the British to the Nova Scotia town. The farthest-back letters I have from his family were written at this time from "Kirtleton," the old family place in Dumfriesshire where William had been born and where David, his father, was still living. Their branch of the "martial clan of Armstrong of the Debatable Land" were direct descendants of Johnnie Armstrong, "as guid a chieftaine as evir was upoun the borderies," hero of the well-known Scottish ballad which bears his name and is sung to the tune of "Farewell, my bonny Gilknock Hall." He is still remembered on the Border by the children of that "bold hot people, who if any two be displeased, they expect no law; but bang it out bravely, one and his kindred, against the other and his."

The old chronicle says: "The Armestrongges of Lidersdaill had repoorted presumptuously that they woode not be ord-

oured, naither by the king of Scottes thayre souveraine lorde nor by the king of England, but after suche maner as thaire faders had used afore thayme. And the said Armestrongges had avaunted thaymselves to be the destruction of twoe and fifty parisshe churches in Scotteland, beside the unlawful and ungracious attemptates by thaym committed withynne Einglande." So it was not altogether strange that when James V of Scotland started out to "pacify the realm" and fulfill his promise to "make the briar bush keep the cow," the Laird of Gilknockie should have been one of the first victims. After hanging Cockburn of Henderland and Adam Scott of Tushielaw, James lured Johnnie to a meeting—so the legends say—by a loving letter. And Johnnie made such a brave show when he arrived with his retinue that envy was added to the king's dislike of the Laird's unfortunate habit of levying forbearance money on the countryside for miles around. James refused to be bribed by offers of English gold, or "four and twenty milk-white steeds that prance and nicker at a spear"; would not even give in when Johnnie vowed "there was not a subject in England, duke, earl, or baron, but within a certain day he would bring him to his majestie either quick or dead." All was of no avail and Johnnie and all his thirty-six "weill-horsed gentlemen" were hanged on trees at Carlenrig—growing green that day but withering at once to show their hatred of the king's treachery.

Johnnie's last thoughts, as he felt the "gude hemt cord" around his neck, were for his old castle:

Farewell, my bonnie Gilnock hall,
Where on Esk side thou standest stout!



COLONEL WILLIAM ARMSTRONG
From a miniature by Walter Robertson

Gif I had lived but seven years mair,
I would ha'e gilt thee round about.

But far from being gilded, poor Gilknockie today is only a single small roofless gray stone tower, standing forlornly in a shabby pasture. It takes a powerful imagination to picture it being defended—as it was again and again—with “stones, arrows, shot, and scalding water; until, heaped around with wet burning straw, it was forced to surrender.” I once met an old man in Melrose who told me horrible tales of the feuds between the Border clans; how an Armstrong had been shut up in a dungeon by an Elliot and starved until he had “gnawed his hands off,” and the old man added calmly: “The clans, ye ken, were at variance.”

“Kirtleton,” as well as “Gilknockie,” has fallen into decay and long since passed into other hands. When my father went there as a boy it was still a pretty place belonging to the Honorable Mrs. Murray, but when my uncle Gouverneur saw it a few years later it had been “bought by a farmer and was no longer kept up as a gentleman’s place, the farmer’s wife was pleased to see Gouv and gave him a glass of wine. An old sheep dog greeted him in a friendly way, and she remarked that he did not usually speak to strangers, but was wise enough to know that Gouv had a right there.”

The story of “Kirtleton”—of old David’s futile efforts to keep the place, of how it was sold, but bought back by William’s brother Edward, who in his turn became impoverished because of the debt incurred by the purchase, and of how he took to drink and lost the place and everything else—is a story that can be found in the records of almost any family. It is the

principal topic in William Armstrong's letters from Scotland. Their tone is somber—in sharp contrast to the lively letters of the previous chapter—and would be depressing if they were not shot through with that Scottish pride that has so often kept a family from going under.

The next letter, from William's sister, is the sort of letter sisters are apt to write. Sisters so often look on—see misfortune coming to a family, but can't do anything about it. Catherine is obviously elated at finding herself back in the comfort and dignity of the old place, especially on her father's account. But she can't help being just a little worried about Edward! "What will happen if Edward gets hard up because of buying back Kirtleton? Of course, it was most kind of Edward—Edward is always kind—sometimes a trifle too kind . . . Oh well, no use worrying poor William. Poor William—out there in that dreary barren Canada, with a wife and two little children on his hands—has enough troubles of his own without being asked to shoulder Edward's." So she turns to family news: speaks of her sister Margaret, her brother David, another sister, Ann, Mrs. Dalzell. It is pleasant to speak of Mrs. Dalzell for she is the successful one of the sisters, made a good match—her husband, "but for the attainder," would have been Earl of Carnwarth—and they have a most beautiful country place.

But I fancy William knew Edward's failing just as well as Catherine did, and he read that letter with a frown, wondering whether, after all, it had been a good plan to buy back "Kirtleton." Remembering that jolly nickname of Edward's, "Ned of the Hewck," recalling that time when the house got on fire while he was dining with his friends—Edward only

shouted: "Let's have another drink, and then go and put out the fire!" Oh, well, no use worrying about poor old Ned—

*Catherine Armstrong to her brother,
Captain William Armstrong, Halifax.*

Kirtleton, Scotland, *January, 1790*

Mother is bustling on as usual to keep all right and every one easy. I often wish that she would consider herself, as her life is a precious one. It will give you pleasure to hear that Edward is now *Laird* of Kirtleton. He has purchased the old Paternal Estate, with the addition of Black Croft, for £3,000. Mr. Pultney very genteely did not bid against him. The Hewck still remains to us useless at present. My only anxiety now is on account of Ed'd's being burthened; his *Cara* is not an economist, far from it, yet we Scots lasses must not judge of others by ourselves; Helen is well disposed to conform and is remarkably neat, so that in time she may make a good Scots Wife. Margaret is with her this winter. Mrs. Dalzell has two sweet little girls, David is living at Mr. Dalzell's, who is a fifth bro' indeed. I have no doubt of David's succeeding, tho' quiet and composed he has a heart equal to any of us.

Your shirts will I hope reach you safely and be acceptable. How often I wish myself near enough to make you and y'r Dear Boys Cloathes comfortable—'tis all the power Heaven has bestowed upon me. My Uncle and Aunt had letters from T. Currie and Jane from Madras, which they reached in 13 months and 16 days after they left England. Jane is much pleased with the country, the Muskitoes were her only enemies.

General Meadows is now Governor of Madras, but was not arrived when they wrote.

The letter that follows is from the same Jane Currie who is spoken of pityingly in Catherine Armstrong's letter as being bothered by Muskitoes. The "Vile War," of which Jane complains, was the long struggle with Tipu that finally ended with the fall of Seringapatam. Lord Cornwallis's failures in America had long since been forgotten. In India he "took the field with a pomp and power such as Clive had never known, assembling on the Plain of Trichinopoli the finest army that India had ever beheld, fifty thousand of all arms."

Mrs. Thomas Currie to her cousin, Captain Armstrong.

Trichinopoly, January, 1792

I am now blessed with three little innocents; William, I left at Pokeskine; John Armstrong, and Jane fourteen days old, are with me here. I have every reason to like this country, I have never had a moment's ill health and have met with the greatest attention from every one. I live in hopes of my dear Tom's soon returning, as Lord Cornwallis has lately recommended that no officer is to remain in the field that is provided for in garrison. I am heartily tired of this Vile War, it deprived me of my Currie for seven months last year and it is now almost seven more since he left me. His present appointment, Fort Adjutant, gives him a very genteel income, tho' the expence of two families is very great, particularly in the field when so many servants are required, for it is servants not provisions that are expensive in this country. When we can live together and only one set of servants, we shall be able to

pay off our debts, and then blessed with the society of the best of Husbands, my happiness will be as compleat as falls to the lot of humanity.

How often Currie and I have wished you had come to this country at the time you had it in agitation, your old friend Douglas got a company soon after his arrival and a Staff App't on taking the field, and as you have so many friends in our army you might have had anything you pleased. When I had your letter with the Bombay postmark I thought you might be there. 'Tis ten long months since the date of my last letters from Scotland. You must, my dear Willy, forgive this scrawl, I am still weak.

In this letter of Jane Currie's there is an allusion to William's general dissatisfaction at this time. Army life seemed pretty tame, after all the excitement of the Revolution was over. It was dull in Halifax and the climate too severe for a delicate wife. What about going out to India with Cornwallis?—that could be arranged easily enough. On the other hand, India wouldn't suit a delicate wife.—Better give up soldiering altogether, and go in for making money. New York seemed a nice little town, from what he had seen of it. . . . So, after much hesitation, William Armstrong sold his commission and went to live in New York fully determined to die a rich man.

*Mrs. David Armstrong to her son,
William Armstrong, Esq., New York.*

Kirtleton, February, 1792

I feel for every one of my D'r Bairns—and every one of them has their share of distress, you not the least, my dear

Unfortunate. The accounts you give with regard to your prospects in Y'r Diff't Occupations gives me much pleasure. Let the past teach you to be more Warry and prudent in future nor imagine *Prospects Realities*, but act with Caution and Oeconomy—tho' you say *that* is not a Characteristic of *your* country. The account you give of your dear Boys quite delights me, David is a Genius, you say; pray to what does his Genius point? To Musick, Paint'g or Learning? You mention one Murdock, a Schoolmaster you was to send the Boys to—make my Comp's to him and tell him *his* Father was my French Master in the years 1744 and '45 when the rebellion broke out and I left Edin'r. You do not tell us your little girl's name—Christian, I dare say. God bless and preserve her to you, your good fortune began with her Birth, may it also continue.

Edward never goes abroad but to hunt; with the load of debts incurred by the purchase of this place he is sadly involved, and has sold his Charming House in Edin'r. The loss of fortune is indeed nothing. But the World has sung its song and ere a few years both the song and the subject will be forgot. Frank's wife, as sweet a woman as ever I saw, Lyes in in May. My Dear Gentle Prudent David has left us for Jamaica. Jack Bell is gone to the Coast of Africa, Physician to the Sierra Leone Company. Be not uneasy about your sisters or me, Heaven will provide for us one way or another. Margaret's charge, a darling boy as ever I saw, now talks every word he hears and is a source of entertainment to her. She and Catherine have a most grateful sense of your attentive kindness, but they decline presenting your draft till certain that by serving them you do not injure yourself. They have very comfortable letters at Pokeskine from India; Tom Currie, by our

friend Col. Harris' interest is now Fort Adjutant at Trichinopoly, and by Col. Giels has got the Post Office also. Jane sent a Bill to her Father for £50, happy, I dare say, poor soul, to do it, but alas! it is refused. She *paid* the Money to the bearer of the Bill, an officer in the corps with Tom, I hope he may be an honest man, it is severe on the Old Folks in the mean time. We've just dined on hare soup, very nice; your father, Edward and Watty Bell are now regaling over a decanter of Whiskey Punch—was I to tell them I was writing you it w'd be with one voice, "remember me to Willy," but 'tis needless. I must conclude by offering my compliments to Mrs. Amiel—75—she is just 19 years older than your affect' Mother.

When William received this letter from his mother, he said to himself: "Just what I expected! Edward ought *never* to have bought back Kirtleton. But Ned was always a warm-hearted fool!" And he proceeded to forget Edward, and his unfortunate habits, as soon as possible. For life in New York wasn't going any too well for William himself. Poor Christian had died and left him with her old mother, Mrs. Amiel, on his hands, and three small children to look after, the youngest only a baby. His friends all told him he ought to marry again. . . .

As I said before, William's sister Ann had married a Dalzell, a family with a picturesque background. A letter from her husband, Robert Dalzell, written from Glenae House in 1794, shows him to have been a kind-hearted but pompous man, chiefly interested in proving his loyalty to the established government. Which was not surprising, for the family had been ruined by his grandfather, the fifth Earl of Carnwarth, who had

lost the earldom because of "engaging in the rising on behalf of the exiled royal line." The hot-headed old fellow was taken at Preston, attainted for treason and condemned to death, and although in the end he was reprieved, "his honours sunk under the attainder" and the peerage passed from him. Robert was not so foolish. His letter complains bitterly of the "Discontented and Seditious Spirit fast creeping into the Minds of the Lower Classes of the People" which he hopes to counteract by calling Meetings in every Parish, and reports with much gratification that his efforts have been approved by the Duke of Q. and the Duke of Buccleugh. He further strengthened his position by having his only son made a major in the marines at the age of three! This boy would probably have got back the earldom if he had not been killed at New Orleans in the War of 1812, for the earldom was given back to his cousin. The letter ends on a cheerful note: "I was for some time at Moffert this Summer to try the effect of the Waters on my Stomach. Had I known its salutary effects I would never have travelled so far as Buxton, for it is worth all the Wells in England put together. We had a great deal of the first Company and as much dancing as anybody could wish. Then followed the Circuit Races, Caledonian Hunt, County Meetings, etc.; in short, with one thing and another, we have been one continual Round of Dissipation. Mrs. Dalzell keeps her health vastly well. We all beg to be remembered in the kindest manner to Willy, tell him the American trees are growing finely."

This letter was written to William's brother David who had lately come from Scotland to New York and had gone into business with William at number 6 Nassau Street—a pleas-

ant arrangement all round. David seems to have been one of those convenient bachelor uncles that no family should be without, and, for the moment, William's affairs were improving. Not only in a business way. He had found a second wife! A charming girl, younger than himself to be sure, but lively and fond of children—his little boys adored her. Everybody congratulated William on having secured the hand of Miss Margaret Marshall.

*Mrs. David Armstrong to her son,
Capt. William Armstrong, New York.*

Kirtleton, October, 1798

I need not repeat what I've so often said, that I love you and all your concerns I am interested in. Your excellent Wife I am *now* anxious to hear of, as from your last letter I think she must be about tumbling down. May she have a safe and happy hour. I am sorry, truly so, for your losses and disappointments, but what is Life but a Checkered scene of Wells and Woes. Today we laugh, tomorrow mourn, yet must struggle on with the Phantom Hope still in view. Mrs. Bell from Belfast is here and her daughter Sally. When she married the great Dr. Bell, she had a fortune of 1600 pounds, which he reduced to less than 600. What a change for the better has this last 5 y'rs made upon her, from a fine useless lady to now a sensible pleasant clever woman. Poor soul, she with many others, fled to St. Patrick for fear of the United Irishmen Murdering them All. Her sisters are returned, as peace and order is restored to *that* part of Ireland, but far from it in other Counties. The News paper will inform you of the Work has

been going on there for some time, but not half so bad as she tells. The Brest fleet has got out and said to be seen sailing for Ireland, but the Rebellion there is so much Crushed that we are not much afraid of the French should they land.

We have had such rejoicings—never the like seen—and most justly, on account of Admiral Neilson's victory over the French Fleet, Admiral Bruey's, who carried out Buonaparte to Conquor Egypt, of whom I hope the Turks and Arabs will give a good acc't also. What a wonderful little island is this, that sends its fleets to Victory even to the mouth of the Nile, and by it, I hope, will give peace to Europe, God grant it. One thing I am pleased to see, that there is hope of an Amicable agreement between America and France, in which I am interested through you, indeed I am not much interested anywhere but on acc't of my bairns who are scattered about in many places.

Mr. Dalzell goes to Edin'r this winter, he has never been what he formerly was since his Wife's Death, Catherine with the two girls goes to Liverpool with Frank and John; the Boy comes here, and our fine Pickle David goes away to some School. Indeed our House resembled a Carravansary more than a private Gentleman's House, but it will not be so much longer. Frank has gone out to try to get a few hares to take to Liv'l. The day is delightful and we are just beginning to raise our potatoes, an excellent crop and the same through the Country, last year as bad as this is good, lucky for us as we have Otherways a very bad crop and no sale for Cattle. Your brother David grumbles not a little in the last letters we had from him, the Markets being overstocked wherever he went, but he will be more so now as two of our ships are taken by

the French. If David returns he has a most respectable Partner^p in Liverpool. I am going to write him a few lines, for tho' I can Contribute little to the Happiness of my children, if I can give any of them a moment's satisfaction it returns ten-fold to myself.

Soldiers seldom make a success of business, and young William was middle-aged William now, too set in his ways for a new career. Perhaps his brother David came to this conclusion. Anyhow, when the letter above was written David had gone home, and without him William's affairs went from bad to worse. But he managed to keep up his interest in military matters for, in the midst of all his worries, he wrote to his brother Frank in London asking him to buy some green velvet and cloth for a rifle company, although "An epidemic, or plague, is raging, and almost every one has quitted the city." This was a yellow-fever year when "the scourge appeared with great suddenness and fury," and every one who could afford to leave moved out to Greenwich Village, from the very earliest times considered the healthiest part of Manhattan Island, and also the loveliest. Although still in the heart of the country, the Village in William Armstrong's time had grown considerably because it had been found immune from the various epidemics that attacked New York. Smallpox sometimes got in, but yellow fever seems never to have crossed the swamps; a fact less mysterious to us than to our forefathers, for, of course, mosquitoes kept to the low moist spots and were blown away from the high ground where the Village stood.

But William wasn't well enough off to take his family to the country. In the next year he was again in difficulties, "owing

to yellow fever, failures, and that Rascal A—d, the most infamous of bad men," who may have been Benedict Arnold. But in 1800 he was not too hard up to send a wedding present to a friend in Nassau; "two purple urns for tea or coffee, the handsomest and only pair of their kind in the city, and chosen by Mrs. A." And a letter from his sister Catherine ends: "Your elegant present, as a mark of your and Mrs. Armstrong's remembrance, is truly gratifying, tho' I should have been satisfied with a less *Costly* Fan, I am advised to frame it as a curiosity. Offer my affectionate regards to Mrs. A., most sincerely do I congratulate her on the recent addition to your family, may they all be spared to be a comfort to you. Mrs. Currie's boy died some weeks since."

The "recent addition" to William Armstrong's family on which his sister Catherine congratulates him, was the birth of his and Margaret Marshall's eldest son. He was named Edward, after "Ned of the Hewck." The next letter throws some light on William's failure in business and is in keeping with what I know of his disposition.

*William Armstrong to Alexander Forbes, Esq.,
Kingston.*

New York, October, 1800

As Mr. Maxwell, if in your Island, may again elope, I think it will be most advisable to secure him first and then come to a settlement. If he will give up the policies and secure to me the Nett Rec't of Five Thousand Dolls., I will then give him a discharge in full of all demands. If he does not choose to do that, I will publish him in Europe, Asia and America as

a Swindler, nor quit him this side the grave. I shall always be among the first to acquit the Honest but Unfortunate Debtor, but I never will forget nor forgive the Man who attempts to abscond or force me to a settlement on his own terms.

And then for a while, William's affairs took a turn for the better. He became connected in business with Theophylact Bache, a well-known New York Tory whose name appears in the message of allegiance to the King signed by Amiel, noted for his kindness to British prisoners during the Revolution; and President of the Chamber of Commerce. Among their business papers the following is interesting as it is probably the earliest mention of the Rocky Mountain sheep. The Rocky Mountain goat was first described by Rafinesque in 1817. This "figure" was to be sent to Sir Joseph Banks because he was President of the Royal Society, and might perhaps be found among his collections in the South Kensington and British Museums. Sir Joseph went around the world with Captain Cook, and gave Botany Bay its name because of the number of plants he found there.

Francis Mason to Theophylact Bache, New York.

Montreal, *March 4, 1802*

I have taken the liberty to request that you will forward a small package which will be delivered to you by Mr. Holwell, it is addressed to Sir Joseph Banks and contains a figure of a new species of sheep discovered by Duncan McGillivray on the rocky mountains. I wish it could be sent by some careful person going home and not by the Packet. If it was addressed

care of Mr. Brickwood, who is very intimate with Sir Jos., it would be more certain. I have had a great wish to visit New York again, but have not yet had courage to cross the Lakes in winter. I am very tired of the Canadian winters, although no place can boast of more hospitality.

A duel came along in 1804 which made a break in William's dull business routine. One of the seconds, Major Popham, was his intimate friend and he had a bowing acquaintance with one of the principals—a good-looking fellow by the name of Burr; so he was perfectly willing to lend his best pair of dueling pistols for the occasion. But the friendship with Popham was decidedly strained when the pistols—a most excellent brace of pistols made by Twigg of London—were returned after the affair, for Popham had actually dared to cut a cross on the butt of the one he said had killed Alexander Hamilton! Mar a handsome pistol just because it had killed a man? It was a liberty, sir! And an outrage, sir! And a thing no old friend should have done, sir! William didn't give a fig for Burr or Hamilton or any other damn Yankee. . . . But, of course, in the end, Major Popham was forgiven.

All of which was told to my uncles by Major Popham himself. I like to picture the little boys—Harry and the others—very wide-eyed and scarlet-cheeked, sitting beside the old Major on the lawn overlooking the Hudson, while he told them all about the famous duel and how angry their grandfather had been when he found his pistol had been marked with a cross. Harry was the only one old enough to remember. But Harry most certainly did remember. Nothing in after life could rouse Uncle Harry to such fury—and he had a terrible

temper—as to have any doubts cast on the story, or the genuineness of the cross-marked pistol as being the very one that killed Hamilton. In the end Harry inherited the pistols, and left them in his turn to my brother Noel, who has them now.

To come back to William and his business career: not even Mr. Bache could make a smooth silk purse out of a soldier. Not long after the Burr-Hamilton duel, William began to wonder whether, after all, Providence had intended him to spend his life milling over importing and marine insurance and what not. Perhaps it was only the middle-aged restlessness that comes to men who have hesitated too long between two stools. Perhaps ledgers and rates of interest seemed intolerable when he got thinking about a certain pitch black night on Stony Point, or a frosty morning in a Princeton apple orchard. What was money compared to glory? And there was war in the air. Another incident like the *Leopard* and *Chesapeake* affair, and fur would fly with a vengeance! If war came, William must be ready. So, regardless of his American wife—Margaret could stay in Elizabeth Town for a while, a nice quiet place where she had lots of friends—he bought back his commission, bade a thankful good-by to kind Mr. Bache, kissed Margaret and the children all round, and hurried off to Canada in excellent spirits. If war came—and things went as well as they ought to—he might be a general yet!

William found plenty to do in Canada; for, close by, the outlook for the British didn't look half so rosy as it had in New York. A letter to Major Armstrong from a friend, in March, 1812, begins hopefully, but ends on a pessimistic note: "If Brother Jonathan be disposed to invade either Canada, New Brunswick, or Nova Scotia, each Province is well prepared as

far as the commanding officers go—how our Militia will behave not quite so clear. Upper Canada I consider must fall if we have an American War.” They did have an American war—the War of 1812. For two years Victory fluttered about unable to make up her mind which side to settle down on for good. The British had trouble with their Indian allies; they never felt easy with them. It was, somehow, unpleasant to see men starting out to fight stark naked; “warriors with bodies stained and painted in the most frightful manner for the occasion, some white, some black, others half black and half red; all with their hair plastered in such a way as to resemble the bristling quills of the porcupine; with no other covering but a cloth around their loins yet armed to the teeth with rifles, tomahawks, war-clubs, spears, bows and arrows and scalping knives, glided by with almost soundless velocity, without order and without a chief, uttering no sound, intent on reaching the enemy unperceived.” Brant, a British officer as well as a Chief in the War of 1812, was a friend of William Armstrong’s and the latter treasured a tomahawk that Brant had given him for many years—in the end that mischievous little Harry borrowed it to make rabbit traps and lost it. Matters at sea went very badly indeed; on land, not quite so badly. Victory went on fluttering.

However, in 1814, a letter came to Major Armstrong from his friend Sir William Kempt, later Governor of Nova Scotia, that cheered him considerably: “Great news from the States, Washington destroyed and all the great towns on the coast in a state of the greatest alarm, The Americans have retreated to Plattsburg, for which His Excellency is *preparing* to follow them.” William knew well enough what that underlined word

meant. He was on the staff of His Excellency, the "amiable" Sir John Prevost, who was notorious for never being able to make up his mind or get a move on. How William must have fumed and fretted while Prevost backed and filled—went on backing and filling until he lost the battle of Plattsburg.

Through dreary wilds and bogs and fens

The luckless Prevost blundered.

He fled with fifteen-thousand men

From Macomb's fifteen-hundred.

For, as it happened, the battle was won by "that little nephew of mine"—as William thought of Janet's stepson, General Macomb. These two so often found themselves opposed during the War of 1812 that it became a family joke, laughed over later on when William had at last returned to his wife and children.

Another nephew of Colonel Armstrong's was not so fortunate. John Dalzell, the boy who had gone into the marines at the age of three, was killed in the battle of New Orleans when he was only nineteen. They say in New Orleans that Pakenham, the British commander, might have taken the city if it had not been warned of the British fleet's approach by Lafitte the pirate, at the risk of his life for there was a price on his head. They say too that the British loss was so frightful—Pakenham himself, the "hero of Salamanca," was killed—that General Jackson stopped it because "he couldn't bear to see those gallant young men just coming up to be shot." And they say that when Pakenham's body arrived in England, in a cask of rum to preserve it, the Whigs remarked that "Paken-

ham had come back in better spirits than he left home." That battle was an extraordinary affair. Ten thousand of the best troops in the world—Highlanders, and men who had fought with Wellington—were mowed down like corn as they tried to take Jackson's fortification. The British, who of course were in the open, lost in killed, wounded, and prisoners twenty-six hundred men. The Americans lost eight killed and thirteen wounded. The tradition that Pakenham had promised his men "beauty and booty" in New Orleans seems to have been entirely unfounded.

But William Armstrong didn't go home, in either good or bad spirits, for a long time after peace was declared. He stayed on in the army, though the War had made him only a colonel. He knew now that he would never be a general, and told himself that he had made a mistake in not going out to India with Cornwallis, "as had at one time been in agitation." But he was used to Canada and army life. Another thing: he owned two tracts of land that needed looking after, one given him by the British government after the Revolution, and one after the War of 1812. The former was very valuable, twelve hundred acres in Nova Scotia on the Gut of Canso, and the colonel did his best to keep it. But taxes, the conditions about settling and clearing were too much for him—business had always been too much for him—and after years of worrying both tracts were finally "escheated."

One glimpse of William after he was restored to the bosom of his family—Judge Kent told my father: "The Colonel was pretty peppery; he once emptied a shotgun out of the window at some young sparks who were serenading his daughters." A

last glimpse—Uncle Harry's recollection: "An old gentleman with a black patch over one eye. He would give a finger to me and a finger to Charlie, and we would walk down to the river, and he would give us peppermints—in those days, peppermints came stuck in rows on paper."



CHAPTER IV

In Old Carolina 1766-1814

*Where Past and Present, wound in one,
Do make a garland for the heart.*

—TENNYSON

It is a far cry from Scotland to Carolina, but there is a link—that addition to the family of William and Margaret Armstrong, mentioned a few pages back—the birth of Edward, their eldest son. For he married the daughter of John Ward of Charleston. The Wards were English. Tradition says that the first Ward who came to this country, in 1700 or thereabouts, was shipwrecked on the way, and arrived with nothing but his gold watch; a very fat watch embossed with a classic scene, stolen from us only four years ago. This first Ward settled in Charleston. Twenty years before his arrival there had been only thirty houses and it was still a small village on the edge of an Indian-haunted wilderness, but destined to grow, and the Ward fortunes grew with the town.

My oldest letter from the south—in fact the oldest in this book—is something of a mystery. I can't imagine why a note from a boy who was no relation of ours ever got among our family papers, or why anything so unimportant should have been kept in the first place. Is it fanciful to think that the news "relating to matrimony" alluded to in the letter was connected with some young girl cousin of ours—a Ward, or a

Hartley, or a Somarsall—who happened to be staying with the Wiggs when Childermas's letter came? Tom Wigg certainly wouldn't have kept it, only tossed it away with an impatient: "Poor old Childermas! So he can't come to the races after all. Gad, I'm mighty thankful I haven't got a father like that!" But my little unknown cousin picked it up when nobody was looking, kept it for a while in her top bureau drawer, then laid it away in lavender; for poor Childermas, only nineteen when the letter was written, died soon after, and she forgot to tear it up when she married somebody else.

*Childermas Harvey to Mr. Thomas Wigg, Indian Land,
in favor of Mr. Billy Wigg.*

Charleston, February, 1766

Dear Tom, I received your letter long ago, by Mr. Webb, should have ans'd before now, had I an Opp'y. I have just time to write you a few Lines by Billy Wigg to acquaint you it does not suit me to go to Port Royal Races. I am truly sorry. You may rest assured it is not for wanting of good will, but you know who I have to deal with, and who at times is a little strict over me. However this will not always be the case, you may safely expect me in May next, or sooner if I possibly can go. You mentioned of your wearing of my Breaches out, and desired I may get a pair on your Acc't. I did not imagine Tom you were so particular with me. Damn ye breeches, they were not worth mentioning, pray let me see no more of such Formality from you, as you may expect none from me. No news to write you, but I hope by and by to acquaint you with some

Relating to Matrimony, nothing further, so conclude, D'r Tom, Yours Eternally, Childermas Harvey.

I wonder, when Childermas died, whether the strict father was sorry that he hadn't let the boy go to the races that day. Such exciting races. For, just then, imported horses were beginning to be raced at Port Royal. Horses before had been "Chickasaws"—from stock introduced into Florida by the Spanish—nice active little animals, but slow as molasses compared to the magnificent creatures of Arabian blood—Flag-a-Truce, Tarquin, Pharaoh—that rich Charlestonians were bringing out from England. Such horses are the best proof of Charleston's wealth before the Revolution. Abdullah himself, a famous Arabian, arrived in Port Royal not long after the race meeting that Childermas wasn't allowed to attend. Sixteen hands high and never ridden. But that didn't bother Frank Huger. Being dared to ride him, "he placed his hand upon the flying mane of the snorting animal, with one bound vaulted into the saddle, and sat like an equestrian statue."

When the Revolution came, Carolina of course suffered with her sister colonies, and especially Charleston, for Charleston, "famous for its handsome buildings, abundant commerce, refinement and wealth, and the fondness of its people for pleasure and display," had much to lose. Travelers from New England were vastly impressed at the fashionable dress of both men and women, the assemblies, the concerts of the St. Cecilia Society, the fine horses, and the great number of carriages, at a time when Philadelphia had only eighty-four carriages in the whole city. No family of any importance kept less than twenty house servants, and the extraordinary fondness

for sport—horse-racing, fox-hunting, and shooting—was very surprising to New Englanders who despised sport as a waste of time. Equally surprising was the reckless hospitality of the south; on many of the big plantations, the slaves had standing orders to stop any passing traveler who looked respectable and invite him in to partake of whatever the house afforded. Charlestonians, influenced by the English taste for gardening, had done much to improve their country places even before the Revolution, and imported all sorts of pretty devices fashionable on the other side of the water, such as fountains, summer houses, and gazebos. One garden had a walk a thousand feet long, bordered with grass and flowers, a fish pond, a bowling green, and a Roman temple on a mount.

The Wards' country place on John's Island was ruined among the first, for Sir Henry Clinton chose John's Island for an encampment and the soldiers proceeded to cut down trees, dig earthworks, erect fortifications, and make themselves generally obnoxious. But it was even worse when they were temporarily driven out by the Americans, for during the retreat to Port Royal they looted and burned almost as thoroughly as they had done in New Jersey. The gardens on the Island, "ornamented with many foreign products, were laid waste, and their nicest curiosities destroyed; every house stripped of plate, jewelry and clothes, looking-glasses, pictures and china dashed to pieces." (But not the Wards' pink Lowestoft dinner set; buried in the garden, some hundred and fifty pieces, and dug up after the war was over, it sits on the shelves of our dining room at this minute.) Even the family graveyards on the Island were destroyed and the gravestones broken up, probably for fortifications; which accounts for my Uncle Harry,

years afterwards, having seen pieces of stone slabs with the Ward coat-of-arms used as doorsteps for negro cabins. Dreadful mementos of the Revolution were the skeletons of negro slaves, driven from their homes by the British and left to die of hunger and sickness; as late as 1819 the Island was strewn with their bones.

I don't know whether Anteus, an Arabian bred by John Ward of Kent, was carried off at this time; but horses were more tempting than anything else to the British, for they had lost a ship on the way to Charleston with most of their horses on board, and any good horses that had been hidden were hunted down. A jet-black Goldolphin Arabian, named Flimnap, bred by Sir John Moore and originally owned by Sir Watkin William Wynne—charming name!—was known to have been hidden in a swamp, and Colonel Tarleton was so furious when the slave in charge of the horse refused to reveal its hiding place that he ordered the man strung up to a tree. Luckily, the Colonel rode away at once, and another servant came out of the bushes and cut the faithful darky down before he was quite dead.

When Charleston was taken—after that terrible night of bombardment, when the “stars seemed tumbling out of heaven”—the British, as usual, made the best of whatever amusements the town afforded, dancing and flirting with the Tory belles and other girls so crazy about a uniform that they didn't much care whether it was red or blue. Though, apparently, the “red coat and smart epaulette sufficient to secure a female heart” in New York was less successful with the ladies of Charleston, who “retired from the public eye, and conducted themselves

with more than Spartan magnanimity. They withstood repeated solicitations to grace public entertainments with their presence, and the conquerors, regaling themselves at concerts and assemblies, could obtain few of the fair sex to associate with them."

The most dashing of all the young British officers was Lieutenant Archibald Campbell; his nickname, "Mad Archie," is remembered to this day by old Charlestonians. It so happens that his story is intimately connected with a little cousin of mine who appears in a family portrait, the frontispiece in this book, which is an unusually interesting picture because it shows three generations—grandmother, mother, and two grandchildren. The smaller of the two children—a curly-headed little creature about four years old—is Margaret Campbell, the daughter of "Mad Archie," and the story of his marriage to her mother was so picturesque that Simms, the southern novelist, used it as the plot of one of his best-known books.

It seems that "Mad Archie"—having had several glasses too much of Charleston madeira—began boasting one day of his successes with the fair sex, and ended by wagering his best horse, probably an Arabian looted from a rebel, that he could make any girl marry him on sight. *Any* girl! Yes; even Mary Philp, though he scarcely knew her. Everybody roared, for everybody knew Mary Philp—a pretty timid little thing, with not much to say for herself. But Archie ordered his horse, dashed over to Mrs. Philp's house, and invited Mary to go for a drive. She hesitated. She didn't know him very well, and all the girls said Lieutenant Campbell was frightfully odd—he hadn't got that nickname for nothing! She was afraid to go with him, and her mother certainly wouldn't approve. But

she was still more afraid to say no, and he was very handsome and very persuasive. . . . So, finally, she let him lift her up to the high seat of his phaeton and away they went—faster and faster. Mary screamed and pulled at his sleeve, and implored him to stop as he drove over ditches and hedges, around sleeping hogs on the roadside, in and out among the trees of the forest; but he only laughed, and lashed his horse. And they went whirling on and on, away out to Goose Creek. And, by now, Mary was more dead than alive, holding on for dear life, and faint with fright as Archie sent his horse round and round Goose Creek Church “just to see how often he could make the circuit without hitting a tombstone.” At last Parson Ellicott came out to see what all the noise was about; Archie brought his horse to a sudden stop at the door of the parsonage and told the astonished clergyman that he and the young lady had come to get married. Parson Ellicott gave the white-faced fainting girl a doubtful glance, but Archie’s pistol pressed against his chest silenced any questions. Archie lifted the girl down from the seat, led her into the church and—without a word from her, for she was too frightened to protest—the couple were married.

I don’t know whether or not they were happy. If they were, their happiness didn’t last long. For very soon Archie was killed. His name appears in the list of the slain after the battle of Camden—the British victory and defeat of General Gates that had been partly brought about by Rendón of my first chapter. But Archie was not killed during the fighting; he was captured, shut up in an old mill, and warned that he would be shot if he tried to escape. That sort of warning was only a

stimulus to Archie. He tried at once, and was shot. A gravestone in Charleston commemorates the man "that shot Mad Archie Campbell." Mary died within a few months, leaving her baby Margaret to be brought up by her grandmother, the old lady in our picture; which accounts for my father's vague recollection that "the little girl had a sad story." But he never knew the details, which were told to me very recently by some Carolina friends.

The young girl in this same picture, little Margaret Campbell's cousin, became the wife of John Ward, of Charleston and John's Island. He was a distinguished lawyer, and President of the Senate of South Carolina. I came across a description of him in an unexpected place, the diary of Edward Hooker of Hartford, who began it on Commencement Day at Yale in 1805, and kept it up for years. Some extracts from it have been published, but I have read the original in many small paper-covered copy books. When Hooker graduated he was appointed tutor in the University of South Carolina and went straight down to Columbia. His diary describes the Senate Chamber at some length:

"Thirty-six senators sit in concentric circles facing the president, Mr. Ward, who wears a long light blue satin robe edged with white fur. I had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Ward speak; a more pleasing speaker I have rarely heard, he spoke slowly, but has at command a rich stock of words and ideas, and uses the Sheridanean dialect usual with well-educated Charlestonians. Mr. Ward is a small man, pleasant and facetious in disposition, with a penetrating look, quick and graceful in motion, dignified when in the chair but a little prone to levity when

out of it, sometimes taking his side too hastily and speaking, though beautifully, with too little judgement." Edward Hooker could draw a lifelike picture of a man. I suppose the "Sheridanean dialect" meant that John Ward spoke with an English accent.

Mr. Hooker considered Columbia a very ordinary little place—as it undoubtedly was—though he admired the decorations of the Senate Chamber where there was "considerable elegance bordering on magnificence, the curtains of damask, quite rich and beautiful to the eye, and sent from England, costing five hundred dollars." The fashion notes in this New England diary are amusing: "Suwarrow boots are less worn here and in Charleston than at home. Ruffles are more in use both at the bosom and at the hands. The dress throughout is not so loose as in Connecticut. As for the ladies' fashions, I don't know what they were when I left Connecticut, and have never observed them here further than to notice, with satisfaction, that their dresses are not so immodestly cut and put on as those of the northern fashionables."

Mexican boots, or suwarrows, had been fashionable at the north for several years. The shoemaker who endeared himself to Philadelphians by making "lefts and rights" advertised: "Suwarrows, cosgreaves, Swiss, hunting, walking, full-dress, York." And, as usual, whatever women happened to be wearing somebody was shocked. A newspaper of this date complained: "The display of a beautiful elbow is now an old fashion, and some dashing belles intend to introduce the display of a fine knee. This will be no difficulty, considering that petticoats have been laid aside." But poke bonnets were also dis-

approved of: "The ladies have now adopted a repulsive kind of hat, which has a long projection like the beak of a snipe, which may be called the poking hat."

John Ward owned a good deal of land in Washington, and the correspondence with his son-in-law, Gouverneur Morris Wilkins, is interesting as showing how little progress the town had made in the ten years since Benjamin Hawkins had nicknamed it the "Expectancy." Conegocheague, the Potomac site, was still unpopular—many people insisted that Albany would have been a much more convenient and central situation for the capital, or agreed with Gouverneur Morris that Newburgh was the ideal spot. But when the matter was finally settled, speculation began on a grand scale. Unluckily, the rush of immigration from abroad which had been depended on to people the new city was dried up at the source; for Napoleon drafted the would-be emigrants for his armies. Benjamin Stoddart, the first Secretary of the Navy—a navy of three frigates, the *Constitution*, *Constellation*, and *United States*—became frightfully tangled up in these speculations; but, in the end, he managed to get clear, became a rich man, and built a fine town house in Georgetown on Prospect Street, which takes its name from his country place "Pretty Prospect." George Washington's diary speaks of having walked about that neighborhood with L'Enfant, when the latter was laying out the city, and having been careful to avoid spoiling a fine spring "commonly called Cold Spring," belonging to Mr. Stoddart. A letter from Stoddart, 1804, ends: "I am greatly relieved that Mr. Ward has bought some of the lots, and I hope an example so highly respected will be followed by others. I shall perhaps

owe it to you that I do not lose my senses. The public money is being most lavishly laid out on Ropewalks, Bake houses, and other operations arising out of the Navy. J. Q. Adams writes from New York that Burr's election seems certain."

Benjamin Stoddart to Gouverneur Morris Wilkins.

Geo. Town, October, 1804

I have your note on the subject of Mr. Ward's lots. I am very sorry that the trouble in the Southern Country has so affected him as to make him desirous of selling them, for the property in that quarter of the City is rising, such lots as are sold sell from 6 to 10 cents per square foot.

The ill-humor occasioned among the Federalists by the change of administration, the jealousy of the large towns—I mean particularly Baltimore and Phil'a, which consider the prosperity of Washington a diminution of their own; and the senseless and unprincipled notions of members of Congress about removal, altho' they know removal, without a dissolution of the Union, impossible, have altogether produced such an effect on the Public mind as to render sales of lots, except to persons who want to build, quite out of the question. Those at a distance have great prejudices. Jon'e Mason asked me at Boston if I thought it good policy in the Federalists to encourage Washington while Jeff'n was Pres't! It is wonderful what pains have been taken by such men to keep back speculation in Washington, lest the City rising under Jeff'n's adm'n might add something to his Popularity. It is, however, rising and will rise in spite of such narrow policy, and those who can

wait will be amply rewarded. To me, this policy has been distressing beyond words, and may yet be my ruin.

*L. Bradish to Gouverneur Morris Wilkins,
New York.*

Washington City, April, 1820

Upon the subject of your Real Estate in this great Capital of our Country I am sorry that I cannot give you a more splendid account than Truth requires. Upon the receipt of your letter I purchased me a map of the City; and a fine Estate it appears on paper, situated on three of the corners formed by the crossing of the Virginia and Georgia Avenues, near to a very handsome Public Square, not very remote from the Navy Yard, and, judging by the map, in the midst of a magnificent City. My next object was to ascertain the actual situation of this fine Paper Estate. With map in hand, therefore, I traversed this "Wilderness of a City"; but instead of splendid Avenues, the fine Public Squares and their accompaniments of well built Mansions, paved Streets and Public Walks, which the map would lead you to expect, I found myself pretty well in the country and, but for the contradiction given by my map, could well have imagined myself among the Rocks, the Hills and Dales of Westchester. Even the splendid Virginia Avenue, instead of a spacious well-regulated Street, I found a narrow, deep Ravine through which a small muddy Rill stole its way to the Eastern Branch of the Potomac, and instead of a gay Broadway population of Fashionables, the only specimens of animated Nature were a few venerable Frogs, who, in very audible tones, seemed to assert their Rights to this ancient

Inheritance of their Forefathers, and to enter their solemn Protest against this novel intrusion of any Biped or more civilized Reptiles! I therefore beat my retreat. You must not conclude from this that your Lots are worth nothing; should the visions of the numerous Day-Dreamers of the future Growth and Importance of the Great City ever be realized your property will become valuable. Even if His Parents should not derive any advantage, the Young Laird may, by the time he is President of the United States, which you know cannot be until he is thirty-five. This Property, if it does not give him an Income from its Rents as Building Lots, may at least afford him pasturage for his Ponies, his Pigs, and his Poultry.

And, at the end of still another ten years, Washington still remained a "Wilderness of a City." An English friend of the Armstrongs', Charles Augustus Murray, in his book of *Travels*, summed up the general feeling about Washington: "It is impossible to imagine a more comfortless situation for a town, or a town more foolishly laid out, but the inhabitants persist in believing that their city will one day become the centre of wealth and commerce." I hope that Mr. Stoddart has met Mr. Murray in heaven, and had the opportunity of saying: "Aha! And what do you think of my little mudhole now, Mr. Murray?"

When the War of 1812 began, John Ward became the colonel of a militia regiment. Carolina, as a whole, was not much interested in the war, in spite of Cockburn's plundering along the coast; no battle was fought on her soil. His portrait painted at this time shows a rather Irish type of face, full of

character, the screwed-up eyes twinkling with humor, but far from handsome. He wears a blue uniform, with broad red lapels and big brass buttons. A very pleasant impression of John Ward has come down to his descendants; his fondness for children, and the delightful Christmas parties he used to give for them in Charleston—I believe the old Ward house is still standing—playing games and telling them stories, and keeping all his little guests in a flutter of happiness.

John Ward was a planter as well as a lawyer and a soldier. John's Island was celebrated for the excellence of its "sea-island" cotton and his plantation there, called Seven Oaks from an immense seven-branched live-oak on the place, was very profitable during the period of prosperity that came to Carolina soon after the Revolution, when proper methods for cultivating rice were discovered and cotton growing was introduced. But Colonel Ward had only time to begin replanting his trees and gardens, and cleaning up his plantation, after the War of 1812. He died two years after peace came, while he was staying in New York, and is buried in Trinity churchyard next to the tomb of Alexander Hamilton. On the other side is the grave of his overseer, who was so attached to the Colonel that when he was dying he asked to be taken to New York and buried there. John Ward's tablet in Trinity muniment room describes him as "a man universally beloved and respected. The annals of his country will preserve his memory."

The trees and flowers, the rice and cotton of John's Island, grew and flourished. The War of 1812 was forgotten as the Revolution had been. Neither Charleston or the country neighborhood had changed very much when my uncles and my father used to go there before the Civil War to stay with

their relations, the Martin Wilkins family. "Kelvin Grove," the Wilkins plantation, was near that of Mr. Tom Lowndes. "They were typical combination rice and cotton plantations. Wide hospitable houses, the kitchens off in buildings with enormous open fireplaces where all the roasting and boiling was done, private graveyards with quaint tombstones of former proprietors, and broad rice fields intersected with ditches with reserves for water. Along the sedgy banks, English snipe abounded, in the higher ground in the broom-grass, quail were plentiful, deer and wild turkeys in the forest, where there were large tracts of pine trees, and the vast swamps were swarming with ducks and alligators. Bay-trees grew thickly along the edges of the lake-like reserves, and here were found the most woodcock. Every plantation had its nice little village of comfortable white cabins for the negroes. But there was always in evidence a driver, as he was called, who was a superior negro and carried a whip made of hickory with a solid handle that tapered off until it was flexible, and to this was attached the ten-foot rawhide whip-lash. The driver always had it in his hand as he walked about among the workers in the cotton fields, and if he spied a loiterer the whip sprang out like lightning. When each man's bag of cotton was weighed in the evening, if it did not come up to what he ought to have picked, he had so many lashes—not on his bare back, but even through his shirt it must have hurt. This was a plantation where the slaves were well treated. They had medical attendance from Gouv Wilkins, who had studied medicine for the purpose; a chaplain visited them at intervals, and they were taught to read by the ladies of the family. They were well

fed, and on the whole they were comfortable and happy. But they were slaves."

The St. Cecilia balls, when my uncles danced there, had not changed much since John Ward's time, nor had the annual meet of the Charleston race course, "a great society event." There were the same "crackers" riding around on their little ponies, called "tackies," so weak and languid from malaria that they could hardly swing themselves up into the saddle; the same fox-hunts and deer-hunts; the same superlatively good shooting. My father used "an excellent gun, made by Nock of London," which had been a flint-lock belonging to his grandfather, Colonel William Armstrong, altered to a percussion-lock. John's Island was more beautiful than ever, the trees even larger and the gardens lovelier than when John Ward lived there. My father never went to "Seven Oaks," but he stayed at Mr. Hugh Wilson's, "a fine plantation with a deer park of five thousand acres, fenced in and kept exclusively for deer, a pack of hounds and several huntsmen." And hospitality was as carelessly lavish as when it had astonished economical New Englanders before the Revolution. When my father was riding about the country with Gouv Wilkins, if they happened to meet travelers who asked where an inn was to be found, "they would be told the depressing truth, and then Gouv would say he would be happy to have them accept of his hospitality; if they would go home with us, he would look after them. This they would do, although perfect strangers."

Outwardly, the south was as delightful as it had been in John Ward's time. But in reality—though my father, a boy of seventeen, of course, didn't realize it—this pleasant easy way

of living was on the down grade. The planters were hard up, plantations couldn't be made to pay, slaves were too expensive, a good carpenter cost twelve hundred dollars. When Mr. Olmstead, architect of Central Park, traveled through the south before the Civil War, he sometimes met "the traditional southern family; stately, condescending, haughty but jovial, keeping open house for all comers." But in thinly settled parts of the south, during a ride of four thousand miles Mr. Olmstead "never received a night's lodging or a repast from a native southerner," without having the exact price he was to pay stated beforehand. And the description he gives of the night's lodging when he got it—the beds and the food—make your hair stand on end! Comfort and hospitality were only a fringe.

But there was plenty of comfort and hospitality in southern cities and the neighboring country places. These pleasant characteristics were only temporarily dimmed by the Civil War and have so revived that a description of Charleston written over ninety years ago by an English traveler, Charles Augustus Murray, still holds good today. For although prohibition may have dried up the flow of champagne, I fancy there are a good many cobwebby bottles of superlatively good madeira still to be found in Charleston wine bins. "A gentleman must be hard to please," Mr. Murray wrote, "if he does not find Charleston society agreeable. There is something warm, frank and courteous in the manner of a real Carolinian. As for the tone of society, there is no formality or ostentation, and the noblest houses in London might take example in one particular—at evening parties the guests are never offered gooseberry champagne; a Charleston gentleman gives as good wine at his

suppers as at his dinner table. As for the madeira, it is so soft, so delicate, so fragrant, that one fancies it fit only for the fairy banquet of a Calypso, and to be poured forth by a Hebe rather than by the dusky hands of a good-natured, grinning, black Ganymede."



John Ward.

Thompson Cheswilde fecit.

C H A P T E R V

The Bouwerie Farm and Its Neighbors

1769-1828

*Not even a windmill left
Nor a garden plot they knew,
And but a paling marks the spot
Where erst the pear-tree grew.*

—EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN

Back to New York again now to take up the stories of two other great-grandfathers—everybody has four and I have told you about two of them. So far I have said very little about “native sons” of New York, and the Dutch have been ignored. Nicholas Fish and John Neilson were both native and Dutch. For although the first American ancestor was in one family Welsh, and in the other Scotch-Irish, they married into families whose forefathers were conspicuously Dutch.

Which, after all, takes us back not to New York but to New Amsterdam; that quaint town built largely of stone and colored glazed brick set in patterns, with steep gables cut into step-like notches, spotless stoeps, half-doors, polished woodwork, sanded floors swept into patterns, and narrow crooked cobblestoned streets bordered by “an unseemly juxtaposition of fashionable residences and merchants’ stores.” A conscientiously tidy little town, judging from its petitions to the city fathers. The garbage wasn’t properly disposed of, the “Collect” was



GOVERNOR PETRUS STUYVESANT
After the portrait by Van Dyck

intended for water lilies, not for refuse. Wouldn't a few more canals improve the drainage? Why mightn't they plant as many trees as they liked? Why should pigs run loose in the streets?—vain protest, pigs were roaming and nosing in the gutters within the memory of living New Yorkers. Another equally useless and very early plea asked for the protection of an industry. Dutch wampum, or "Seawant" as they called the smooth round black and white beads made from Long Island clams and periwinkles, was so superior to the "nasty rough things" made elsewhere, in the days when shells were currency in Wall Street, that it was exported; "which would be the ruin of the country, if the practice were not stopped." It is an amusing commentary on modern Manhattan that its first manufactured article should have been money!

But not only money was to be found in New Amsterdam. Neatness and comfort—homely but agreeable things—were there, a more lavish hospitality than in any other early colonial town, and much better food. Plenty of those enormous lobsters afterwards scared away by the British cannonading were caught off the beaches of Saponikan, and Manhattan oysters were equally monstrous—a foot long! Then there were tasty shrimps, and an abundance of "tortoises or water-terrapin, which is delicious food." In the woods were deer and thirty-pound turkeys; blackberries, raspberries, and cranberries grew in the thickets and swamps; while "in the fields wild strawberries were so plentiful that people lay down and ate to satiety." The very air of the island—that "Irriguous Valley which Nature kindly drains and purgeth by Fontanels and Issues of running water"—was so pure and flower-scented that seventeenth-century travelers noted the "sweet odors that made

them stand still wondering what it could be that smelt so sweet." As the season was autumn, I fancy that unfamiliar scent was "sweet grass" being gathered by the Indians for basket making. Another traveler describes the grapevines of Saponikan (the Indian name for Greenwich Village) "climbing over the trees and bearing loads of grapes, some white some blue." Dutch housewives must have made delicious jam from all that wild fruit for afternoon tea, "the Dutch regale of chocolate, waffles and bohea at three o'clock." New Amsterdam's ice-houses were considered by European visitors as a novel luxury, and ice-cream seems to have been a delicacy in New York before it was introduced to Philadelphians by Bosio, who made a fortune out of his specialty.

And the greater part of Manhattan Island was still wild and lovely when my great-grandfather, Nicholas Fish, was born a hundred and fifty years after Henry Hudson's *Half Moon* astonished the Manhattan Indians. He married Elizabeth Stuyvesant—Dutch of the Dutch—descendant of that last Dutch governor remembered for his bad temper and wooden leg (both accounted for by a previous governorship of the Island of Curaçoa, where Stuyvesant's temper was ruined by the heat and his leg lost in a fight with the Portuguese). The governor's "Great Bouwerie" ran for some two miles along the East River, but his country house, perched on a hill where Twelfth Street now crosses Third Avenue, was much like any other Dutch stone farmhouse, except for its quaint garden laid out in formal beds of bright flowers, and the fine lawns and orchards "improved by fifty negro slaves, besides other white servants." The last survivor of the Stuyvesant pear orchard planted in 1664 became a landmark and stood enclosed

in an iron railing until, in 1867, New York traffic got the better of it: a loaded truck broke it down. "White Hall," Governor Stuyvesant's city house—some say his warehouse—which gave its name to the present street, was set off by a deer park and lawns running down to the river where the governor's barge was moored at the foot of a flight of stone steps.

A picturesque incident connected with the Stuyvesants was the arrest of Judith Varleth of Hartford, and her rescue by Governor Stuyvesant. She came near being executed as a witch when a neighbor, who seems to have been jealous of the girl's beauty, "was seized in a strange manner with Fits wherein her Tongue was improved by a Demon so that she made Utterances in Dutch of which Language she knew Nothing." The Governor succeeded in convincing the court that Judith was innocent—speaking Dutch must have seemed to him a poor proof of demoniacal possession—and she married his nephew, Nicholas Bayard.

My earliest Dutch paper is "A list of Patroon Stephen Van Rensselaer's Funeral 19th October 1769." The yellow paper is worn so thin that it is dropping to pieces, and the handwriting is very large and straggling. In those days friends expected a formal invitation to the funeral of any important person, and to be asked to the funeral of a patroon was in the nature of a royal command—even British ships dipped their colors when they passed Rensselaerwick on the river. The list of two hundred and eighty names, begins with Marg't Ten Broeck and Margaret Livingston; then come Van Schaick, Lansingh, Wendell, Van Rensselaer, De Peyster, Van Dyck, Knickerbocker, Ver Planck, De Lancy, Bogaert, Ganesvort, Kip, Pruin, Yates, Staats, Edgar, and many others. It ends: "All

the Tenants of the Whole Manor Robert Livingston & Family & Judge Livingston. Relations at Claverack. Minister & Particular Friends at Schinectady. Sir William Johnson & Family. Bearers of the Pall—Lucas Van Veghten, Philip Van Veghten, Joh's Van Schaick & Spouse, Abraham C. Cuyler and Spouse, Abraham Schuyler & Spouse, Rutger Bleecker & Spouse, Henry Jacobse Ten Eyck & Spouse, Henry Glen & Spouse." The Dutch custom of asking women to be pall-bearers probably did not last very long after this, for it was commented on as an odd feature of a funeral twelve years later.

The letter that follows is from a young cousin of the Stuyvesants, a daughter of John Livingston who was living in Montreal. The bad grammar and spelling are not so remarkable, when you remember that her mother was Dutch and spoke only broken English. As late as 1830, work people and negroes used Dutch in New York, and in my mother's time New York children were still amused by Dutch nursery rhymes, such as the equivalent for the English "Yonder comes a lady, nim-nim-nim," which, in Dutch, has a very *trotting* sound:

Trip a trop a troontjes
De varkens in de boontjes.

In Quebec, at the time these Livingstons were exiles in Canada, the women all wore long scarlet cloaks, the poorer of cloth and the rich of silk, and large capes wadded with feathers. A kind of worsted cap with great loops of ribbon distinguished the ladies of the upper classes and was a sort of badge of nobility. I don't know whether ladies in Montreal were equally picturesque; if they were, Margaret probably

A List of Persons to be Invited to the Funeral
 of Stephen Van Rensselaer on Saturday the 21st of
 October 1769 at 2 O'Clock in the afternoon

Marg: Ten Broeck	John Cuyler
Margaret Livingston	Jacob Cuyler
Gerrardus Groesbeck, Surgeon and Family	Philip Cuyler
John H Ten Eyck & House	John Glen
Stephen Richards & Surgeon	John R Blecker
Elizabeth Richard	Rutger Blecker
Dirck Ten Broeck & House	Jacob H Ten Eyck & Son
Corn: Ten Broeck & House	Baront H. Ten Eyck & Son
Jacob C. Ten Eyck & House	Jacob Blecker
Nicholaes Cuyler	John F Blecker
Abraham Cuyler	Goose Van Schaick
Mathania Cuyler	John Lansingh
Harmanus Cuyler	Peter Lansingh
Jacob Cuyler	Gerrardus Lansingh
Janist Cuyler	Peter Schuyler
John Ten Broeck	Philip Lansingh
John M. Cea	Angelie Wendell
Abraham H Cuyler	Abraham Wendell
Nicholaes Marselis & House	Philip Wendell
Henry Blecker Junr	John Stevenson
Sybraant Van Schaick & Son	Gerrit Marselis
Wesel Van Schaick & Son	John Marselis
Jacob Van Schaick	Gybert Marselis
Handrick Ten Eyck & House	John H. Roseboom
Jacob Jac Blecker	John Hansen
	Peter Hansen

considered scarlet only too appropriate in a country ruled by that church which her Dutch Reformed soul suspected of being the very antithesis of Zion.

*Margaret Livingston to her uncle,
Abraham Ten Broeck.*

Montreal, November, 1774

I was in hopes to have spoken to you before this time but the man to whom my father had given over the farm recanted. O miserable situation, to be in a Place where there is no sense of Religion, and happy, yea thrise happy you who sit under Gospel Light that your eyes may behold a teacher. Here is no mention made of Zion, all thare thoughts is how thay shall out-Doe etch-other in Vice. My wishes and Prayers are that we shall soon be delivered from Egypt. Uncle do you indever to assist and help me. My Father wrote to Mr. Swaart when I first came up about building a kitchen and has had no answer. I wish there was wood rid this winter to build a house to go in, all the Children Dislike his going there. Do I should not like it, yet I would infinitely like it better than here, and if Possible—if God be willing—I can Come Down this Winter I will. I should be glad to hear from Mrs. Van Rensselaer. Love to her, to Aunt, all the Children and relations, and all Friends. Except the same from your Loveing Niece. Margaret T. Livingston.

Although the father of this homesick girl lived for a time in Montreal, he was not "John the Loyalist," so called because he was one of the few Tories in the Livingston family. The Livingstons, as a whole, stood solidly behind the Revolution

as opposed to that other great family, the Tory De Lanceys. Feeling ran so high between the two families that a runaway slave belonging to the De Lanceys who was arrested for theft declared that she belonged to the Livingstons, determined to go to the whipping post or the gallows rather than disgrace the De Lanceys. New Amsterdam had a large slave population, mostly negroes, with a few Indians or a mixture of both. An advertisement of 1776 reads: "Run away, a yellow wench named Sim, about five feet ten inches high, had on a narrow-striped homespun shortgown, a wide-striped homespun petticoat, speaks good English, walks very much parrot-toed, has Indian hair, a middling likely wench. Whoever brings her to John Rutter in Cherry Street shall receive a handsome reward." Darkies in those days seem to have had much the same tastes as they have now. A slave belonging to the Schuylers who had found copper ore on their farm, being told to name three things as a reward, asked to be allowed to remain with his master the rest of his life, to have all the tobacco he could smoke, and "a dressing gown like his master's, with big buttons." When he was urged to ask for something more all he could think of was "more tobacco"!

To return to Nicholas Fish; when the Revolution began he had a difficult decision to make, for his mother, to whom he was devoted, had Tory sympathies. Much of the best stuff in the colonies stuck to the king—that loyal address signed by Amiel and Bache of my third chapter bears the names of many New Yorkers well-known today—and before the issue became clear, not only the rich who feared for their property, but most of the intelligentsia—Anglican clergy, writers, and educators—were Tories, and came in for a pretty bad time. Myles

Cooper, the President of King's College, now Columbia, "while in his rooms in the college was warned of the approach of a considerable body of liberty-loving gentlemen, who intended seizing him in bed, shaving his head, cutting off his nose, slitting his ears and setting him adrift." Luckily they stopped on the way to "fortify themselves with a proper dose of Madeira" and gave time for the president to escape through a back window, while Hamilton and another student harangued the mob, and to get safe off to a British ship in the harbor. That same year, Samuel Seabury, Rector of St. Peter's, Westchester, was seized by a mob, his house plundered, and his family insulted, and he himself taken to New Haven, forced to ride through the streets, pelted and jeered at by "persons on horseback and in carriages," and then imprisoned. At one time both Cooper and Seabury were forced to hide in a secret room behind a chimney in the garret of the old Wilkins house in Westchester and provided with food by means of a trap-door in the floor. The Wilkins family—the same family spoken of in my Carolina chapter—were great Tories. When the war was over, in spite of these unpleasant experiences, Seabury became sufficiently reconstructed to be made Bishop of New York.

But in spite of his Tory mother, Nicholas Fish, a boy of nineteen at Princeton, seems not to have hesitated. He left college at once and went into the American army. I have several military letters of this time. One of May, 1777, to General Ten Broeck tells him: "Our Force at Peekskill grows respectable, General Putnam is there with Generals Green and Knox. General Washington is determined to be prepared if the enemy should leave Jersey and attempt the Passes in the Highlands;

and the troops at Peekskill would be conveniently situated for moving suddenly to the eastward if the enemy should attempt a landing in Connecticut."

The following letter gives a good idea of the miserable uncertainty in which everybody was living. This Livingston was third Lord of the Manor; the "works" he speaks of were iron mines, and his taxes came to thousands of pounds, though, of course, in the debased continental currency—"not worth a continental."

Robert Livingston to Abraham Ten Broeck, Esq're.

Manor Livingston, *March*, 1778

I just now received yours of the 20th requesting my care of your Papers of Consiquence of the late Patrone and of yourself. This Sir, I am very willing to do in the best manner in my power, together with my own, which are at present in my house, and where to deposit them for better keeping I cannot tell, as the times begin to be very dangerous hereabouts. The night before last the Widow Ross and the Widow Bostwick were both robbed of all they had by 10 armed men who all got off with all the boty and that is but 4 miles from my works. If such dangerous robbers cannot be apprehended and brought to punishment no one will be safe anywhere. If you think Albany is also unsafe, I must look out elsewhere. Melancholy times indeed when one cannot be safe in his own house. God grant this may not last long but in Judgement to remember Mercy. Your Aunt joins me in compliments to your Couz and all the friends at the mills.

The letter below announces the death of Philip Livingston, Signer of the Declaration of Independence, whose wife was a

Ten Broeck. His funeral "was attended by the Continental Congress in a body with a crape around the arm, this mourning to be worn for the space of one month." The writer was president of Queen's College, now Rutgers's, in New Brunswick. This letter lacks an address but was undoubtedly to Abraham Ten Broeck.

*The Reverend John H. Livingston
to Abraham Ten Broeck.*

Hurley, June 24, 1778

Dear Sir. This morning we arrived at this place and found the family plunged in great distress in consequence of the death of my dear father-in-law. He departed this life last fry-day a week ago the disorder with which he was afflicted terminated into a mortification. Yesterday Evening Harry with the servant Thomas came home. You can easily imagine the distress in which we found the family and which we ourselves feel on this occasion. A great and upright man to his Country is fallen & the Head of this family is now no more. My dear Sally bears the shock in so christian a manner that it is evident she is supported by divine grace & assisted beyond what her feeble strength W'd otherwise sustain. You know how tender a father he was & how much beloved by his children. In him you have lost one who loved you most affectionately. You will please communciate this with my compliments to Mr. Ten Eyck, Mr. Groesbeck, your brother and the Old Lady. I am in too great confusion to write to each singly. May the Lord bless you and keep you. Remember me to Mrs. Ten Broeck, your son is well and already mixed with his school mates and

seemingly well pleased. I am, Dear Sir, your most affectionate
J. H. Livingston.

The story of Colonel Nicholas Fish's military career reads much like that of Colonel Armstrong's, with one important difference—he was on the winning side. Armstrong and Fish must have heard each other's names even if they never met; for an affair which Cornwallis acknowledged hastened his surrender at Yorktown was the taking of two redoubts, one by La Fayette's French and the other by the Americans under Hamilton "whose own corps, led by Major Nicholas Fish with marvellous celerity, behaved like grenadiers accustomed to difficult things." I suppose it was for this he was made a colonel. Cornwallis seems to have been stimulated to try something of the sort, for he ordered Colonel Lake and Major Armstrong to take two half-finished American redoubts; they made a "gallant sortie" and succeeded in spiking the guns. But it was too late—surrender came the next day.

Military etiquette is a strange thing. The most offensive clause in the terms of surrender ordered the British to march out with colors cased, and forbade their bands playing any French and American tunes. The British complained, said this was harsh, but were dryly reminded that the same terms—colors cased, no British or German tunes—had been insisted upon when the Americans surrendered Charleston. So, to the tune of "The World's turned upside down," in new uniforms, the "captive army marched out, moving slowly in grace and precision, while the utmost decency prevailed." On the whole, a good deal pleasanter day for the American great-grandfather than for the Scotchman.

After the Revolution, as Colonel Fish wasn't a professional soldier, he was able to adapt himself to civilian life much more easily than Colonel Armstrong—you may remember how the latter hated business. Nicholas Fish had a delightful personality. If "peppery" is the adjective properly applied to Colonel Armstrong, and "witty" to Colonel Ward, "agreeable" seems to describe Colonel Fish, remembered for "his scholarship, refinement and good breeding," and adored by his children.

Like other New Yorkers, Nicholas Fish found his homecoming pretty depressing. Not only were the "Great Fire's" charred ruins still standing, gardens a mass of weeds, trees all gone, "the debris of the occupying army strewn from end to end," but New York's trade was ruined and her treasury empty. Prosperity returned for a little while when Congress made New York the capital, as told in my second chapter. Colonel Fish was one of the committee that welcomed Washington. Of course he attended the President's first New Year's Day reception, when the "air was so bland and serene that the ladies attended in their light summer shades." (The Dutch observance of New Year's Day was new to Washington, but he praised it, said he hoped it would never be given up; and New Year's calls were paid by old-fashioned New Yorkers until some thirty years ago. One of my first recollections is seeing my father starting out in a top hat to make the rounds.)

Judging from an event of 1789 Colonel Fish had more common sense, or perhaps more sense of humor, than some of his friends. War with France was being discussed and the meeting of an organization loyal to President Adams was ridiculed for its name, "The Young Men of New York," by a newspaper on the opposite side: "Colonel Nicholas Fish," the paragraph read,

"a stripling of forty-eight, was appointed chairman and notwithstanding his green years appears to have acquitted himself with all the judgment which might have been expected of a full grown man; and Master Jemmy Jones, another boy not quite sixty, graced the assembly with his presence. What pleasure it must afford to the friends of America to observe the rising generation thus early zealous in its country's cause!" Colonel Fish paid no attention to this paragraph; but "Master Jemmy Jones," discovering that the author was Judge Brockholst Livingston, proceeded to pull that gentleman's nose when they met "promenading on the Battery." A duel followed, Jones was killed, and Livingston is said never to have recovered from his remorse. It may have been a memory of this affair that prevented Colonel Fish from acting as second in a more famous duel—that between Burr and Hamilton. Fish was Hamilton's most intimate friend, but "refused for conscientious reasons." After the duel, Mrs. Fish remembered that, at the time, her husband had walked up and down the floor in evident agony of mind but would not tell her the cause of his anxiety. Colonel Fish was one of Hamilton's executors, and Major Popham—that friend of Colonel Armstrong's who borrowed the latter's pistols for the occasion—made all the arrangements for the funeral.

Apropos of the Burr-Hamilton duel, some reminiscences of a slave named Jim, told in a rare pamphlet which I have, are remarkably interesting. Jim was born about 1790 and belonged to Philip Rhinelander Robert of Pomona Hall, Yonkers. His memory went very far back. He said: "I distinctly remember wearing a smock frock and playing about the door yard of my master's house, when I heard bells aringin' and cannons

afirin', and I ran and asked my mother what was the matter, and she said: 'Why, Washington's dead!'" Burr was an intimate friend of Colonel Robert. Jim said there was always a room ready for Burr at Pomona Hall when he stopped there on his way down from Albany traveling in an enormous carriage with six horses, outriders, and footmen. When Burr was running for president, Jim was kept busy. "I'd ride night and day all over the country east and west," he said. "I've been out carrying papers in a storm from midnight until one o'clock next day, to Westchester and Whiteplains, and then with change of horses to Croton. I remember coming one day from Sing Sing at Midnight, and being sent off again to the City, and I'd as lief go anywhere else as there, for the Common was where the great Park is now, and about five miles out of town there were plenty of robbers and wild cattle." He remembered the rejoicings at Jefferson's election, the great "barbecue" at Yonkers, when an ox weighing fourteen hundred pounds was roasted whole. The snow was very deep for the season of the year and the thousands of people assembled there were obliged to wade and stumble about in the drifts waist high, and altogether the celebration was so remarkable that Jim said no one who had been there would ever forget it.

At the time of the duel, Jim was working in the fields when his mother came back with the mail, which she had gone for on horseback. Colonel Robert had scarcely opened his first letter when he exclaimed, "Go get a room ready quick, for that little devil is coming!" It is known that Burr spent the days after the duel at or *near* his place at Richmond Hill. Jim said: "Burr went first to his own house in New York, Burr's woods they called the place, near the old States Prison on Broadway.

The next day, between three and four in the afternoon, as we were putting up a new yard fence, there appeared a great cloud of dust away down the road; and pretty soon Burr arrived in his four-horse coach, and drove into the yard, and came out of the coach. His head was bowed down and he didn't say a word—but then his head was always bowed down. He caught right hold of Master's hand, and they went into the house, and we didn't see him again until the next morning. The day that Hamilton was buried was a bad day for him, and he didn't eat any dinner, nor go out for his walk along the river; but he walked to and fro along the corridor upstairs, with his hands behind him. We could hear the funeral guns sounding up from New York. Burr kept his servant in the room with him night and day, and he had a case of pistols and a sword in his room with him. He stayed with my master some time, and practised a good deal at target shooting down by the river bank, and I myself have seen a white birch tree where there were twelve balls in a space as large as my hand. He left Yonkers for New York in a row boat piloted by an Indian. I saw him several times after this in the City, when I went to live there, and he would often recognize me."

Colonel Fish must have inherited a Dutch fondness for canals, for a pet project of 1826, which didn't go through although approved by the Brevoorts and Astors, was the draining of Stuyvesant Meadows by running canals through Sixth, Ninth, and Fourteenth streets. How charming Fourteenth Street would look today with a canal twenty feet wide running down the middle, "ornamented with neat iron railings and trees on each side so as to render the street a pleasant and desirable residence." I am happy to say that this great-grandfather of

mine also had a frivolous side. He was one of thirty-three "leaders of fashion and beaux of the day" who started the Belvedere Club on Cherry Street, which had "a ball room with a music gallery, bar-rooms, a large balcony with a beautiful view over the East River, bowling alleys, coach houses, and a green with gravel walks and shrubberies elegantly laid out and cared for."

While Nicholas Fish was helping to restore his war-worn home town, and making himself agreeable in society, his future wife, Elizabeth Stuyvesant, was growing up. Judging from the letter below, New York *débutantes* of a hundred and thirty years ago were not very unlike girls of this present year of grace. Written in the same lively style as the letters from Abigail De Hart to Margaret Marshall in my first chapter, it is just such a letter as young girls write to each other today. The Waltons she mentions were the Tories of "Walton House," already described as the handsomest house in New York before the Revolution; "a singularly proud race who had their own style of amusements, of whom the mass of the community knew no more about than if they had lived in London." Mr. Henry Walton, evidently a beau of Elizabeth Stuyvesant's, had an affectionate nature (although a judge) for he married three times. New York's Vauxhall Gardens were opened soon after this letter was written, and celebrated by a poet of the time:

The shady bowers where oft the cooling ice,
The spicy sandwich, or the savory slice,
Rule o'er the senses with a sovereign sway,
And rouse the soul to titillating play.

Nicholas Fish must often have escorted his fiancée to this delightful spot—"New York's pleasure ground for half a century"—built on land at Broadway and Astor Place, rented from John Jacob Astor and already improved by gardens and a greenhouse. Inside a high wooden fence, you found at one side a "gorgeous saloon"—the green-house—surrounded by walks, flowers, trees, and ornamental shrubs, and in the center a theater where dramatic performances were varied by songs and dances and other "amusing diversions" such as balloon ascensions. Sometimes a large cat was sent up in a basket and the "ascension of Miss Pussiana" was advertised as an attraction.

*Anna Cooper to Elizabeth Stuyvesant,
The Bowery, New York.*

The Villa, Philadelphia, June, 1797

And pray what business leads Mr. Walton to the Bowery so frequently? Is he bargaining for a *lot* there? If so, I wish him success—and I know for certain all those your Papa possesses to be good ones—and "lot number 6" would please him admirably well. But remember, Mrs. Sly, the season is warm in June you know to dress and see company &c. &c.—*that's all I mean*. Now my dear girl, how well our ideas do correspond! as however, he avowedly gave me the choice of his love or friendship, suppose I accept of the former—by way of making matters easy to you—then you will not be compelled to dress and see company in midsummer. I shall seriously, though, hope for candor and confidence. At least I practice what I say, and finding the heat great have retired to the country, which pre-

vented my securing your agreeable favour until yesterday. I devote the earliest hour to writing, in order to thank you for so generous an explanation of my conduct and ready a forgiveness. Mrs. Winthrop has been accused wrongfully, for which doubtless she will pardon me.

Philadelphia furnishes an amusement quite in the European style, that is the object of pursuit just now—Bushkill Gardens, or as so many call them, Vauxhall. I was there Monday week. They say it is a good, though inferior, representation of English Vauxhall. There is a circle of Boxes considerably more extensive than the area of our Theatre, with an accommodation for the Musicians in the center, who amuse us by playing whilst you traverse the grounds. Refreshments may be had by calling for them. Of a moonlight night the effect must be sweet. When we were there it was dark, the gardens however are lighted, they are a mile from town, the walk or ride is delightful, but in our uncertain climate the risk of health is too great if exposed to the chilling Even'g air. Our party admired them exceedingly. To your Mama and Bowery family remember me in respectful terms—to Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop with much gratitude and regard—and accept of unabating love from Anna Cooper.

Charming as this letter is, when I first read it I asked myself why it had been preserved, for I couldn't recall that the Coopers were in any way related to our family. But when I made some enquiries I discovered that the letter had been kept as a sad memento, for everything connected with this friend of Elizabeth Stuyvesant's possessed a tragic interest for her contemporaries. Anna, or Hannah, Cooper—she signed her name both

ways—was a sister of James Fenimore Cooper the novelist, who drew the heroine of the *Pioneers* from her character. Riding to “Butternuts” with her brother to visit the Morrises, her horse shied at a dog running across the road. She was thrown, and instantly killed. A monument erected on the spot records that “In the bloom of Youth, in perfect health, and surrounded with her Virtues, she was instantly translated from the World,” and describes her in verse, as:

Mild—modest—artless.

Innocently gay.

Strangely enough, it was at “Butternuts” too that an uncle of James Fenimore Cooper met with a fatal accident; while he was wrestling with one of the Morris boys he was flung against the piazza railing, and died later of internal injuries.

Governor Stuyvesant’s old house had been burned down some time before Elizabeth’s marriage, and she lived in “Bowery House”; near by was “Petersfield,” belonging to her uncle. Petrus Stuyvesant, Elizabeth’s father, cut down an apple orchard on his Bowery Farm to build four brick houses for his daughters: Mrs. Winthrop; Mrs. Ten Broeck; Margaret, who never married; and Mrs. Nicholas Fish. These houses were afterwards number 15, 17, 19, and 21 Stuyvesant Street. East of Mrs. Fish’s house a large garden with flowers, box borders, and greenhouses extended to Tenth Street, and here grew the famous black walnut tree, almost as well known as the Stuyvesant pear tree. The walnut sprang, according to tradition, from a nut given by my great-great-grandfather Bleecker to my great-great-grandfather Stuyvesant. When the tree was cut down to make way for city lots, a small chair was made out

of the wood for each child in the family. Nicholas Fish's grandchildren remembered the Stuyvesant Street house as being a pleasant place to spend an evening; various members of the family—Colonel Fish's son Hamilton, and his daughters, Mrs. Le Roy and Mrs. Morris—would drop in and be refreshed with fruit cake and port wine, and “gin for those who liked it. Each one had his favorite beverage.”

The letter below is from one of the Ten Broecks of 17 Stuyvesant Street, a little grandson of that Abraham Ten Broeck who has already appeared in this chapter. Benjamin Robert Winthrop, “the babe” to whose christening the little boy alludes, became a vestryman of Trinity Church and was “the first to suggest that the grounds should be beautified with trees and shrubs.” He would be shocked if he could see Trinity churchyard today.

*Petrus Stuyvesant Ten Broeck to his grandfather,
Ab'm Ten Broeck esquire, Albany.*

New York, March, 1804

Dear Grandfather. Pardon me for not having written to you before now. Tell my grandmother that we thank her for her Gift and that we have Laid it out in Books and we hope we may have the opportunity of doing the Like again. God bless and preserve you my Dear Grandfather and all the family at Prospect Hill. All here send their love to all their Friends and Relations at Albany. Stephen P. Van Rensselaer thank God is somewhat better, he is very restless at night more so than in former Days, though he is very Playfull in day time. Aunt

Winthrop's babe is Christened and called Benjamin Robert. Aunt Stuyvesant's Peter is quite recovered.

General North, the writer of the letter below, was a prominent figure of the Revolution and an intimate friend of Baron Steuben, who left him a fortune which North divided among his brother officers. He wrote to Colonel Fish because the latter was president of the Cincinnati. "Jack the Giant Killer" was, of course, a nickname for Andrew Jackson.

General North to Colonel Nicholas Fish.

Albany, January, 1806

D'r Fish. I don't know any better way to inform you of the situation of the Widow Hunt than by enclosing Peter Yeats's letter—as to double postage, the Father of the widow and fatherless will credit you with the amount, the which credit may, one day, be of great service in balancing the charges which will appear against you; or, if you prefer present pay, charge it to the Society. Hunt was a poor officer and a poor man—but like many others who were as little fit for it, he got a commission and never, that I know, was disgraced. He latterly kept a grocery and sold *dumb* fish, which spoke loudly, to the contrary. He is now dumb himself poor fellow, and has left his wife and little ones to cry to the Cincinnati who, I trust, unmovable at the shout of an army, will lend an ear to the still small voice of the poor little children of a once brother Officer, who without assistance may perish for lack of food. I wish your wife as much, and you more, happiness than you deserve; may you live till our present Government go to War—without



COLONEL NICHOLAS FISH
From a miniature by Malbone

their being pushed by the bayonet of the enemy—this therefore will bring you to the age of a patriarch; the war-whoop in the President's message and Jack the Giant Killer's 6743 into the bargain notwithstanding. I am your friend and Serv't, W. North.

The letter below is connected with the Fishes through Nicholas Fish's son Hamilton, for the Sabina Morris to whom it is addressed became Mrs. Peter Kean and the mother of Mrs. Hamilton Fish. It also connects with some of the persons of my first chapter—with Gouverneur Morris of the wooden leg, and with the "Sister Sue" of his verses, for she was Peter Kean's mother. The first wedding described was that of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Augustus Jay. Marbois, the French consul, explained in a letter to his fiancée that in America "newly married couples ordinarily give up the first week of marriage to receiving calls. Two or three young ladies are constantly with the bride, and help to do the honors of her home. Three of the ushers at the wedding fulfill the same function for the groom. Men are received in one room, ladies in another. Time passes in an infinitely agreeable way, in drinking tea, punch, wine and other liquors with the crowd of friends with which the house of the newly married man never ceases to be filled throughout the week."

*John Cox Morris to his sister,
Sarah Sabina Morris, At Butternuts.*

New York, 30 July, 1807

I made you a promise in my letter to Lee, which I am now about to perform; that of giving you an account of the Wed-

ding. The Company, consisting of Mr. Le Roy's, Bayard's, Wallace's, Van Horn's, Rutherford's families, Gov'r Jay, Nanny Brown etc., assembled about $\frac{1}{2}$ past seven. The Brides Maids were Cornelia Le Roy, Catherine Bayard of N. Y., Catherine Bayard of West Chester, Miss Jay, Helen Rutherford and Maria Clarkson, Streatfield Clarkson's daughter. The Groomsmen, George Wickham, Rob't Watts Jn'r, Ben Ledyard, Ben Woolsey Rogers, Dominick Lynch Jun'r & myself. The Bishop came about a quarter before eight & at eight the Bride was received at the door of the Drawing Room by the Groom, & her Maids by the Groomsmen, & handed in & the ceremony commenced. The Bride had on a white silk dress covered with white crape or gauze with pearls in her head and on her neck & arms. The Brides Maids in elegant white dresses; the groomsmen in white waistcoats, drab small clothes, flesh colored silk stockings & different colored coats; mine was dark green. The Groom in the same underdress with a light colored Coat. The Bride was frightened out of her senses. She saw nobody, but with her eyes fixed on the floor repeated after the Bishop & received her kisses from the Groom, Bishop, her Father & Father-in-law & the Groomsmen, in fact the whole Company; & it was not until near the close of the Evening that she raised her eyes to look at any one. After the ceremony tea & coffee & a great variety of refreshments were handed about. A cold collation was placed upon a side table down stairs, of which the elderly Ladies & Gentlemen partook & where the Groomsmen finished the evening at twelve o'clock over a bottle of wine. The Groom with a spirit of industry not common to young Men made his appearance at his office, or

rather where he formerly kept his office & where he heretofore lodged while in Town & where his Cloaths were, No. 20 Broadway, at 5 o'clock this morning. They have gone today to Uncle Rutherford's at Passaic & on Saturday there is to be a grand Party there of the Attendants, friends etc. We go to breakfast & spend the day there. They return to Town on Monday; he sees Company in the mornings of Tuesday, Wednesday & Thursday & she in the evenings of Thursday, Friday & Saturday of next week. There will be a great deal of Company & we shall have pretty hard duty throughout the week. As soon as this ceremony is over my business & health will carry me to the Country; I shall try to be in Albany before the term of the Supr. Court is ended & shall be with you God willing in all the Month of August.

Lewis Morris's wedding was quite a private one, no persons being present but Members of his & her own families. Uncle Gouverneur is terribly afflicted with the gout. He says there is consolation in everything & thanks God that he has no gout in his *wooden* leg. Give my love to Mama, the Gen'l, etc. & believe me every truly yours, John Cox Morris.

Monday morning, 3 August. I unseal this letter to say that I returned yesterday from Uncle Rutherford's where we had a very pleasant day, but I returned to Town very unwell & am still far from well in consequence of having no sleep on Saturday night. Twelve of us young Men slept, or rather remained, in one room all night. The Bride told me she would send you a present by me when I go up of a pair of gloves.

A long-winded letter from William Jay at Bedford to Peter Kean at Ursino, lamenting the death of a child of Jay's sister,

Mrs. Goldsborough Banyer, ends: "Your news was, as you may suppose, highly acceptable. Maryland then has at length broken the chain which has so long confined her within the narrow circle of Virginia policy, and is now a free and independent State. I am anxious to hear from New Jersey and Pennsylvania. O may they also do well and eschew evil." This presidential campaign was a victory for the Republicans, Madison and Clinton. It was at Bedford that Cooper read aloud his first novel, *Precaution*, to the Jays and Mrs. Goldsborough Banyer, to see how they liked it. He had written it for fun, to show his wife—who had said he couldn't write even a letter—that he could write a best seller if he felt in the mood. As the Jays were rather pleased with his story of English society, it was published anonymously and was thought to be by an English author. Cooper's first books seem to have been thrown off in this careless way—to prove that he could write a more accurate sea story than the *Pirate*, or for some such casual reason.

A letter from Joseph Reade about a pair of bronze Empire candelabra which he had bought in Paris for Colonel Fish, says: "The only ornaments now used in France are of this description and Madame Hottinguer advised me to send them. I omitted to mention in my letter to Mr. De Peyster that in his package of lace there are two veils, the one for Eliza and the other for Helen," and ends: "I am happy to learn that you have again been made the father of a lovely daughter. I beg of you to congratulate Cousin Eliza upon this joyful occasion"—an item of interest in this chronicle, for the lovely daughter was my grandmother. To her the following letter is addressed.

*Mrs. Nicholas Fish to her daughter Margaret,
At Mr. Remson's, Newtown.*

Norwalk, August, [1817?]

An inclination on your mother's part to gratify her darling children whenever she can reasonably do so, induces her now to embrace a hasty opportunity of writing a few lines while the carriage is getting ready to convey us to Fairfield. On Wednesday we left home and arrived at Yonkers where we dined at Mr. Courtland and stay'd the night, the next morning we proceeded as far as Mr. Le Roy's where we met with a very Hospitable reception, so much so that we were readily induced to dine and stay the night with them. Mary desired her love to you and Susan. We took leave of them the next day with a very pressing invitation to renew our visit on our return. We dined at Mrs. Monroe, where we spent a very pleasant day, and in the afternoon got to Mrs. Jay's at Rye, where we drank tea and stayed the night.

Sat'y we arrived at this place and finding it a very good house were content to stay till this morning. Your brother Hamilton is anxious to write to you but the inconveniences of being in a public house prevents him from finishing the letter he had begun. If we should be delayed till Tuesday you will have friends enough who will give you shelter, Cousin Eliza Winthrop, Grandmama or Aunt Helen. My love to Aunt Remson and all the family. Be, as you generally are, a dear good girl, and rest assured of the approbation of your affectionate parents.

N. B. If this letter is written too bad for you to read get Cousin Eliza to help you out with it.

Governor De Witt Clinton to Nicholas Fish.

Albany, September, 1824

My regard for La Fayette is greatly increased by acquaintance. I feel the same anxiety to preserve his popularity as I would that of my father if living. He is now the most popular man in America—perhaps in the world; to fortify and continue it nothing must be done to shock the religious feelings of the nation. You can speak to him as a brother; with this view I forward a newspaper, which perhaps you would not otherwise see, that contains a good deal about the observance of the Sabbath. Will you suggest this to the General? My best respects to Mrs. Fish and family and be assured of the entire regard of yours truly, De Witt Clinton.

De Witt Clinton, as everybody knows, was governor of New York; that he might also be remembered as a naturalist, Clintonia, one of our most charming wild flowers, was named after him. Colonel Fish once ran against him for lieutenant-governor of New York, and beat him in the city though not in the state. Clinton chose Colonel Fish as intermediary because the latter was La Fayette's lifelong friend.

Washington's officers had a sentimental feeling for the old headquarters at Newburgh where they had been so long stationed together. During La Fayette's visit to this country after the Revolution, Barbé de Marbois gave him a curious entertainment in New York, described to Gulian Verplanck by Colo-

nel Fish who was one of the guests. When the company arrived, they were ushered into a room like a farmhouse kitchen, in great contrast to the elegance of the rest of Marbois's house. For a moment the guests gazed in surprise at the low rafters, the huge fireplace, the rough tables spread with coarse food; then La Fayette exclaimed: "Ah, the room with the seven doors and one window, and the silver goblets such as the marshalls of France used in my youth! We are in Washington's headquarters at Newburgh fifty years ago!"

But the chief event of this triumphal progress of La Fayette's was the celebration at Yorktown, where an arch was erected on the site of the redoubt that Nicholas Fish had helped to take. In his speech La Fayette spoke feelingly of his dear Light Infantry, whose only surviving officer, Colonel Fish, stood beside him; and when a laurel wreath was presented, he turned to Colonel Fish with: "Here, half of this wreath belongs to you!" Fish answered: "No, Sir; it is all your own!" And La Fayette countered: "Then take it and preserve it as our common property!" Of course the laurel leaves became an heirloom.

On the last night of his visit, family tradition says that La Fayette slipped away from the farewell celebration at Vauxhall Gardens—the Gardens spoken of in connection with Anna Cooper's letter, where Lafayette Place is now—and ran over to the Fishs' house in Stuyvesant Street to bid them good-by. He was so attached to little Elizabeth Fish that he wanted to take her back with him to France to be brought up at La Grange with his children, and her parents had her portrait painted preparatory to the parting. In the end, however, she was too homesick and the plan was given up. But Elizabeth

was so fond of the old general that she would not wash her face for days after he had kissed her good-by!

The granddaughter Natalie of whom La Fayette speaks in the next letter, was the wife of Adolphe Perrier, a nephew of Casimir Perrier. George was, of course, La Fayette's son, named after General Washington. Charles Rémusat—who had married Pauline, another granddaughter—was the well-known statesman and littérateur, son of the still better known Madame de Rémusat, *dame du palais* to the Empress Josephine. La Fayette was grateful to Monroe for having used his influence as American Minister to France to secure the release of Madame de La Fayette when she was imprisoned by the Austrians. President Monroe died a poor man.

General La Fayette to Colonel Nicholas Fish.

La Grange, December 8, 1828

My dear friend. It is a long while since I had the pleasure to Hear from You and the dear family; my letters by the Don-quixote are not yet arrived, perhaps I may Receive Your Communications to day or tomorrow, in the mean while I write these lines By Young Mr. Viton, friend of some of my friends, who is gone to N. Y. with Mr. Hunter, whose children have remained under the care of the respectable family of de L. They have Requested some letters of introduction and while I do gratify them I shall Have the personal gratification of Remembering myself to all of You, dear friends.

My grand daughter Natalie is the mother of a little girl and Both are in good health. George and His Wife, Now with her at Grenoble, will be returned in the beggining of next month;

the Session is not to open before the 27th January. Pauline Lasteyrie and Her Husband Charles Rémusat are with me.

Here is another loss among our Revolutionary Brothers in Arms. The Excellent Thomas Pinckney Has joined the far greater part of us who have left this World. I am doubly grieved to Hear my dear intimate friend Mr. Munroe had a dangerous fall from His Horse, and finds Himself in pecuniary Circumstances still more deplorable than I had Apprehended. Latter accounts of the fall I wait with great Anxiety, on the other point what can Be done? I am sure You are Ready to promote everything that Could procure His Relief. To be instrumental in such a patriotic action would also Be to me a Real Relief, the more so when I compare what Has Been done for me with what Has Not Been done for Him. Adieu, my dear Fish, Remember me most affectionately to every one in the family. Dr. Winthrop is in Italy, I am going to write Him altho' I don't positively know where to direct my letter. The inhabitants of La grange Beg to Be particularly Remembered and I am with all my Heart, Your friend Lafayette.

As the beginning of this chapter stressed Dutch hospitality, I shall prove it by a description of a Hudson River Christmas in 1826 when Thomas Boylston Adams, a cadet at West Point, dined with the Verplancks. This Adams seems to have been a more genial soul than his brother, John Quincy, who appeared in my second chapter. "I know not," Thomas wrote, "when I have met a more agreeable company. I sat on the right of the Judge, in front of whom was a large saddle of venison, the finest I ever saw; opposite was a boiled turkey, boiled in the finest style, Partridges, Rabbits, Geese, Ducks, Chickens,

Brants, Chicken Pie, Oysters, and indeed every variety that could be desired. The dinner passed off very pleasantly and the desert still more so; Pies, Puddings, Jellies, Fruits and all kinds of wine. We arose from the table at eight o'clock having sat down at five."



CHAPTER VI

Two Wars and a Visit to La Fayette

1775-1826

*They smile and pass, the children of the sword,
No more the sword they wield;
And oh the ranks of corn
Along the battle field!*

Colonel Fish's little daughter Margaret grew up to be a delicately lovely girl with an endearing charm that no one who knew her ever forgot, and soon became engaged to young John Neilson. The match pleased both families. For one thing, their traditions were the same—the traditions of New Amsterdam, because of their Dutch mothers. But the Neilsons were Scotch-Irish, harking back to a Scottish army officer who went to Ireland with William of Orange and—like Colonel Armstrong under similar circumstances—never returned to Scotland. Two Neilson brothers (how many family histories in real life as well as in fairy tales begin with two brothers!), James and John, came to America. They prospered, and sent for their nephew William, “an orphan lad of eighteen,” who joined them and also did well for himself; his second wife was Lady Kitty, a daughter of Lord Stirling.

But the John Neilson who stands out most conspicuously, because of his record in the Revolution, was the son of the first American John and grandfather of Margaret Fish's fiancé. He was a ship owner of New Jersey, trading with Belfast,

Madeira, Lisbon, and the West Indies, a man who had plenty to lose if the Revolution turned out the wrong way; but he got into uniform as briskly as the college boy, Nicholas Fish, had done when the war began. He raised a company, became a colonel much more expeditiously than either Colonel Fish or Colonel Armstrong, and was elected a member of the Continental Congress, an honor he was obliged to decline as he felt he ought to stick to his regiment. The account of his reading of the Declaration of Independence to the assembled citizens of New Brunswick makes him the center of a picturesque scene: "Although violent opposition was apprehended, fearless of consequences, Colonel Neilson ascended a stage hastily erected for the occasion and with a firm and audible voice proceeded to read the Declaration to the multitude. At the conclusion he was greeted with loud huzzahs." So the colonel must have been a convincing speaker as well as a good fighter. He fought all through the war without serious injury, but came near being killed during an attack on a British outpost at Bennet's Island, a small matter compared to affairs like the battle of Monmouth in which he was a conspicuous figure, but remembered because of his narrow escape from death:

"Uniting fifty riflemen sent by General Putnam to his own command, Colonel Neilson commenced his march about sunset and moved steadily forward. The night was clear and frosty and the ground covered with snow, yet the movement was conducted with such circumspection that they leaped and passed the British stockade and were in the midst of them before they were discovered, and the surprise was so complete that the commanding officer and his whole force were made prisoner. Being one of the first to leap the stockade, Colonel Neilson was

met by a sentinel who pressed a gun against his breast, while at the same time Captain Farmer, a true Jersey blue, flourished his sword over his head, exclaiming: 'Throw up your gun, you d— scoundrel, or I will cut you down!' The man, being intimidated, obeyed, and the Colonel escaped unhurt."

When he went into the army Colonel Neilson had left a comfortable house in New Brunswick—Howe chose it for his headquarters—but fortunately he was not obliged to leave his wife, who was allowed to accompany him to Morristown where Washington was stationed during the British occupation of New Brunswick. Family tradition has preserved a pleasant picture of this lady, whose name was Catherine Voorhees: "in Morristown the General's chair at table was always placed between Lady Washington's and Mrs. Neilson's, no matter who was present, because the General liked pretty women." And this meant a good deal at a time when questions of precedence were taken almost as seriously as they are in the capital today! As a rule, colonial etiquette was very strict, and there was also more display than one would expect in war time. When Mrs. Washington drove from Virginia to Massachusetts in 1775, "she passed through New Jersey in a chariot and four, with negro postillions in scarlet and white liveries."

Of course all traveling was a great undertaking when carriages and sailboats were the only means of transportation. But the sloop of that day was a fast sailer, especially the famous Hudson River sloop, which was "very full forward, long for her beam, with a high quarter deck, a good deal like the poop of an old Dutch vessel; a good boat for beating to windward after the Dutch leeboard had been replaced by the centre-board—invented by a Fishkill man. The mast was placed well

forward which gave her a large mainsail and a small jib, and a topsail too was usually carried. It was the fashion to paint the hull above the water-line in alternate stripes of bright colors." The *Caroline* once sailed from New York to Fishkill in five hours, and seldom took more than twenty-four. An old cousin of mine remembered that when the Neilsons went from New Brunswick to Albany to visit the Patroon Van Rensselaer, a sloop was fitted up with a week's provisions and Colonel Neilson's carriage and horses; crowds gathered on the wharf to watch the departure; and prayers were offered in church for a safe return. When the Fish family took the same trip, a cow was provided as well.

The Revolution safely over, Colonel Neilson was free to return to his trading with foreign parts, and to educate his son, another John, for the profession of medicine. The latter became the "leading New York physician of his time, and to the end of his successful career of sixty years retained the confidence and the love of his patients." I think "benevolent" is Doctor John's adjective.

Those sixty years included an appalling number of epidemics—smallpox, influenza (which made "great ravages" after it first came from Canada in 1789), yellow fever, and cholera. In a bad yellow-fever epidemic, "our city presented the appearance of a town besieged. From daybreak till night, one line of carts containing boxes, merchandise, and effects were seen moving towards Greenwich Village and the upper parts of the city. Carriages and hacks, wagons and horsemen were scouring the roads. Persons with anxiety strongly marked on their countenances, and with hurried gait, were hastening through the streets, and, even on Sunday, carts were in motion.



DOCTOR JOHN NEILSON AS A BOY AT
PRINCETON COLLEGE



CATHARINE VOORHEES, WIFE OF COLONEL
JOHN NEILSON

From portraits by Sharpless

Within a few days the Custom House, the Post Office, the banks, and printers of newspapers, located themselves in the Village and it almost instantly became the seat of the immense business usually carried on in the metropolis. Very few were left in the city except the poorer classes and the negroes, the latter not being affected by the fever were of great service in the dreadful crisis and the only persons who could be found to discharge the hazardous duties of attending the sick and burying the dead." Doctor Neilson stuck to his post, although both he and his wife had the fever. In the cholera epidemic of 1832, he was one of the emergency committee. But in spite of hard work, Doctor Neilson "retained to the end his vigor of mind, his fine erect physique and elastic step."

When the War of 1812 began, Doctor Neilson became a surgeon in the army. His father Colonel Neilson and his friend Colonel Fish, both elderly men, didn't attempt any more fighting. Colonel Armstrong would have had the same excuse, but, as I hope you remember, he had gone back into the British army because he hated business, and was in Canada. So my only American great-grandfather fighting in this war was Colonel Ward of Carolina. New York had been blockaded for some time when news came of the burning of Washington by the British in return for the burning of Toronto by the Americans. The "great news" which had so gratified Colonel Armstrong was received here in a very different spirit. The city was frightened stiff. Only thirty years since that dreadful British occupation with its plunderings and burnings—if New York was to be shelled, and that sort of thing was to begin all over again, it would be too much! So the militia began drilling more indefatigably than ever, and the gay uniforms

of the Trojan Greens and the Albany Rifle Company brightened the streets. Trench-digging, in the long line of fortifications that stretched along the hilltops of Brooklyn and crossed Manhattan Island from river to river, became part of the daily life of every man who could handle a shovel; butchers and bakers, bankers and barbers, gentlemen of the bar and students from Columbia College, all worked like mad, and "little boys too small to dig carried earth on shingles." At the dreadful news from Washington, there was a call for volunteers to dig by moonlight; as long as the moon lasted, thousands worked like the beavers of Manhattan's coat of arms, and outdid New Jersey, where

From Shrewsbury Beach to Sandy Hook
The country had a martial look.

The Neilson family of course shared in the general excitement, especially the boys—and it is high time the boys should come on the scene, for the young John Neilson who made his appearance at the very beginning of this chapter as the fiancé of Margaret Fish has been too long neglected. He was fifteen when the letter below was written.

*Dr. John Neilson to his son, Master John Neilson,
New Brunswick, New Jersey.*

New York, August 11, 1814

Our citizens are very patriotic and industrious, volunteering their services in erecting fortifications on Brooklyn Heights, which are going on very rapidly. This is the day the British were to pay N. Y. a visit, but the day is very warm, and it is

probable they will delay their incivilities until a future time. I send for your Grandmama a very pretty little canary bird and some food for him. Please to present it to her from me. I send for Mary, to distribute among her cousins, some Nick-nacks which she will receive by the sloop.

*Anthony Bleecker Neilson to his brother,
Master John Neilson, At Mr. McDonald's,
Mount Pleasant.*

New York, September 6, 1814

Have you seen a house yet at Mount Pleasant that you think will suit us, for I expect we will all soon have to scamper, as Lord Hill says it is his intention to Winter in New York, though it should cost him 20,000 men, but I would rather he'd *Fall* here. I see by this evening's paper that the *Cocollegians* are going next Thursday to work at Harlaem, it is a pity you are not here to join in their patriotic labors. About 900 militia from Rockland county passed through here on Sunday morning and encamped on Barn Island near Hurlgate; they were healthy good-looking men, though some of them rather Gawky.

In the letter above, Anthony used the old forms of the names "Hurlgate" and "Barn Island," now corrupted to "Hellgate" and "Barren Island"; "Cocollegians" were of course the Columbia College students. This young Anthony had been named after his mother's brother, but it was John who should have been the namesake, for it was, I am sure, to his uncle Anthony's influence that John owed his taste for art

and literature. Anthony Bleecker was described in the *Talisman Magazine* as "fraught with talent and taste, a wit and a poet; he rarely appeared as an author himself, whilst his careless generosity furnished the best part of their capital to dozens of literary adventurers, sometimes giving them style for their thoughts, and sometimes thoughts for their style." Family tradition says that another Bleecker uncle, Jack, was extremely mischievous: he and Orin De Peyster once dressed up in women's clothes and turned somersaults up and down the Battery at the hour when all the fashionable world was promenading there, to the great scandal of his relations. Jack seems to have kept his rather crude sense of humor even on his deathbed, for when the family gathered about him waiting for the end, he suddenly opened his eyes, took one look at their mournful faces, said "Boo!" and expired.

To return to more important events: the War of 1812 came, at last, to an end. In February, 1815, the sloop *Favorite* came into the harbor of New York bringing the Treaty of Peace. Peter Parley, the writer, happened to be at a concert: "The door was thrown open, in rushed a man breathless with excitement; he mounted on a table and swinging a white handkerchief aloft, cried out, 'Peace! Peace! Peace!' I ran into the street—oh what a scene! In a few minutes thousands and tens of thousands of people were marching about with candles, lamps and torches, making the jubilant street like a gay and gorgeous procession. The whole night Broadway sang its song of peace!"

The last letters introduced a younger generation to us. With the next letter, John Neilson Junior, my grandfather—*great*-grandfathers you see are finished—steps definitely into the

foreground. Like his father, he was a doctor, and this letter was written to his fiancée while he was traveling in France with his friend Doctor Egerton L. Winthrop of Stuyvesant Street, Margaret Fish's first cousin. As General La Fayette was an intimate friend of both Colonel Fish and Colonel Neilson—the general gave the latter a sword during the famous American visit—La Grange was of course included in the itinerary.

John Neilson Jr. to Margaret Fish.

La Grange, *September*, 1826

My dear Madgie; Our old friend the General, from whose house you see I am writing, has just told me that if I wish to send a letter, he would forward it to Havre, and as Mlle Clementine has kindly furnished me with paper, I cannot resist the temptation of sending you a few lines from La Grange. I arrived here yesterday in company with Dr. Jarvis and his lady, and had the pleasure to find the General and his numerous family all in good health, though Mr. George has been indisposed. The General has heard of your family through Capt. Macy. He mentioned that he had understood that *one* more letter from the General would induce your father to come over with the family, and this *one* letter, said he, shall not be long forthcoming. It is a delightful day and we have just returned from a walk around the farm. Mlle Natalie has promised to send by me a little drawing which I think will be acceptable. I presume you have received the letter I enclosed by my Brother Bleeker. The time at which the post leaves here has almost arrived, so I must conclude. With constant

and increasing affection I remain, my dear love, your very affectionate friend, J. Neilson Jr.

P. S. The General desires to be very particularly remembered to your Father and Mother and all the family. He will write you by me. As this is one of the General's wafers from his own hand, you will excuse my not using wax.

The various members of the La Fayette family have already been identified in connection with a letter from the General to Colonel Fish. La Grange, as it was in John Neilson Junior's time, happens to have been well described in a diary recently published which was kept by a lady who appeared in my first chapter, Abigail De Hart Mayo. Mrs. Mayo, by this time a widow, was accompanied on a trip abroad by her daughters, Mrs. Scott and Mrs. Cabell, their husbands, young children, and servants—one of those enormous family parties that modern people would find appalling. But in that easy-going leisurely day, once the sea voyage was over, traveling was more luxurious for the rich than it is now. An old friend of mine, the daughter of an American ambassador to England, told me that no one who travels abroad today has any idea of the comfort of traveling in one's own carriage preceded by another with the servants and luggage, so that everything would be ready when you arrived; suites of enormous rooms engaged for weeks beforehand and never given up to anybody else; and landlords smiling and bowing on the steps, offering bouquets and glasses of wine.

Certainly the size of the Mayo party does not seem to have interfered with their enjoyment. The diary records not only that everywhere they went "Mrs. Scott and Mrs. Cabell in

their rich green velvets and fashionable head-dresses were gazed at and admired," but that Mrs. Scott made a tremendous hit at the comtesse de Molandais's fancy dress ball in a Pocohontas costume she had worn in Philadelphia. With the William Coxes, the Mayo party visited the Jardins des Plantes and admired the giraffes. In Paris too Mrs. Mayo met several people who have appeared in previous chapters; she had the pleasure of a chat with a countryman of her old friend Count Niemcewics, and a long conversation with Monsieur de Marbois whom she had known in America. He inquired about old acquaintances in the United States, but she noted that Mrs. Montgomery—the lady with drooping eyelids but charming manners mentioned by Rendón—was the only one whom he seemed to remember very clearly. The diary goes on: "Monsieur de Marbois is now eighty-four, full of life and spirits, and walks erect and three or four miles at a time without fatigue. He is very thin and tall." She also had a glimpse of the Princess Louté (sister of the Dom Miguel who will appear in a letter from Stuyve Fish describing a sea chase off the coast of Portugal), and was impressed by the magnificence of a strange jewel the princess wore pinned to the front of a white crêpe turban, "a tall sprig of diamond roses and leaves, the largest and most brilliant I ever saw." And a conversation with Mademoiselle Mars gave Mrs. Mayo much gratification, for the great actress wanted to know the proper costume for the heroine of "L'Espion," a play adapted from Cooper's *Spy*, and was delighted to find that Mrs. Mayo was the right person to ask as she had taken that part in amateur theatricals.

The very ancient château of "La Grange en Brie" which had come to La Fayette through his wife, a daughter of the

duc de Noailles, had been modernized to some extent when Mrs. Mayo visited there, and the estate turned into a "ferme ornée"; four hundred acres of orchards, meadows, woods, and fish-ponds, where La Fayette amused himself by raising all sorts of fancy stock, including a thousand merino sheep, the breed that became a craze in America as well as abroad after it was introduced from Spain in 1800. The moat had been turned into an "ornamental water" where floated a pretty American boat, one which had won a race from a British boat and had then been presented to La Fayette by the owners. The towers and pinnacles of the castle were already green with the ivy that had been planted by Charles Fox when he visited La Grange after the Peace of Amiens. The library was crowded with American trophies—the colors of the *Brandywine*, the ship that had taken La Fayette to America, and mocassins, bows and arrows, and other curiosities of the western world—and the salons were adorned with portraits of famous Americans. Even during his imprisonment in Olmütz La Fayette never failed to keep the Fourth of July as one of his holy days. Summing up her impressions of La Grange, Mrs. Mayo ends: "Luxury is banished, idleness and prodigality give place to industry, peace and plenty; but the most interesting object to be found here is the General himself who, surrounded by his children and grandchildren, seems to be the happiest of mortals."

The next letter introduces young Doctor Neilson and his friend Doctor Winthrop to Baron Auguste de Staël, son of the celebrated Madame de Staël and living at her country place on the Lake of Geneva. But the two travelers probably found it unnecessary to present any credentials when they went to Copet,

and kept the General's letter as a souvenir, otherwise it would not be in our family letter box.

General La Fayette to Auguste de Staël, Copet.

La Grange, *about* 16, 1826

Les deux jeunes amis que je vous présente, mon cher Auguste, ainsi qu'à tous les chers Habitants de Copet, sont le docteur Winthrop, neveu d'un de mes plus intimes compagnons d'armes, le Colonel Fish, et le docteur Neilson, qui va être unis à une des familles que j'aime le mieux. Ces deux jeunes médecins vont passer trois semaines en Suisse, j'ai beaucoup d'affection pour eux, et je ne puis leur en donner une meilleure preuve qu'en les mettant à portée de vous connaître, mes chers amis, que j'embrasse de tout mon coeur. Lafayette.

General Lafayette's son was weak in the spelling of American names as is shown in his letter below to John Neilson Junior asking a favor which must have been a rather troublesome undertaking, if it went through. I don't know whether or not these two sheep dogs for President Monroe accompanied the young man when he returned to the United States.

*G. W. La Fayette à Monsieur docteur Neilson,
Ruederivoli n°o 36, à Paris.*

La Grange, *Septembre* 19, 1826

Mon cher Docteur, Mon père me charge de vous écrire pour vous prier de vous charger vous même d'une commission à laquelle il attache beaucoup de prix. Monsieur Munroe, votre

dernier président, a témoigné le désir d'avoir deux chiens de Brie, instruits et bien dressés à la garde des moutons. Nous avons été assez heureux pour en trouver deux, mâle et femelle, que mon père voudroit faire passer à New York par le paquet boat du 25. Il compte les recommander aux bons soins du Capitaine Macy, mais celui ci a quitté Paris, et mon père désiroit que vous eussiez la bonté de les faire mettre sur la diligence, qui vous conduira au hâvre; et puis il priera le capitaine Macy et vous, en arrivant à New York, de les faire remettre chez M^{de} Governor [Mrs. S. Gouverneur] fille de Mr. Munroe, qui se chargeroit de les faire passer à monsieur son père. Je dois vous dire aussi de la part de mon père, qu'il vous enverra au hâvre, une lettre pour le Colonel Fish. Je veux esperer, mon cher docteur, que vous voudrez bien vous rappeler quelquefois de la Grange, où l'on a conservé de vous un bon et agréable souvenir. Parlez bien de nous à toutes les personnes d'une famille qui a reçu mon père avec tant d'amitié, et dont les bontés pour moi ont laissé sur mon coeur une inalterable impression. Je ne doute pas que comme moi—si j'ose me citer pour exemple—vous ne soyez, au bout de 24 ans de mariage, plus amoureux encore que les premiers jours. Tout à vous, G. W. La Fayette.

La Grange at the present time belongs to comte Louis de Lasteyrie, great-great-grandson of General La Fayette, who unfortunately has no children. The ivy-covered towers, the drawbridge, and the moat are all still there, and in general appearance the place is much the same as when young John Neilson wrote to his fiancée, Margaret Fish, and sealed his letter with a wafer from the general's own hand.

The letter below was written to John Neilson during his trip abroad by his little sister Helena Neilson, my great-aunt, whom I remember as a very charming old lady with bright black eyes and a lively coquettish manner. It is only signed by her, as she was a child of five, too young to write it all herself.

*Helena Neilson to her brother, John Neilson Jr.,
Havre, France.*

New York, August, 1826

Dear brother, We received your letters from Liverpool and Bangor and Woodstock and London, and I suppose you are now in France all amongst the French people, and in General La Fayette's house out of town that has so many steeples to it, like the picture in our front parlor. Since you have been gone a great many things have happened. In the first place, sister Mary was married, by Dominie Kuypers, to Mr. Johnson. We had a fine large plumb cake, iced over and covered with beautiful ornaments; and two smaller ones which Mother is keeping till you and Edward come home. We had plenty of White and pink Champagne. Mary and her husband are gone to Bellows Falls. Brother Charley is gone to Brunswick to go to Latin School in the College. He says Latin is very easy, but I guess he will find it hard when he comes to the middle of the book. Our poor little cousin Barclay Bleecker died about two weeks ago, he was all wasted away and so weak that he could not stir, and died as if it did not hurt him much. There were great fire works to be set off near Sandy Hill last week, because it rained on Fourth of July and wet them as they were all fixed

up on top of the City Hall, so they were sent to Washington Square, near Mr. Neilson's, and Uncle Anthony took me there to see them, but they had not got dry yet and did not please the folks. I got asleep on the Piazza. The sky-rocket pigeon would not fly out of the big willow tree because his paper wings were not dry enough, and then the mob got mad and made a great racket and we all came home by a fine moonlight, and afterwards the boys made a great bonfire of the boards and beams and the people down town thought there was a house on fire, and all the bells rang and the engines were out and the constables and watchmen were fighting with the mob and some of them were put in Bridewell.

We had a bad accident here last night, a cat opened the Quail's cage with her claws and carried him off, he was a fine Quail and whistled "Bob White" beautifully. The other day Nick Stuyvesant and Miss Cheeseborough ran away to a minister's house and got married. Col. Fish and Mrs. Fish and all the girls have gone to Niagara and Susan Fish is going to be married to Daniel Le Roy. We have had several changes in our servants. Lewis was turned away, because he kept all the money Father gave him to pay the butcher and grocer, then we got John Binks, a yellow boy, but he was so sleepy in Father's gig that he ran over an old man, and was saucy to Irish Sarah the cook, so Father turned him off, and then Father had to take Staats with him in the Gig to brush the flies, but now we have got another yellow man from Jersey. Bleecker and Emily dined here today and we had plenty of hot corn and muskmelons and peaches. The Neilsons are all gone to Saratoga, and Cousin Sarah Bleecker is gone to see

Mary Legget and I believe *Theodore Low* is Sarah's sweetheart. Aunt De Hart is at Sing Sing. Uncle Anthony and Catherine and Cornelia took Charley to Brunswick. Henry is growing a smart fellow and knows his A B Cs very well. Uncle Anthony took Josepha, Julia and Cornelia to the opera to hear Senorina Garcia sing. I have had one good long walk to Mr. Gelston's at Greenwich and one to Brooklyn heights. We received your trunk with the handsome London books and like them very much, and thank you kindly for them, and hope you'll bring us a few French funny picture books. I like to have forgot to tell you our poor little sweet singer Mordecai died a few weeks ago. So fare-well dear brother, your loving sister, Helena Neilson.

I, Staats, also sign my name, Staats Neilson.

"Sandy Hill," where Helena went to see the fireworks, was William Neilson's country place on the northeast corner of Washington Square. The little girl was right in her suspicions about Theodore Low for he married Sarah Bleeker. It is a pity that she was too young to be taken to hear Garcia sing when Uncle Anthony Bleeker took the other children, for it was a notable event. The Garcia company produced the first Italian opera in New York at the Park Theatre in 1825. Garcia, "in such parts as *Otello* and *Don Giovanni*, was unequalled," but his daughter, seventeen at this time, became far more famous. According to Richard Grant White, a most sophisticated critic, Signorina Garcia, better known as Malibran, was "The greatest prima donna of modern times and the most fascinating woman upon the stage in the first half of the

nineteenth century; there is no record of any other such supremacy, personal, vocal and dramatic. Her career was begun and shaped in New York."

Helena's letter bore the signature of her little brother Staats as well as her own, and that name takes the family record a long way back. (Much too far back to come in well after speaking of the Italian opera of 1826; the picturesqueness of the story must be its excuse.) It was in the fourteenth century that the family name of Ghyse was changed to Staats, in honor of Vice-admiral Ghyse when he rescued the States from ruin during a war between Holland and Spain. It seems that Ghyse insisted on capturing a Spanish flotilla laden with treasure, against the orders of a timid superior officer, and risked facing a court martial for his disobedience. But his plea that no man was obliged to obey a coward, that he knew he was leading a forlorn hope but said to himself, like Esther in the Bible: "If I perish I perish," was so convincing to the Council—especially when they remembered the four fine fat Spanish ships he had captured now lying at anchor in the harbor—that they not only bounced the cowardly admiral, compelled him to wear a wooden sword, and made Ghyse admiral in his place, but changed the latter's surname to Staats and gave him a new coat of arms, what is called a "speaking coat," that was a medley of oars, cocks, and cannon balls, brooded over by a stork on a field argent carrying a stone in its claws to denote vigilance, "because when that bird perches over the water it is said to hold a stone which will wake it by falling if it becomes drowsy." All of which was engraved on a gold gorget with a chain of three thicknesses to be worn on grand occasions by the new admiral.

(Pieces of this chain are still preserved by the Staats family.)
And the old sea dog's alertness is also commemorated in the Dutch rhyme:

The fox may sleep, the thief may run away,
But Staats is awake both night and day.

The story of another brother of little Helena's will also make havoc of chronology but is too strange to leave out. Henry Neilson's violent death made such a memorable blot on the sedate pages of the family annals that, years later, Helena could never hear his name mentioned without showing deep emotion and would have been unspeakably shocked if she had suspected that an uncle who had been murdered by the King of the Sandwich Islands was considered a grotesque but most interesting asset by frivolous nephews and nieces. I don't know how or why Henry happened to go to the Sandwich Islands, but while he was living there he became very friendly with both Kamehameha IV, King of Hawaii, and his wife Queen Emma. But the king misconstrued Henry's politeness to the queen, and one day while the two men were walking together in the forest the king, "being under the influence of rum," dropped behind and shot his friend in the back. He was immediately overcome with remorse, had his victim carried to the palace, and nursed him tenderly until Henry died a month later. There seems to have been no cause for the king's jealousy (I shudder to think how any questions along these lines would have been received by my great-aunt Helena!), for Queen Emma has come down in history with an unblemished reputation as "a devout member of the Church of England, who received a gracious welcome from Queen Victoria

when visiting that monarch." But the king was not far removed from savagery; his grandfather, Kamehameha the Great, celebrated a victory over a rival by building a temple and offering on the altar the body of his conquered foe as a sacrifice to the god Kukailimoku.

These digressions have taken us far away from young John Neilson, whom we left burdened by those sheep dogs for President Monroe; but his after life in New York must wait for a later chapter. In the next, some of his contemporaries, and the younger generation in general, take the center stage, ready for their own fighting, dancing, and getting married. But before that a dull, but short, genealogical resumé seems necessary to bring all the great-grandparents of the previous chapters into a family group and to make more understandable the relationships which follow. My great-grandparents, on my father's side, were Colonel William Armstrong of the British Army and Margaret Marshall; and Colonel John Ward and Mary Somarsall, both of South Carolina. On my mother's side, they were Colonel Nicholas Fish and Elizabeth Stuyvesant; and Doctor John Neilson and Abigail Bleecker, all four of New York.



CHAPTER VII

Middle Distance

1816-1832

Life consists not of a series of illustrious actions or elegant enjoyments. We are well or ill at ease as the main stream glides on smoothly, or is ruffled by small obstacles.

—DOCTOR JOHNSON

When the younger generation took the center stage, they found that their parents had left the decorations tarnished, the lights burning dim, and the band tuning up for Methodist hymns most unsuitable for dancing.

For during the War of 1812 a much simpler way of living and thinking had begun to develop in America. In that breathing space between two revolutions, the American and the French, of which I spoke in my second chapter, aristocracy had been on top; but it was soon forced to climb down. "Jeffersonian sympathy" wasn't, of course, invented by that rather frowsy president; it was already fashionable. The War of Independence had given everybody—even New Yorkers—a hearty dislike of aristocrats; Rousseau had preached sympathy at a time when French ideas were a good deal more acceptable than the British, girls took to directoire dresses and got well scolded:

For many, filled 'tis said with pride,
Have laid their underclothes aside.

Muslin was more stylish than brocade. Manners became less polished, etiquette less strict, entertainments less elaborate. When Tom Moore, the poet, came to this country, he seems to have disliked almost everything he saw and everybody he met.

In New York the change in social life was conspicuous. When the Tories were driven out "society lost many of its most elegant members," and their places were not filled by any great influx from abroad. British nobility were not welcome and, very soon, France's had ceased to exist, so far as we were concerned, for the aristocrats who had escaped the guillotine were too occupied with the Napoleonic contest to have leisure for voyages of exploration; the few French refugees who came here don't seem to have stayed any longer than they could help. There were balls in New York, of course, and receptions on New Year's Day, but no comte de Moustier, or marquise de Bréhan with pet monkeys and negro pages, appears in the lists of guests. There were no illuminations like Gardoqui's at "Kennedy House," there was not much racing, and theaters became taboo with many respectable persons. New York, to be sure, was pretty poor after two wars, but besides poverty and the lack of distinguished guests to give verve to society, another factor made for dullness. What Virginia Woolf describes as a dark cloud—evangelicalism—had been hovering ever since Wesley's time and after the War of 1812 it broke and society became drenched in propriety. Dancing and cards were considered slightly improper and the transparent directoire fashions too revealing; there was a revival of the modest hoop, and

Stays which distress the fashionable belle,
Producing more than Nature's graceful swell,
Whilst Art, the foe of genuine beauty, spreads
Hoops from their waists and cushions on their heads.

It is of this new age that the journal and the letters in this chapter tell. Though not of any great importance, through them we catch a good picture of the everyday life of the time and many names will be recognized as the same as those mentioned in the letters of the Fishes and Neilsons, for society was very small and "everybody knew everybody."

During the War of 1812, Colonel Armstrong—as I hope you will remember—was stationed in Canada, and stayed on there for some time after it was over. During all these years his wife and their four children—Edward, Margaret, Rose, and Charles, as well as a little cousin, Isabella Macomb—were living in Elizabeth Town where Colonel Armstrong had deposited his family when he went back into the British army. He hadn't intended the separation to be so long, and made many plans for his wife's joining him in Kingston, or wherever he happened to be stationed; but these plans never materialized and they stayed on in Elizabeth. One would have thought that life in an American village might have been rather uncomfortable for the family of a British officer in wartime—it would certainly have been made unpleasant for the family of a German colonel during the Great War; but there is no hint of anything of the sort in the Armstrongs' letters. It may have been due to Mrs. Armstrong herself, for she had a charming disposition and made herself popular wherever she was living. Her correspondence shows that she preserved to the last the

same girlish interest in society and dress that had absorbed her when she was Margaret Marshall and engaged to Don Francisco Rendón.

*Mrs. William Armstrong to her half-sister,
Miss Betsy Ramsay, Care of Alexander von Pfister, Esq.,
132 Greenwich St. Near the Albany Basin.*

Elizabeth Town, January, 1816

Oh, I hope you will get back safe to New York. You left your Tippet in the stage, the driver brought it back. Mat Ogden has promised to take it tomorrow, as well as the blue cloth and lining. Mrs. Niemcewics and Mr. and Mrs. Kean passed the evening with me, you would have been delighted to see my boy and Isabella attending them out of the carriage. Do not forget my *white Sattin* and my Crape Vail, cheap gloves and any bargains you may see. You must assist Mag in laying out her money to advantage. Remember me to Mrs. Cruger, and let me know about the fashions and everything that may be of interest in the gay world. Remind Mag of going to Mrs. Morris and Mrs. McEvers and any other place you think of. I was sorry to have a confirmation of the loss of the Gen'l and Mrs. Macomb's furniture in the fire, and lament it was not insured, the gallant Horse and poor Major are really irreparable losses to the world and their admirers ever will regret them.

In the letter above, the odd name of Mrs. Niemcewics appears for the first time in my family letters, but by no means the last. This lady is our old friend "Sister Sue" of Gouverneur

Morris's verses, later Mrs. John Kean, now married to her second husband Count Julian Niemcewics of Poland, a friend of Kosciuszko and a poet. His turn for poetry once led him to write a pasquinade so unpleasing to Catherine II that she imprisoned him, but he was released by the Emperor Paul who "loaded him with benefits." When he came to this country with Kosciuszko he had already fought with him in many campaigns and shared his imprisonment in Russia. "The learning and culture of the handsome count, not less than his captivating manners, rendered him a peculiarly interesting person," and the American marriage soon followed. But, like other refugees, Count Niemcewics returned before long to his own country, leaving his wife behind: she rather naturally preferred the peace of New Jersey to the trials and uncertainties of Polish revolution. When this letter was written, Mrs. Niemcewics was living in her uncle Governor Livingston's old place, "Liberty Hall," near Elizabeth. It had passed out of the family's possession for a time, having been bought by Lord Bolingbroke when he eloped to this country with a young girl from an English boarding school, the daughter of Baron Hompasch, whom he married here although he had a wife in England. But Susan had a special affection for "Liberty Hall" which she had twice defended from British marauders, as told in my first chapter, so when she married she bought it back and named it "Ursino" after the Niemcewics estate in Poland. It has the same name and is still occupied by the Keans today. Mrs. Niemcewics makes an interesting link between Revolutionary times and what may be called the "middle distance" in this book. For her memory went back to that far-off day when the British evacuated New York and she returned

there with her father, delighted to find her dolls and toys uninjured. And as she was Rose Armstrong's godmother she is often mentioned in letters from Elizabeth.

White satin recurs in so many letters of this time that it must have been extremely fashionable. At a ball in Washington, we are told "Mrs. La Trobe made a dash in a new white satin with a long train, and a lace handkerchief thrown carelessly over a white lilac at the left side of her head," and on another occasion wore "white satin and a turban of spangled muslin, with a gold crescent fastening a heron's upright plume."

*Mrs. William Armstrong to her daughter Margaret,
At H. Vanderhoeval Esq're, New York,
Honored by M. Ogden Esq're.*

E. Town, February, 1816

The shall has arrived safe to hand. Mrs. Kean told me it surpassed Mrs. Niemcewics' expectations and I think it is the most elegant I have seen. I think your aunt is a person of taste and judgment and I would rather have her to spend my money than myself. Mrs. Kean wants to know the price of black and White Tool as she intends to work a dress or two. She and Miss L. Rutherford came for Rosa and me to pass the day at Mrs. Niemcewics' on Saturday. Miss Rutherford is a very agreeable girl. Charles has been ill with a quincy in his throat, but it is broke and he is getting the better of it. Edward has a cold and poor Phoebe Ogden has a quincy, she is relieved by its breaking. Rosa has been engaged between the two houses and the bill is lost that has kept up her spirrits. Mrs. Salter has had her party. Louisa

De Hart and Miss Rutherford seemed delighted at meeting at the church door this afternoon, they were great friends at school.

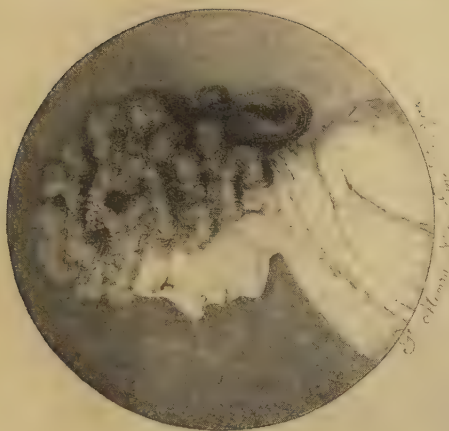
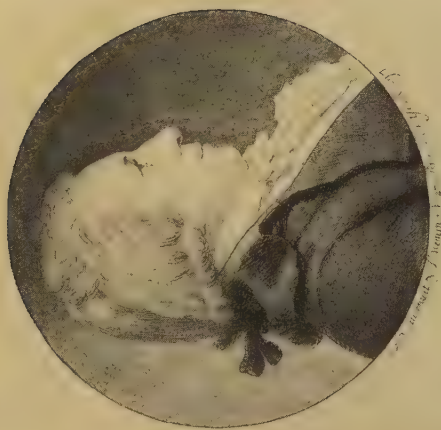
I opened your father's and your aunt's letters to you, I was so anxious to hear from them. I have had two letters from him since he was in great danger in crossing the River. He expressed pleasure in receiving all your letters and Henry's letters were very satisfactory to him. He still speaks of our coming next summer. You must write by the way of Ogdensburg, as it is the best at this season. He was charmed with Rosa's letter, and wishes you to write to your Aunt Margaret and enclose your letter to your Uncle David by way of Liverpool. Your father was with the Scotts when Creighton arrived, he breakfasted with him the next morning. He was much disappointed at not getting Guy Mannering; said we were the constant subject of conversation, was pleased with the sweetes and marmalade.

Do not miss going often to see your Aunt Betsy, and I beg you will go to see Madame Moreau. Jane Lawrence is staying at George Ricketts'. You cannot be in want of your ruffle as you have so much lace which will make handsome ruffs for you, but I will do it as quick as possible. I am at a loss what patterns to work, if you should see any new patterns take them off for me. You did not give the accounts of Francis being burnt or Alexander, I hope it was not bad; inform me how he is and give my best love to your Aunt Macomb. Remember me to John Macomb. I am afraid you are wearing too slight mourning for your excellent grandpapa [John Ramsay], remember how much you have been with him, more than the other girls of the family, and how very much and affectionate attention

you have received from him. Such a worthy and good man should not be too soon forgotten by his relations and friends, and it will hurt your good aunt's feelings to see him forgot so soon by you. The bell is ringing for Evening Church, but it is snowing so fast I shall not go. We would like to receive the accounts of the Assemblys from you and who you dance with and all other parties, give us the particulars.

The correspondence between Colonel Armstrong and his wife seems to have been fairly regular in spite of the war. Mrs. Armstrong's mild remark in her letter above about "danger in crossing the River" must have been an allusion to the frightful loss of life during the struggle back and forth over the Saranac River during the battle of Plattsburgh; probably Colonel Armstrong had minimized the danger when he wrote at the time. The Scotts were the family of Major Thomas Scott, Sir Walter Scott's favorite brother; Sir Walter said of him: "I know of no person who possessed more power of humor and perception of the ridiculous." Like Sir Walter, he was an excellent story teller, and could also "sing a good Scotch song at a regimental dinner or his own fireside." He is buried in the graveyard of St. Matthew's Church in Quebec by the side of his daughter Barbara, aged eight.

Madame Moreau, whom Margaret was urged to visit, was the wife of General Moreau, the hero of Hohenlinden, exiled by Napoleon because he feared him as a rival. He came to this country in 1804 and "*se fixa à Morisville près de Trenton, dans le New Jersey, dans une maison de campagne, située au pied de la chute de la Delaware,*" where he lived for eight years; but was lured back to France by Napoleon's enemies,



COLONEL WILLIAM ARMSTRONG AND HIS WIFE
From engravings by Saint-Mémin

took up arms against his country and was killed at Dresden; his wife was given a title by Louis XVIII. Fifty years after the Moreaus left America, their daughter returned here to be present at the marriage of her son, the vicomte de Courval, to Mary Ray. I have an invitation from General and Madame Moreau addressed to Miss Kitty Cox, asking her to "pass the evening"—a pretty sheet of paper with a light blue edge and a border of cupids. I dare say when their misfortunes began in France, the couple may have regretted the pleasant evenings they had spent with Miss Kitty.

This old lady, Miss Keturah Cox, was well off; she had inherited property from a bachelor uncle, a planter of Nassau, whose will is so quaint that I shall give a few clauses. To Keturah, he left "one thousand pieces of eight in cash, a Negro woman Diana, and her two children called Jemmy and Sable, a negro named Jack Fisher, half a dozen mahogany chairs, two looking glasses with gilt frames" and other furniture. He left several slaves to his nieces, Margaret and Janet Marshall, and to his nephew Isaac "a Negro man Scipio, my Schooner Betsy and her appurtenances, two hundred pieces of eight in cash, my gold shoe and knee buckles and my silver hilted sword. It is my Will, and I do hereby Manumize and make free, my Negro and mulatto slaves, Old Diana, Grace and her daughter Susannah, and I give and bequeath unto said Grace my Negro woman Rachel and her children." Aunt Kitty, in her turn, bequeathed her property to her sister Mrs. John Ramsay, except for two negro slaves that she set free. She also left a fund for the education of her great-niece, Margaret Armstrong; the latter was a very accomplished woman, so Aunt Kitty's money was not wasted.

*Mrs. William Armstrong to her half-sister
Miss Betsy Ramsay, New York.*

E. Town, March, 1816

I have had a long letter from Mr. Armstrong and from the contents I do not expect to go to Kingston this summer. He says that he was always attached and always obliged to you for your attentions to Margaret, and hopes before this year is out he shall have it in his power to welcome you in his house *wherever* it may be, "when it shall be my study to contribute to the happiness of all in it." It wants but four days to eight years since we parted and to me it seems as distant, and when we meet again as uncertain, as when we parted. I am sorry to hear of the death of Sir George Prevost, I dare say it will be a loss to Mr. A. who will regret his death at all events. His friends are always dropping off continually, though he says except his left eye he never enjoyed better health. Sir George was much younger, only forty-nine years.

I am happy to hear that goods are getting cheaper, I wish I had the money to shop a little, but I must be content until I can. Enquire if my sattin is finished. Your frill is *done*. Nurse has got it in water but I despair of its ever getting clear again. Rosa has finished her Immense work. I expect Mr. R. will purchase Jenny, she went there about the place yesterday, I shall be glad when we part. God bless you.

Sir George Prevost has been already mentioned as the general responsible for the British defeat at Plattsburg—he was, by the way, a New Yorker.

In 1824, Colonel Armstrong's eldest daughter Margaret married William Dayton Salter of the United States Navy, and set off on a prolonged wedding trip, adding the Erie Canal to the usual fashionable round of Niagara, Saratoga, and Ballston Spa. The Canal was not yet quite finished. As early as 1784, Washington had made a tour through that country and was so struck with the "vast inland navigation we possess," that he exclaimed: "Would to God we may have wisdom to improve these benefits!" At about the same date, "Mr. Thompson of Pennsylvania" built the *White-fish* at Oswego, went down the Mohawk and Hudson, along the seacoast and up the Delaware to Philadelphia, "where he laid up his boat in the State House yard as a proof of inland navigation"; and fifteen years later Gouverneur Morris prophesied: "Hundreds of large ships will at no distant period bound on the billows of our Inland Seas." The canal was finished in 1825, and of course there were great celebrations and many poems were written for the occasion:

'Tis done, 'tis done, the mighty chain
Which joins bright Erie to the Main,
For ages shall perpetuate
The glory of our native State!

Young Mr. and Mrs. Salter kept a journal, written in hands so alike that it is difficult to distinguish their remarks. They seem to have spent all the money they wanted to and not to have denied themselves any extra excursions, but a marginal note states that the total cost of the six weeks' trip was two-hundred-and-thirty dollars for the two—rather a contrast to the present high cost of pleasure. Many of the people they

met along the way—Fish, Kean, Lawrence, De Hart, Macomb—are families who have already appeared.

July 26th, 1824. We dined at Hoboken, but were disappointed at not finding the Richmond is sailing trim. Spent the night at Mrs. Elliot's, and arrived at Albany next morning; General Macomb and family accompanied us as far as West Point. Stayed at Bamman's Hotel, embarked at 7 A.M. on board of a canal boat, much amused by the wit and originality of the boatmen, whose disputes are carried on with a great deal of humor. The Captain is exceedingly intelligent, agreeable and polite, which astonishes me in his station, he receives only \$30.00. The canal is from three to four feet deep, they are not allowed to go faster than four miles an hour, but this law is often forgotten. . . . Delighted with our day, we visited the falls of Cohoes and returned to the boat before crossing an aqueduct over the Mohawk. Stopped at Given's tavern at Schenectady, left for Utica in the canal boat, passed a delightful day, the views are beautiful, particularly one where we pass under a projecting ledge of high rocks apparently ready to fall upon us. There is an immense cavern said to be fifty feet deep; without exception this place, which is called Canojaharie, presents the most beautiful appearance. We were shown a Farmer's dwelling who had hung himself because the canal was cut through his farm. Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence, and Miss Appleton from Boston, add much to our pleasure. Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence are a charming couple and both very polite.

We passed 27 locks between Albany and Utica, a large and flourishing town, thirty years ago a wilderness but now full of

stores. I was amused by seeing the sign of a French milliner and mantua maker from Paris, Mad. L'amoureux, and a music store with pianos for sale. We could not get accommodations at Bagg's Tavern, this town is crowded with strangers, and we concluded to go on and spend Sunday in the canal boat which goes to Rochester, 160 miles, which will occupy 84 hours. We intend to return by the western turnpike which passes through many pretty villages. . . . At Whiteborough is the largest woolen factory in the U. S., the Oriskany, on the other side of the canal is the handsome residence of Col. Lansing. Rome comes next, for some miles the route of the canal is through a complete wilderness. Fare in this boat four cents a mile, including board. Way passengers get their dinner for 37 cents, breakfast and supper 25 cents. We are reading a fine book, entitled the Expedition of Orsuaa and Nimes of Aquirre, by Robert Southy, member of the *Cymsodorian*—query, what does that mean?—for a wonder, Mag cannot tell. . . . Called her to see Rome, a pretty village, the sail today is very monotonous, the canal running through forests nearly impervious to the rays of the sun. We left a mail at Canostota and took on three females who are a party to meet the next boat and return, these country dames take tea with us. This town takes its name from the Indians who were the first settlers. I was much moved by the sight of these rightful owners of the soil, viewed as a deteriorated race once free to range their own wilds, pure in morals as the air they breathed, enjoying a freedom which knew no bounds. Now enervated by the pernicious use of liquor, which we have taught them to like, and robbed of the fair possessions which have for unknown ages belonged to their forefathers.

At New Boston the packet from Rochester passed us, it was full of passengers. I had a conversation with some of these ladies from the windows of our respective apartments, and was delighted with the novelty of addressing a passing stranger; amidst the wilds the formal regulations of society are sometimes forgotten. I cannot here omit remarking the politeness we everywhere meet with, it truly deserves to be designated the Athens of America. True politeness is said to spring from good nature, so I may then conclude the politeness of my countrymen springs from the heart; it is another link to bind me more strongly to my country. . . . Left mail at Manlius and proceeded at a rapid rate, still sailing through forests now and then varied by cultivated spots. Somewhat annoyed by fleas I had collected during a walk along the banks of the canal. The fare on board of this boat is very good. I observe a great difference in the size and appearance of stores here and with us; in fact everything in this new country is begun on a larger scale. At Bucksville I was amused at the sight of a floating grocery and a boat constructed like our packet but used as a book store and lottery office. A gentleman sitting by me tells me there is a museum constructed on the same plan navigating the canal for the amusement of the curious. I suppose it consists of stuffed birds and fishes, with innumerable specimens of deformed calves, etc. . . . The steward on board this boat has the thickest lips I ever saw, he is a smart looking mulatto. Mr. Salter asked me to listen to him play, at first I thought it was only a Jew's harp and paid little attention, but I found that he produced these sounds without the aid of any instrument; I heard the sweetest sounds imaginable issuing from his mouth and saw there was no artificial aid whatever, they

were not like any sound I ever heard from the mouth of a human being, like the warbling of a sweet bird, or the sweetest tones of a rich full organ. Montezuma is a small inconsiderable place at the entrance of Seneca river over which there is a long bridge for the horses who tow the boats and another for the turnpikes, the sail across is very delightful, a pleasing variety to enter the waters of a river after being so long confined to a canal. After crossing the river we again enter thick forests, it is well the canal is very winding or we should die of ennui. The girl who attends this boat gave an account of Amy Colgrove's having hung herself in the back cabin one night; she was melancholy mad but there was method in her madness, for she closed the door which separated her from the next cabin, took off her shoes and hung herself kneeling. Her madness was occasioned by disappointed love, she was 37 years old, her brother who was on board, had opposed her marrying the object of her affections and it is supposed she did it to spite him—a most strange celebration of the fourth of July! Mr. Salter took a long walk in the woods and saw a black squirrel, the steward says they are plentiful in these parts. Mosquitoes here are very voracious. We met today a man in a British uniform on a common canal boat playing Brace's address on the Clarinet, we concluded he was a deserter. . . . Newark has many new houses and seven building, three years ago there was but one house, in which Mr. Millar still lives, who is yet the owner of nearly all the village. I was astonished at the plainness of his appearance. We are still sailing through uncultivated forests, this is a lonesome country. . . . The Water after leaving Schenectady is said to be very unwholesome, but I have experienced nothing disagreeable from its effects. Margaret has

been in the dumps all day, but night coming on appears in better spirits. . . . Arrived at Palmyra we discovered a soda water shop on the wharf, and were delighted at the idea of soda water drinking in the midst of a forest. Wrote a note in compliment to Captain Smith in the Packet Book.

Arrived at Rochester, was surprised to hear this beautiful town ten years ago was perfect wilderness. Went to the falls, and for the first time felt a desire to sketch, thinking of my dear Louisa's pencil, which could so quickly have made all this her own property, to return to in after years and recall the emotions of delight which they inspired. Rochester bids fair to be the greatest manufacturing town in the State. I never saw a town which pleased me so much, there is more polish than I expected in a new settlement, indeed I cannot pass by without remarking the politeness we meet with everywhere. After returning from the falls I purchased a yard of silk and sat down and made new sleeves for my frock, dressed for dinner, which was a very handsome one and afforded me an opportunity of seeing all the young doctors and lawyers of Rochester assembled, they returned stare for stare. . . . We walked around the town and saw two new churches, the Episcopal bids fair to be very handsome, the style is gothic built of hewn stone, the Presbyterian is of stone covered with a cement of lime to represent hewn stone. There are alkaline and sulphur baths at this place, the bath house was very neatly kept and well attended. I saw Miss Livingston pass with Miss Cleveland. I perceived the cellar of a black man whose sign promised shoes blacked in the best possible manner and Esquire at the end of his name; this gentleman is remarkable for having six fingers on one hand.

We breakfasted at Brockway on rancid butter, rancid fish and bread without salt, the coffee was good and there was an excellent pound cake on the table with sugar cakes and sweetened currants. Here we took into our stage Mr. Russel, Mr. Page and Mr. Derby of Boston, all exceedingly polite and attentive. We travelled all the way over level ground through dense forests, sometimes so thick as to exclude the sun, scarcely a frame house to be seen, most being built of logs. Corn and oats growing amid immense trees, at other times nearly as many stumps of trees as blades of wheat. As dusty as the races, the most inveterate snuffer would find the box useless. We had a most singular dinner which however afforded us some amusement. The dessert was loaves of gingerbread and crackers four times as large as common, a piece of Butter weighing at least four pounds, the woman who attended seemed to think it a very elegant dinner. We rode over four miles of the worst road I ever saw, it is very properly called corduroy. At Lewiston we found great difficulty in getting a carriage, but at length a dashing one was procured and we set off for Niagara. About a mile from Lewiston Mr. Salter told me to look out at the baggage, as in the afternoon he had detected a young boy in the act of cutting our trunks off. I did so and very shortly discovered a man with one arm around the trunk and the other employed in unfastening the strap. By the bright moon his intentions were very easily discovered. Mr. Salter immediately jumped out and taxed him with intending to rob us, this he denied, two other men advanced and were very abusive, and I was dreadfully frightened lest they should murder my husband, but they went no farther than swearing and abusing us for some time. When we alighted at Niagara I was most thank-

ful at having arrived at the spot I have so often wished to see, as ardently as pilgrims sigh for Mecca's shrine, the end of all their toil. We were glad to take our seats by the fire, after a cold ride an acceptable addition to our dinner. . . . Mrs. and Miss Sargent of Philadelphia, with Mr. Morgan a young man who is travelling with them, I recognized on the steamboat this morning; with them we visited Goat island, and had from thence a view of the falls, but it is impossible to describe, neither eloquence of speech or power of pencil can convey an idea of this greatest of Nature's works. Mr. Derby joined us at the island, he has a great deal of conversation. My attention was called to two little boats navigating the troubled waters below the falls and I was pleased to find they contained Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence, Miss Appleton and Mason. We expected a ball, but Mr. Derby and Mr. Russel returned without having been able to tempt the musicians to cross, our evening however passed very pleasantly. . . . It rains and we cannot cross to the Canada shore, this is a dull place in a storm but in fine weather is enchanting. Mrs. and Miss Sargent have crossed over to the other house, but my careful tender husband will not trust his wife to those dangerous waters. . . . A hot disagreeable ride from Lewiston to Rochester, saw a universalist church building at Parma, judging from the work I saw going on on Sunday, there must be many universalists in that part of the State, and yet the wealthy who travel for pleasure set the example. At Rochester I can scarcely describe the enjoyment I experienced at being conducted to an airy and spacious bedroom after being cooped up in the stage all day. My husband went to the bath-house and made so good a report of it that I intend trying one this evening. I saw a lady today in the entry who

I recognized as Mary Rutgers, she congratulated me very kindly on my marriage and kissed me affectionately at parting. Canandaigua is the prettiest village I have ever seen. Mr. Mayo and Otis were in the stage and a Mr. Eckburn of Albany, an exceedingly agreeable and polite man, well acquainted with the country.

We had an excellent dinner at Geneva for twenty-five cents, seven different sorts of meats and an abundance of everything else. I was disappointed in Auburn, from the name and all I had heard of the prison, I had taken it into my head I should see a very pretty town, the tavern was very bad. We walked to see the prison, and in this I was not disappointed, it is indeed a palace. The theological seminary is a large and neat building. Skaneateles is a pretty village and we dined at Quality Hill, but was disappointed not to see the host, who is renowned for his politeness, the harvest had prevented his paying his friends the attentions he wished. At Utica we saw Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton on their way to Niagara, after breakfast Mr. Breese called to see us, and in the afternoon the two Miss Lansings called and invited us to tea. Mrs. Richard Lansing is a cousin of the Breeses. Trenton Falls are well worth travelling a thousand miles to see, they are a great natural curiosity which, strange to say, have not been known until a few years since, although in the immediate vicinity of cultivated land. Mr. Breese was very useful as a pilot and we went nearly to the end of the rocky passage, at the termination we stopped for refreshments at a restaurateur's. It began to rain before we were half way out and I jumped from rock to rock until I was nearly spent. Mr. Sherman who keeps this house showed us the petrifications which he has extracted from the excavated

rock, he discoursed very learnedly and diffusely upon them. One was a species of fish, at the present day extinct, or not known of; he termed it the Trilobite. Another, which is nameless, resembles the alligator—all as hard as the rock in which they were found—some small shell-fish, a perfect worm imbedded in rock, and a thick piece of crystallized substance supposed to be the property of a swordfish. We had a most excellent dinner, the best rice pudding I ever tasted. Mr. Breese was very kind and got the receipt for me from the landlady, I like him very much, he is perfectly polite and converses agreeably. We returned the Lansings' visits, Mrs. Richard Lansing appears to be more a woman of the world than the other, she said she knew Mrs. Bloomfield [Isabella Ramsey Macomb, "Little Bell" of Rendón's letters] very well. I have forgotten till this moment to mention a petrified tree near the town of Chittendon, a specimen of which we got from the inn keeper. . . . The captain on the canal boat was the least attentive of any on the route, a great many bugs and a most disagreeable chambermaid.

At Ballston we found it impossible to get accommodations at Sans Souci and Mrs. Kean had gone with Mr. and Mrs. Barclay to Lake George, so we took rooms for Tuesday and proceeded to Saratoga; Mr. Miller came out and handed us from the stage. I was not dressed in time for dinner, so was obliged to dine whilst some dozen were smoking. I passed through the drawing room but saw no persons I knew, except Mr. Eckburn who did not recognize me. Spent the afternoon in my room with a bad headache. I wonder who it is that Mr. Eckburn walks so much with. Mr. Miller was promenading with Miss Griffith. . . . Discovered that the ladies Mr. Eck-

burn is with are the Miss Schenks of New York. Next day was very pleasant, Mrs. Griffith, Dallas, Bache and Patterson were all very polite to me and invited me to join their party, and to them I feel indebted for all I enjoyed at Saratoga. At the ball at the new hotel, the United States, I danced every dance. The Family of Bonaparte were there, a very handsome supper closed the evening. . . . Here at Ballston 'tis enchanting, so many persons I know well, Mr. and Mrs. Kean, Mr. and Mrs. Barclay, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bronson; Helen Riggs introduced me to the family of Colonel Fish, they are pretty girls. This evening I enjoyed the luxury of a bath after dancing. Played billiards, walked with Mrs. Dan Colden and Mrs. Hone; no dancing on account of Miss Livingston's illness. I was introduced to Capt. Chauncey, played four games of billiards with Miss Wilkes and beat her twice. Walked with divers persons, until I was so tired I scarce knew what to do with myself, spent the evening listening alternately to Miss Packard's singing and the Raffle. Miss Wilkes won the splendid dress valued at fifty dols., tickets one dollar. At Albany, we met Miss Nancy Barnwell, who begged me to tell Mr. Kean she would be in New York the 16th of Sept. to stay at 61 Broadway. . . . On the Albany boat we met the Miss Rawlsons of Philadelphia and Colonel Fish and Family. I matronized Miss Riggs as far as Newburgh and placed her under the charge of Judge Miller. . . . We slept at Newburgh, arrived at Mr. Armstrong's on Sunday morning and passed two pleasant weeks, met Mr. and Mrs. Gov. Wilkins and Miss Cath. Wilkins, she is quite a charming girl. We left Mr. Armstrong's at daylight for New York and spent an agreeable day shopping, arrived at Colonel Armstrong's in Elizabeth Town at seven,

found all well, kissed all hands, and received a hearty welcome. During our stay Mrs. E. Armstrong and Mr. and Mrs. Wilkins came over for a day and Miss Rosa returned with them to attend the La Fayette ball. Margaret saw company and received many visitors. I had an attack of ague and fever. Quite a splendid show at the Marquis' reception at F. Town. Missed my chill and commenced returning our visits. Bade good bye to Miss Louisa De Hart, which caused us much regret.

The allusion above is to La Fayette's triumphal progress through the country at this time—it is spoken of again in the letter below from Colonel Armstrong's younger daughter Rose. No celebrity either before or since ever got such a reception—not even Lindbergh. The French found it all very touching, and Béranger in an ode visualized the Indians as joining in, but this seems unlikely:

Vois tout un peuple et ces tribus sauvages
A son nom seul sortant de leurs forêts.

*Rose Armstrong to her sister Mrs. Salter,
Danskammer, Newburgh, N. Y.*

Elizabeth Town, August, 1824

As you know, we are a family much given to conjecture, and you may imagine the vortex we have been in, wondering as to your return. I am puzzled to know whose advent will create the greater sensation, you or that of General Marquis de La Fayette! If I were you I would get the whip hand of him, for the first burst of feeling is always the liveliest and it would

be so provoking that all the ringing of bells, roaring of cannon, and the admiring gaze of the multitude, should be considered only for him! No my dear Madge, do not so far slight reputation—falsely styled a bubble—for let me tell you it is the best passport thro' life.

I wish it were in my power to give you some brilliant sketches, but here all is "flat stale and unprofitable, life's a walking shadow." Talking of shadows, I have been reading a tale translated from the German of La Fouqué, of a man that sold his shadow. I like the Redgauntlet very much, it is far superior to St. Ronan's Well. I am now reading Hall's travels in S. America, it is instructive and highly amusing and extremely well written. There is nothing heard through our streets, but accounts of chills, etc. Mrs. Harriman was buried Sunday before last. Aloisi has not been a constant attendant and his aim seems to be to learn English instead of teaching Italian.

The writer of the letter below was godmother to Mrs. Salter's daughter who was named after her; the names she mentions are all well known in Philadelphia today. Dr. Hosack was the best known New York physician of his time, a professor at Columbia and the founder of the Hosack Botanical Garden at Fifth Avenue and Fiftieth Street, the site where it is now planned to build the new Metropolitan Opera House. Dr. Hosack must have been popular with his students for he gave them a strawberry party every summer in his own garden. The William Coxes appeared in the last chapter admiring the giraffes with Mrs. Mayo. In another letter of this same year Mrs. Hewson tells Mrs. Salter that Mrs. Biddle's children

have the whooping cough, and that Miss Frasier has married Dr. Cabot and gone to live in Boston, and ends: "I have had the most flattering accounts of your happiness and the beauty of your child. Alfred says you are as happy as it is possible to be."

Mrs. Thomas Hewson to her friend Mrs. Salter.

Philadelphia, March, 1825

Dissipating so constantly has deprived me, not I assure you of the inclination, but of the proper spirit of letter writing. The weddings have produced a great deal of gaiety and their being all intimate friends I have entered into it greatly. I did not mention who the brides were thinking you had heard: Miss Keppel to Mr. J. Biddle and Miss Gouverneur to Mr. Brinton. I have had long letters from my Sister Cox in Paris: they live very retired; William not having delivered any of his letters, as their object in going was Economy.

There was a splendid ball and supper at Mr. Edward Bard's last Friday, several English officers were there. There is to be a large party at Miss Philip's this evening, I am going to take Mr. Livingston, and a dance at Mrs. Meredith's. Invitations have just come for a party at Mrs. Tolland's for the Dr. and Mrs. Hosack. I am exceedingly tired, and should be glad if it was all over. I have, notwithstanding all the dissipation, been attending the lectures on the Church Catechism.

The letter below is a link with an earlier date and that first marriage of Colonel Armstrong's mentioned in a previous

chapter, for the writer was the eldest son of the Colonel's first wife, Christian Amiel. A younger son, David Affleck Armstrong, died while he was a student at Columbia College, but Henry Bruen Armstrong—they were both named after English generals, friends of the Colonel's—took up his father's profession and became an officer in the British Army. In 1808 he was a Lieutenant and Adjutant of the White Horse, the 14th Buckinghamshire Regiment of Foot, whose uniforms had buff facings with silver lace, and "Corunna, Java, Waterloo" on the fronts of the caps; so Henry must have had plenty of fighting. I know that he was in the battle of Corunna, and he may have been present at the burial of Sir John Moore when "not a drum was heard, not a funeral note." Eventually he was killed in the famous siege of Bhurtpoor in India—according to family tradition, "blown up by a mine, leading a forlorn hope." History corroborates this account. Bhurtpoor, the capital of the Jats, was a formidable fortress, and the British tried in vain for two months to reduce it; finally they exploded ten thousand pounds of powder in the chief mine and entered the city through a breach in the wall, losing six hundred men, among them Henry Bruen Armstrong—but the "moral effect was deep and lasting." Henry's half-sister Rose told my uncles that they were all sitting at the breakfast table when the *Albion*, a British newspaper, was brought in and Colonel Armstrong found his son's name among the list of the dead.

This letter is the only one I have from Henry Bruen, but it gives a remarkably clear impression of his character. It is endorsed by his father, in a very feeble hand; "The last letter received from my much loved Henry, who was killed at the Siege, 18th of January, 1826." The battle of Laswari, which

Henry mentions, was one of the "decisive battles" of India, the victory over Sindia of General Lake—probably the same Lake who had led the party when Major Armstrong helped to spike the guns in a redoubt at Yorktown, as described in a previous chapter. "Poor David A, son of E," was "our pickle David" of one of the old Scotch letters, a son of Edward Armstrong of "Kirtleton," and John Currie was the little boy in the letter from Trichinopoli. My father remembered with much affection "old Nurse," so often spoken of in the Armstrongs' letters. The Ricketts and Peter Kean have already appeared; the latter was the son of "Sister Sue," Mrs. John Kean. Miss Sally De Hart, it will be remembered, sent a "peace of cut paper" to Rendón. The silhouette she cut of Washington is well known.

*Henry Bruen Armstrong to his father,
Colonel Armstrong, Elizabeth, N. J.*

Merut, 19 September, 1825

My dearest Father, Your welcome letter of March 26 has put us all in good spirits. My beloved Wife and Boys are well. I am happy to hear my dear Mother [his step-mother] is in such good condition, she is blessed with so good a temper that she can make herself happy at all times. I hope soon to receive a letter from my dear Rosa; as for Edward and Margaret they are married and have other things to think of than their old Brother Hank, but give them all my love. I hope to hear that ere this my friend James Ricketts is restored to health and happiness; well do I remember the happy days we spent there

and the drilling we gave Peter Kean. I little thought then that I should spend so many years to so little purpose in drilling! I am still the Senior in the Regiment and now the Senior in the Whole Army. Your friend Sir H. C. [Sir Henry Clinton] would not recommend me because he thought it would not be advantageous to remove me from his Reg't—Oh the old Humbug! He is a Methodist and that's all canting and whining. I am glad Edward did not accept his offer, he is better off where he is. I wish to god I had never seen a Red Coat, but it's no use repining, we must grin and bear it. If I was in Calcutta our correspondence should be better regulated, but as I am 1000 miles in the interior, I am obliged to trust to other hands. As for my Cousin Newton—the Deil take all sic Cousins! You have never rec'd my letter forwarded by him. He is a Methodist. One of them, a Yankee too, was caught at Rangoon, a Mr. Houghton, and was very near paying for it, had not our advance been so quick. He was sent to convert the Burmans—what's become of all the Savages in America!

I have seen the President's speech, which I think much in his favor; next to England there is no Country I feel so much for, most sincerely do I rejoice at Mr. Adams's election, and hope and trust the present good feeling between the two Nations will be cultivated and so improved that we shall all feel as one family, only divided by the Ocean. The Great, the Immortal, Canning has done more to this than all his predecessors, what a blessing He is to Old England! Had he been in the place of Lord C. in the last War how different would have been the results, but all is for the best, though I am a Sub of near 22 years fag.

The War in this country is still going on and the Campaign

will shortly open. Sir Edward Paget goes home and Lord Combermere is coming out. We are all quiet in this quarter. Colonel Gardener is at Delhi, having returned from Arracan on sick leave. We expect him next month, when we shall hear of the War on the S. E. frontier. The Company need shipping for troops and stores, good steamboats, such as worked on the Mississippi, w'd be of great service. After we have done up the Golden Empire we shall come in contact with the Celestial, when we shall find them hot water for their Tea! Loodiana is 200 miles north of this, it is our frontier—Poor David A. son of E. lies there. John Currie is Brigade Major of Barrackpoor, 26 miles from Calcutta, which you may well call the “H. Q. of Luxury.” The Civil Servants of this Government are enormously paid, they receive 400 rupees a month from the first day they land as Writers, and no app’t is under 1000 and some 16 and 20. The Military are well paid, but nothing to boast of, except those who hold 2 or 3 Staff situations. After which you will be surprised when I tell you no Government is so plundered—“Money, honestly if you can, but Money” is the Maxim. This has been the driest season ever known, all the crops are burnt up. Indigo will be exceptionally dear this year.

22nd Sept. I this morning had the pleasure to receive your kind letter—no. 66. What has become of old *Nurse*, you have not mentioned her in either of your last. I sincerely feel for my friend James; is the Ricketts in this country, resident at Lucknow, any relation?—he married a Miss Fitzgerald, he is an intimate acquaintance of mine and fellow passenger. If I had got promoted, we intended returning via New York, what a surprise it would have been for you. My Wife’s mother was a Miss Carlisle of Madras, her father left a fortune which she

lost through the failure of Harrington and Co., her first husband was Lt. William Muelh—76th Reg., the “little band of heroes”—who was killed at the Battle of Laswari in 1803.

The troops are suffering dreadfully at Arracan, hardly a day passes but a death is announced. The King of Oude has presented the Co. with a Crore of rupees to carry on the War. Money is getting scarce, the Collector reported to the Gen’l no rupees, so we were not paid off. Nine additional native Regiments are on their march to join this division. One comes here, three to Delhi, three to Mutra, and three to Agra. Sir Charles Metcalf is appointed resident in place of Sir David, he has the reputation of being a clever man. He will frighten the Bhurtpoor Rajah, who will be forced to send a loan and we shall remain quiet for another year, but this is all conjecture.

I wish you would write on thin paper, postage is charged in this country by Weight, not as in England per sheet, and is carried on men’s backs the whole way. When you are tired chatting, make Rose fill up all parts with chit chat that young ladies are so clever with. I wish you would get my dear friend Sally De Hart to cut all your profiles for me.

26 Sept. There is a report of 20,000 Burmese advancing on Sir Archibald at Proome, they will catch a Scotch prize. Lord Amherst is appointed a Gen’l to command all India. Today when taking my morning ride I saw the Himalaya Mountains, tho’ they are 200 miles from this. A Mr. Moorcroft has been exploring them for years, all at the Comp’s expense. A Dr. Gerald has written several things on them. In one of his excursions he lost several of his men and the year following he revisited the place and found them all well preserved in the snow, and I dare say are now. We have a corps of the Moun-

taineers, formed as L. I. and they are excellent soldiers; they appear to be a mixture of Chinese and Tartars, the smallest and ugliest race of beings I have ever beheld, the tallest not over 5/6.

30 Sept. I have seen the Gazette of last April Augmentation, I am superseded by upwards of 50 Lts. who were at school years after I was in the Army. One word from Sir Harry and I now should have been a Capt. What a lucky rogue I am! Who would not sooner make their sons Shoe Blacks. I wish to God I had stuck to old Tom Carberry. Give my kindest love to all and believe me and mine to be your affectionate children now and ever. God bless and protect you all. Amen. H. B. A.

5 Oct. I have opened this to tell you we expect again to take the field against Bhurtpoor, M. Gen'l Reynall is to command, 20,000 Infantry, 8000 Cavalry. The place will not take us more than a fortnight, Alvah and Jeypoor will follow; in fact once we are out we shall make a general sweep of our dear allies.

Colonel William Armstrong to his daughter, Mrs. Salter.

Elizabeth, Saturday Evening, 10 July, 1826

My dear Margaret, With a trembling hand and a very heavy heart I sit down to inform you that by the Albion of this evening I have received the distressing account of the Death of my Beloved Henry, who was killed in the storming of Bhurtpoor in India on the 18th of Jan'y last. As he always was one of the best of Children he was justly very dear to me and though I fully anticipated what has taken place I severely

feel the stroke and shall do so while life remains. Tho' I thought it proper to give you this early intelligence, I cannot proceed very steady, my head aches almost to distraction. All my hopes of happiness are now centered on you and your Brothers and Sisters. Bless you and bless your dear Brothers. Your fond father, W. A.

Mr. Thomas Wells, an old family friend, wrote to Edward Armstrong at this time: "I turned to the 'Albion' of Saturday to read the account of the battle and saw your brother's name mentioned among the slain. He fell like a brave man in the faithful discharge of his duty and left no blot upon the escutcheon of his ancestry."

In the letter below, Mrs. William Armstrong expresses a desire that her son Edward should name his new baby William Henry, a combination she probably considered appropriate as honoring both her husband and his son Henry Bruen, of whose death in India they had just heard. Edward must have liked the idea too, for he gave the name to his next son.

Mrs. William Armstrong to her daughter, Mrs. Salter.

Elizabeth Town, July, 1826

Rose writes that the babe is improving every hour, it is to be called Charles Edward, a handsome name, but *I* should call it William Henry. Mrs. Bligh has just heard of the death of her son at the Alabama Country. Sally Macomb and Louisa De Hart were to set off in the Lady Clinton barge for Edward's this morning. Gen'l and Mrs. Scott, and Mrs. Mayo

and their four children are going to stay a week at the Branch. Miss Phoebe Ogden is so much taken up with the Clergy that I have not seen her but once since Rosa's departure. We dined at Mrs. Niemcewics' on Saturday, Mrs. Spencer and Dayton invited your father and me to spend a sociable evening with them and he seemed pleased with his visit. The dog and parrot is well and the garden just as you left it.

The Elliot and Foster families—intimate friends of the Salters—were connected by marriage for Mrs. George Elliot was Rebecca Foster, and they had long been in business together. The firm of Elliot and Foster were old-time merchants, owning their own ships, one of them called the *Rebecca* after Mrs. Elliot. Mrs. Salter named her only son Elliot after these friends, but there seems to have been some discussion about the name, for her frivolous brother Charles, sending his congratulations, suggested that the "pretty good-looking chap" should be named Nicodemus or Ichabod.

Clara Foster to her friend Mrs. Salter.

New York, December, 1828

These horrible parties—they take up so much time and are attended with so little profit, it certainly would be an admirable plan if some person of fashion and influence would petition Congress to have them abolished! Anne and myself are obliged to rack both imagination and invention to find out what we shall wear, a fantastical style of dress is more admired than any other at the present day. I am going to Mrs. Johnston's

this evening in a book muslin with three immense tucks at the bottom, very full sleeves and gathered all around the skirt, which of course is quite short. You will laugh at the idea of such a little body as I appearing in such an attire. Mrs. Hoyt has a large ball this evening and I presume a fashionable one. Edward LeRoy was married this week to Miss Morris, sister to the Mr. Morris who married Dr. Post's daughter. Do you recollect I was quite troubled about my hat the morning I called to see you. I wish you could have seen it—three feathers, a large bunch of feather flowers, and 3 immense french bows composed the trimming, and the front was certainly two inches larger than the present fashion. I think it was the most ridiculous piece of finery I ever saw, but I have culled the roses, feathers and part of the bows and it has now more the appearance of being made for a rational being. I must not forget to tell you that parts of the furbelow were of bright scarlet. I have become quite studious, Mr. McElroy has a Bible class every week at his house. I have not yet looked at my lesson for next week as Mrs. White has been assisting us to prepare for the party. To tell the truth, my dear friend, I think we are all too fond of dress and display in this city, I sometimes wish I lived in a smaller place where there are not so many temptations of the kind and less to divert the mind from more serious pursuits.

Miss Betsy Ramsay to her step-niece, Mrs. Salter.

Burlington, July, 1832

In these perilous times [cholera] my dear Margaret, it is delightful to hear of the welfare of those we love. I have

just heard that the cause of the family dying at Plainfield was owing to their eating of spoiled meat. At such a time they must have been real fools. I am concerned about our friends in New York, but they seem quite composed on the occasion, and that is what is recommended by all physicians. The Philadelphians are remaining snug in the city, thinking it safer to face the enemy in their houses than to trust themselves to country doctors. We have not had an idea of a wedding, and festivities seem done away with, even tea parties are no more. Mrs. Pico has some lodgers, the two Keans, Nancy and Julia, so I have society within a short space. How is Mrs. J. J. Chetwood? Mat seems as if he had got into the large House himself, talks of eating with silver forks as if he could not enjoy a dinner without them, and endeavors to persuade the folks here that in his own country he is somebody—I really have seen a change since that purchase was made!

You must be pleased to have Mrs. Baker near you, but what is the reason the Countess [Mrs. Niemcewics] does not go to the Castle? every one wonders why she does not invite the Count over to this country, she might induce the Prince his friend to come with him and with her immense property it would not be more than is expected of her. I have not heard if General Scott is returning. Poor Christina Macomb, her three sons are on the same expedition, we have not heard any particulars in regard to them. Mrs. Macomb is in New York; she was to go to the de Peysters' but hearing the cholera was there she returned to New York where she will make her quarters till she gets agreeable intelligence from home. Mr. Wickoff's house at Blockly was burned ten days ago, fortunately it took fire about 4 in the afternoon—just as they were napping, you

know they make quite a business of it. Adieu, my best wishes are always yours.

October, [1832?]

I am truly grieved at the loss you have sustained in the Death of our Dear Friend Miss Sally [De Hart] and feel very anxious in regard to Miss Jane. The town has been quite healthy this season, only two persons died of cholera, one was put ashore from the steamboat as being too ill to proceed, but even now we are liable to it; N. Y. still suffers from its effects. We were continually wishing you here, but as we did not know where it would stop we were afraid to press you. Mrs. [General Alexander] Macomb and her daughter Czarina were here this summer. Today the railroad is in operation, the fare three dollars, and the beautiful steam boat Robert Morris on the Delaware. If your husband goes out commanding the West India station, he may be spared the severity of this winter, and it is not so long a cruise as the other stations. I have just heard that Mrs. Ann Wilson is again married, the Gentleman became acquainted with her when she was in the Asylum. I did not hear the name of the person, but he was from one of the Islands, if it is so it will be a great relief to the Gov'r, as she was a great expense and he has a large family. We often hear from Patty Dinsmore, they are making sugar in a desolate spot. She goes to New Orleans for a short visit in the winter, her nearest neighbor 3 miles of bad roads; she says they are all prepared for the cholera, but with the prospects of being their own doctors.

Mrs. Looe Baker, mentioned above, was Mrs. Niemcewics's daughter-in-law, formerly Mrs. Peter Kean and the mother

of Mrs. Hamilton Fish. The Wickoffs and Dinsmores were descendants of the Coxes and Macombs; the latter family so often intermarried that their relationships are very confusing. Cholera, the "new scourge of mankind," appeared in New York, June 15, 1832. William Jay wrote to Cooper, the novelist: "The progress through the country of this most eccentric and inexplicable disease is governed by no apparent laws. It broke out first in Canada"; and Peter Jay wrote: "The courts did no business in July and August. The disease has carried off about three-thousand in New York. Ice, opium, camphor, injections into the veins, etc., have been tried but nothing seems to diminish the mortality. Our best physicians admit that it is a most unaccountable and fatal disease." Dunlap, the artist, complained: "I have a gallery of pictures open in Broadway and last week in 6 clear days received—not one cent. But we are getting accustomed to being killed and our streets are assuming their usual appearance of dollar hunting."

The substance of family news remains singularly unchanged with the passing of time. Substitute automobile accidents for yellow fever and cholera epidemics, the flights of airships for the launching of the "beautiful new steamboat Robert Morris," robes de style for "book muslin with three immense tucks," and only the stilted wording and the moral reflections of the last few letters in this chapter remind you that very nearly a hundred years have elapsed since they were written.

CHAPTER VIII

A New York Diary

1832-1837

*He walked abroad, o'ertaken by the rain,
Called on a friend, drank tea, stepped home again.*

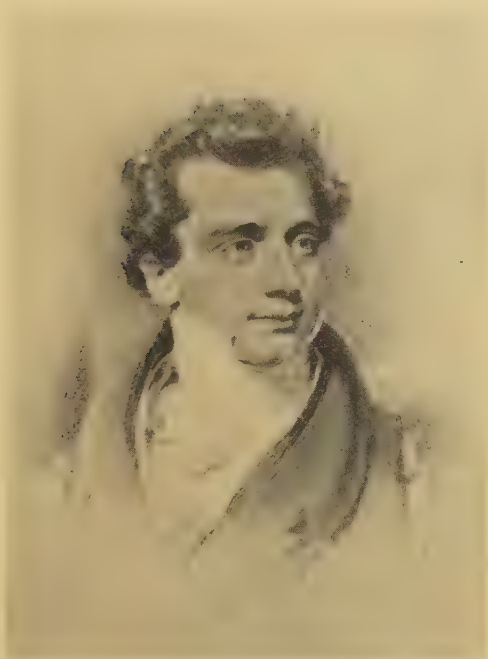
—COWPER

The diary in this chapter pictures New York as very unlike the quaint Dutch village of Colonel Fish's ancestors, the hectic war-worn town of the British occupation, or the gay capital where Margaret Marshall and Rendón, Gardoqui and the Van Berckels, had enjoyed themselves. To my mind, the years between 1830 and the first mutterings of the Civil War were New York's dullest and most commonplace. The city had settled down after the War of 1812, most noses were pressed to the grindstone, and everybody was making the best of hard times and cholera, trying to forget slavery and the South but pestered by abolitionists. Voyages across the Atlantic were too expensive and too uncomfortable to be lightly undertaken, and the lack of intercourse increased American distrust of European manners. A sample of this self-righteous feeling is William Jay's characterization of Paris: "There is, I presume, no city in which all the arts that minister to sensual gratification are carried to greater perfection; nor is there I suspect any city in which there is less real substantial happiness enjoyed. Vice and luxury lead to universal selfishness. I was

lately shocked to learn from official documents that of all who are actually born in Paris, one fourth are deserted by their parents, and of all who die, one tenth end their days in a hospital. What a frightful picture of vice and wretchedness do these facts exhibit! May our republican simplicity and religious habits never be exchanged for the magnificent heartlessness and wretchedness of France."

Of course nobody in America who could afford it objected to buying French jewelry, silks, and other luxuries, but all such things had to be imported and many people went without. Wine, however, was not considered a luxury. A traveler of 1788 had discovered that they drank excellent champagne in New York and Boston, and burgundy in Philadelphia; and in 1832, Peter Jay wrote to Cooper in Paris: "At least five bottles of french wine are now drank where one was before you left us. At dinner parties, porter and cider are no longer seen. The table drink is claret and water. Tho' the pre-eminence is still awarded to Madeira, its consumption is greatly diminished, being superseded, in part, by Chateau Margeaux, Sauterne and Hermitage. Rhenish and Moselle wines are coming in but slowly. Much champagne is used. As it is the only wine which disagrees with me, I suspect that we receive little which is not mixed, for I do not believe that pure wine, drunk in moderate quantity, will make the head ache or the stomach sick." And the food was good—far better fish, oysters, vegetables, and fruit than we have today, especially delicious peaches and melons. Dutch households still made caudle for christenings, and New Year cake, olykoeks, and crullers.

Dinner parties were the usual form of entertainment; there were a few concerts, a few balls, but "round dances" were not



JOHN NEILSON, JR.
From a miniature

permitted by particular mothers. As for the theater, very few evangelical families ever darkened the doors of a playhouse. Religion was mostly evangelical—this diary always notes the text of Sunday's two sermons. Morality, judging from the writers of the time, doesn't seem to have been anything to boast about, but modesty was at a high premium. Mrs. James Fenimore Cooper wrote to her father in 1829: "I am astonished and shocked at the want of delicacy of those young ladies who appeared in breeches at Mrs. Schermerhorn's fancy ball. I could not have conceived that She had among her acquaintances people of such vulgar ideas. That any young woman should so far forget what is due, not only to decency but to good breeding, is inconceivable." And Cooper capped this twenty years later: "There are two smoking fairies staying at the Globe. They smoke large strong cigars and drink brandy and water. I have not seen them but hear it from all around. When the proprietor sent word they must not shut their dog up in a room that did not belong to them, 'Tell Mr. Culver to go to Hell!' was the reply of the fairy of 16. They are in no society. I question if their relations visit them."

Taste had notably declined all over America—and in England, too, for that matter. Colonial mahogany and empire marble mantelpieces were ripped out and black walnut and green rep came in. New York "realtors" insisted that broad Georgian houses of red brick trimmed with white were not suited to modern conditions, and rows of narrow uniform brownstone high-stooped dwellings soon made the streets uniformly dreary. Art was at a low ebb; Ingham and Weir were poor substitutes for Gilbert Stuart and Copley. Irving and

N. P. Willis represented New York's literature. Only the art of preaching held its own.

In a less philistine time and place, John Neilson Jr. would have gone in seriously for art or literature. When he returned from France—an earlier chapter mentions his visit to his father's old friend, General La Fayette, at La Grange—he practiced medicine for a little while with his father, Dr. John Neilson. But he didn't like it, and soon after his marriage to Colonel Fish's daughter Margaret he gave up medicine for business. I don't think that a business life appealed to him much more than it had to Colonel Armstrong, but it was not soldiering that young John Neilson pined for. His bent was for art. He painted well in oils, his pencil sketches were delicately accurate, he wrote stories and poetry, and made French translations for the *Talisman Magazine*. His intimate friends, in addition to his brothers-in-law, Hamilton Fish, Daniel LeRoy, and Richard Morris, were the poets Bryant and Sands, and all the painters—good, mediocre, and bad—of the day, such as Inman, Weir & Ingham, and the various members of the Sketch Club, sometimes called the XXI, founded in 1827. The members met at each other's houses, and wrote stories and poems, or made sketches, on a subject decided upon at the time. The last meeting was at Bryant's in 1869. The XXI was in some ways a successor to an older club, the Lunch, and was the forerunner of the present Century Club of New York which was organized at a meeting of the XXI in 1847.

John Neilson Jr. was remembered by his older children as a delightful father, but the youngest—Helen, my mother—was too young to remember him when he died. In his diary he often speaks of taking the children on some excursion. Many

of the entries in his diary—it was the fashion to keep a diary—merely record the weather, or some such dull detail; but he also jots down a great many events of importance, as well as small doings of interest to New Yorkers whose roots in the city go back to that day.

Neilson Diary, 1832.

February. I have just finished a letter to my good friend Inman, who is at present settled in Philadelphia in the full tide of successful experiment. He ranks among the foremost in his profession as portrait painter, and I think would attain eminence in any branch of his art were he to devote himself to it. It is a pleasant thing to see a picture starting into life under his hands, without the least effort on his part—he laughing and joking, and talking on different subjects, and throwing on the colors with as little apparent pains as a hodman. This freedom of style is characteristic of a master, and is very different from the laborious work of Ingham, however beautiful the execution of the latter may be. Wall, the landscape painter, has this freedom of manner to a very eminent degree. . . . The warm sunshine has brought out the beaux and belles in profusion and Broadway literally swarms with beauty and fashion. I dined today at Delmonico's in William Street, in company with F. DePeyster, F. Prime and Daniel LeRoy. March. Dined at my father-in-law's, Col. Fish, in Stuyvesant St. In the evening received an awkward visit from an Italian Doctor and patriot, who having seen trouble in his own country went to Poland to see more fun, but having got his belly-full of fighting has come over to America to get a little quiet. Dr. Binaghi brought a letter of introduction badly written in English with

the signature of Gen. Lafayette, and a certificate from Dr. Howe. As he was unable to speak English, and I am extremely rusty in my François, and my wife and Mrs. LeRoy could not, or would not, say a word, we got along rather badly. I think I must fall upon some plan to improve myself a little in my French parley. . . . Dined at Tontine Coffee-house for 2/. Began to read the Life of Empress Josephine. Poor Josephine—what a strange eventful history. . . . Bought a canary bird for Mrs. LeRoy. . . . Went to Ingham's with the Italian Doctor, where we passed a very pleasant evening. . . . St. Patrick's day, dull enough, with an easterly storm of rain. Great damage done at Albany by the breaking up of the river. Mohawk stock 132, a little depreciated on account of the damage done to the railroad by the freshet. Had a little conversation this morning with A. J. Bleecker, in which the qualities of our chargé d'affaires, the illustrious Dixon, were fully discussed. To the strong suspicion of roguery, is added the certainty of habits of inebriety and convincing proof of utter want of veracity. We must cashier him, that's pos. Take thy face hence, Dixon! . . . Thermometer down to 11. Gerard Stuyvesant auction, with a strong gale from the N. West and flurries of snow. . . . Charlemagne arrived, bringing news of cholera in London. April 7th. Little Nicholas Fish Neilson born. . . . Took a walk with Ward and Eastburn over to Hoboken, Ward has just lost his election as Alderman in the 15th ward. I understand R. L. Morris has bought one of the houses in Eighth Street from P. Stuyvesant, for \$12,250. June. News of disturbance in England on account of the rejection of the Reform Bill, and dissolution of the Cabinet. . . . Went on

board the U. S. Frigate United States lying in the north river, with Hamilton Fish to see Stuyvesant [Fish] who is Captain's Clerk to Captain Nicholson. Stuyvesant did not seem in very good spirits. . . . Received visit from Uncle James Neilson of New Brunswick, and went with him on board N. America, Captain Macy. News of cholera in Quebec. July. At Fish-kill during prevalence of cholera.

The previous chapter ended with the appearance of cholera in 1832. As it had come to the United States from Canada, Doctor Rhineland and Doctor deKay were sent to Quebec to examine and report on the new disease, and as one recommended brandy and water and the other port wine, these drinks were called by the doctors' names for some time. Five hospitals were established in New York, one of them in the Hall of Records, and the disease raged all summer. The Board of Health being obliged to visit the Quarantine on Staten Island, all but one of them died within a fortnight.

*P. Stuyvesant Fish to his sister, Mrs. John Neilson,
Stuyvesant Street, New York.*

Gibraltar Bay, August, 1832

Judge, my dearest sister, of my feelings and anxiety when upon our arrival this morning we were informed that Cholera was raging in New York and that upwards of a hundred were dying daily, and to add to our uneasiness we are not permitted to have any intercourse with the shore so as to obtain authentic accounts. The Governor has refused us *pratique*, and we will

not be able to have any communication with any port in the Mediterranean before 2, perhaps 3, months.

We left Madeira on July 29th and arrived at Lisbon the following Friday. On Friday morning we saw the fleet of Don Pedro off the Tagus—we had expected some interruption on entering but found none—and as we passed his squadron we perceived that of Don Miguel bearing down the Tagus in order to attack him. The former, however, drew out to sea and prevented us from seeing the fight, although the chase was a novel scene. It is supposed that the retreat of Don Pedro's commodore was only to decoy the other squadron to sea, so as to cut off all communication from land; when we sailed no news had as yet arrived as to the fate of either.

I must own that I was pleased with Lisbon beyond all expectation and saw some of the most splendid sights that ever will fall to my lot. The treatment we received from the inhabitants was the most polite and courteous that you can imagine, though the officers of the English and French vessels lying there scarce go ashore on account of the insults thrown at them. This is because we are the only friends Don Miguel has in the world and therefore his supporters make the most of us. Don Miguel is a very gentlemanly man in his manners, he visited our ship and went completely through it. I visited his palaces, he has two; the new one, not completely finished, is about half as large again as the City Hall and most splendidly lined throughout with paintings; time does not permit me to write of the splendor of all contained in his palaces, his gardens are unsurpassed.

Give my love and kisses to your little ones and to Gussie Le Roy, but particularly to Mary my little pet. I pray that I may

see dear Father and Mother in less than 3 years. Beg them all to write often, their letters will be received perhaps but twice a year, but it will afford me great pleasure to read a pile mountains high. Do send word soon that you are all well, or I know not what will become of me. I feel in low spirits. Let me once more ask Father to get me my Mid's warrant as soon as possible, as I should like that situation much better. Give my love to all our dear, dear family and believe me ever your devoted Brother, P. S. F.

The fleets which young Stuyvesant Fish watched from the mouth of the Tagus were the forces of Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, and his younger brother Miguel, Regent of Portugal. Miguel had made so much trouble for Pedro, when the latter rightfully inherited the throne of Portugal, that Pedro abdicated in favor of his little daughter Maria da Gloria, a child of seven, with the understanding that she would marry her uncle Miguel as soon as she was old enough; and Miguel was made regent. Pedro returned to Brazil which he liked better than Portugal. But Miguel was not satisfied with even this liberal arrangement. Little Maria da Gloria went to live in France to be educated, Dom Pedro returned to defend his daughter's rights, and a long savage civil war began, in her name, in Portugal. Not long after the date of Stuyvesant Fish's letter, the Miguelite fleet was defeated by Captain Sartorius, the English commander of the little Queen's fleet, and a few more victories for her brought the struggle to a close. In the end, she married a son of Eugene Beauharnais. It was of course for some political reason that the United States was supporting Dom Miguel, as the letter implies; he was a usurper

and his "reign of terror," when forty thousand persons were in prison for political offences, indicates that it was only in manner that he was "gentlemanly."

Neilson Diary, 1832.

October. Rambled over the heights behind Hoboken, on return met Howard Payne ["Home Sweet Home" was first sung at the Park Theatre, New York, 1823.] at Bryant's, whom we elected a member of the Sketch Club. Received letters today for the first time from Stuyvesant dated Madeira. November. Yesterday the elections commenced. Bad news from Philadelphia, Jackson it is said will get a majority of 30,000 votes. Father and Kate have gone to Brunswick on horseback. Heard of the death of Spursheim, and of Sir Walter Scott; "Sic transit." Sketch Club at Stuyvesant St., discussed the long talked of plan of getting up a book. Heard of the death of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, the last of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, in the 96th year of his age—the last! the last! the last! . . . Kate and Father returned from their equestrian expedition to New Brunswick. Little Augusta LeRoy's Birthday, 3 years old, has had a party of little folks who have just been passing a merry evening. Accounts of the cholera raging with great violence at New Orleans, and of a violent gale on English coast, St. Wm. Neilson lost and all on board perished. Little James Morris baptized by Rev. William Creighton. Dined with Ward at Niblo's, William St. [The "Bank Coffee House"; Niblo's *Garden*, called "Sans Souci," was a real garden with walks, flowers, and trees, at the corner of Broadway and Prince Street, and considered rather remote from town.] Smoked Segar with Ward.

[“No man who was known to smoke a cigar in the streets, or in his office in business hours, could have procured a discount at any bank in the city.”] Hamilton Fish had been last evening at Howard Payne’s benefit. December. Saw Aunts, talked about Miss H. Douglass, who has recently returned from Europe, and gave a dinner and jacket apiece to ship’s crew. Poor Sands died last evening of an apoplectic fit. . . . Poor Sands buried this afternoon, very large and respectable funeral. . . . Dined with Mr. Eastburn at Ward’s, passed evening in a melancholy moralizing manner, talking over old times.

Manton Eastburn, afterwards Bishop of Massachusetts, was an intimate friend of the Neilsons’. The letter below is a link between this time and an earlier date, for Julia Kean, afterwards Mrs. Hamilton Fish, was a granddaughter of Mrs. Niemcewicz, the “Sister Sue” of Gouverneur Morris’s verses. As I said before, Julia’s mother, Mrs. Peter Kean, married Looe Baker *en secondes noces*. Luckily for the young lady, her family had no objection to dancing, and her letter is as pleasantly frivolous as if it had been written by an Abigail De Hart or Betsey Ramsay, of a less inhibited time.

*Julia Kean to her mother, Mrs. Looe Baker,
Bond Street, New York.*

Philadelphia, December, 1832

I wrote to Mary I expected to go to Miss Willing’s ball, so yesterday morning Mrs. Biddle wrote a note to Emily Chapman to consult her about my dress and to request her to take

charge of me. She gave the advice that pink crape was not pretty except over a satin of the same shade and as she has both taste and experience in these matters we went to Pratt's, got a pink satin, took it to the mantua-maker and it is now here and fits me very well. I got also a pink flower for my hair, \$3.50 and not very pretty, everything here is immensely dear and I gave \$1 a yard for my satin underdress. We then engaged Fouladon the hair dresser at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 2 as he is engaged every hour after that till ten so that I expect him every minute and just scribble a few words to beg you to send on my book-muslin with a new skirt—the waist and sleeves will do very nicely and I want you to get a new skirt and send the dress on by mail; take it to the Stage Office in Courtland St., pay 50 cts and tell them to bring it up to Mr. T. Biddle's, Chestnut St. as soon as it arrives here as I want to wear it to Mrs. Waln's on Tuesday. I wish too you would get me some long kid gloves and some open-work silk stockings, also some very pretty blue and silver flowers. I am going to get my name engraved on a card as I find it absolutely necessary.

Wednesday evening—My hair was dressed and very prettily at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 2 yesterday and after tea Mrs. Williams arrayed me in my pink crape over pink satin, my emeralds etc. and I went about 9 to Emily Chapman's who went with me to the party. We of course carried a great many beaux in our train and I had plenty of partners. I have never seen so great a display of beauty, the room was crowded with beautiful girls and just enough men to fill up the corners and to screen us from the heat of the fire. The rooms are splendid and very elegantly furnished, brilliant with mirrors and very well lighted. Among the lions of the evening were Mr. and Miss Kemble, everyone



FANNY KEMBLE

From a portrait in water color by
Thomas Sully

crowded in the room where they were and everyone expressed their disappointment when instead of the graceful and elegant female they had seen on the stage they beheld a dark complexioned, unhappy, diminutive little person, who looked as if she had been studying for some time the character of a witch. Mr. Kemble is a finer looking man in a room, I think, than on the stage; his daughter dances well but in rather an affected style. The Miss Willings were very polite and attentive to me and I spent a most delightful evening. Everyone is so hospitable and attentive to strangers here, that I feel quite at my ease and as if I had known all the young ladies for years. This morning I paid off some of my visits and then went to Cousin Phil's to dinner. I have just returned from there and am now going to a little sociable sewing party at Mrs. Graham's.

What terrible accounts we have from Carolina. Will Mrs. Scott remain in New York during the General's absence? You may readily suppose by the account I have given you of my expenditures that my purse is empty and that I wish you would send me some money as soon as possible. Julia is waiting and I must bid you adieu; do write me soon as I am anxious to hear from you all. Your affectionate daughter in great haste, Julia.

Charles Kemble, the English actor, had come to America with his daughter Fanny, and appeared in New York as Hamlet a few weeks before the ball described by Julia Kean. Fanny Kemble married Pierce Butler. Society's shocked surprise at this event is mentioned in a later letter from Julia. The Butlers didn't get on, and were divorced. Fanny resumed her maiden name, gave recitations and readings which were a tre-

mendous success, lived for a while in Lenox, Massachusetts, and died in London. The "terrible accounts from Carolina" referred to the recent threat of South Carolina that she would "no longer regard herself as a member of the Union," if the Federal Government attempted to enforce the new tariff bill. President Jackson replied: "Disunion by armed force is treason."

Neilson Diary, 1833.

January. New Year's day, paid no visits. 4th, Jonathan Ogden buried this afternoon. . . . Went to New Brunswick via Amboy; Grandpapa much better, excitement about the Rahway murder. [Mr. Randolph of Rahway started for New York alone on horseback, with \$1400 in his pocket; his saddle was found covered with blood, and his body was supposed to have been hidden in some pond.] Subject of Sketch Club, Boyaca, some very pretty sketches made. . . . Talked over old times, and ate some very fine stewed oysters with Bro. Manton. Met Miss Sands [the only woman member of the "Sketch Club"] in Broadway; stopped at Cummings, the miniature painter, to see how he has got on with my Wife's picture, which had been commenced three or four years ago by Inman, and which I had recently put into Cummings's hands to finish. At dinner had the pleasure of drinking to the good health of Miss Angelica Schuyler, it being her birthday. In the evening Rutzen Van Rensselaer came out to tea. By a late arrival, we learn that the Citadel of Antwerp still holds out. Mrs. Chanler and Miss Winthrop came in after tea. . . . Received news of the fall of the Citadel of Antwerp [taken by the French]. February.

Dirk Ten Broeck died at New Castle, W. Chester. . . . Richard is in treaty with R. Winthrop and Uncle Peter Stuyvesant about S. Ten Broeck's house in Stuyvesant St. Nearing Trinity Churchyard today I was attracted by a number of people gazing at a painted board, with the old inscription which is cut upon Shakspeare's tomb—"Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear," etc. The Corporation have recently determined to run Pine St. through the Churchyard, which has raised public feeling and caused a good deal of excitement. . . . Stopped at Rushton's and purchased two China Cologne bottles, passed half an hour at Gymnasium. 11th. M's birthday. Got from Cummings M's miniature, which he has just finished in a very beautiful manner, the face was painted by Inman 3 or 4 years ago. Richard Morris showed us a miniature of his sister Charlotte, by Miss Thibault. Fine day, Broadway alive with sleighs. Rode out to dinner in Tom Thumb. [All the stages had names.] Heard this morning of the death of Grandpapa Neilson [Colonel Neilson] who died on Sunday evening, 3rd inst. at New Brunswick, wanting a few days of completing his 88th year. Father, Charles, Catherine, Amelia Neilson and myself went up in sleigh to New Brunswick. 6th. Grandpapa buried on the afternoon of this day, very long and respectable funeral. Returned to city via Camden railroad and steamboat. . . . Stopped at Oliver's ["observing, loquacious and caustic in his remarks, and frequently quoted"] to have my hair cut, and took a Vapor Bath. March 10th. Martha, the wife of my brother Edward, departed this life in the twenty-third year of her age. May the many examples of mortality around us induce us who remain seriously to consider and prepare for our own departure from this short and painful state of being! 11th. Nicholas

William Stuyvesant died this morning after a lingering illness, in the 53rd year of his age. Received from Uncle James Neilson, Washington's letters. [These valuable letters were borrowed later by a friend in Albany to lend to Sparks for his *Life of Washington*; repeated efforts were made to get them back, but they were never returned. These are undoubtedly the "Neilson letters" now in the Harvard Library, among Sparks's papers.] May 24th. Heard of the death of John Randolph of Roanoke. 29th. Mr. Durand ascended in a Balloon from Castle Garden and alighted in Westchester. News from England of the prevalence of Influenza to a very great extent.

Mrs. John Neilson to her brother Stuyvesant Fish.

New York, May, 1833

Ham will have detailed all the engagements that have taken place, and those that have been consummated. Eliza Rogers was married this morning to Wm. Van Rensselaer; Henry, I believe you know, is engaged to Miss King. I told Charlotte Morris I had mentioned in a letter to you that report had given her to Philip Van R.—she at the time scarcely knew him—and she desired Mr. Stuyvesant Fish might be informed that she was entirely disengaged! Robert and William Morris have secured to themselves the two Hannahs—at least Robert's with H. Edgar is avowed, and the other in a fair way of being so. Maria Lawrence has found a husband at last—Peter Brinckerhoff. David S. Jones, who you left a recent though not a mournful widower, is to be married the first of next month to Miss Clinton. Phil is attentive at Mrs. Baker's. Old Mrs.

Niemcewics is very ill. I suppose Phil Kearny will write you, they say he is shortly to be married to Miss Cheeseborough, and that Robert will be to Miss Mildebergh.

Neilson Diary, 1833.

June. Robert and William Morris, Hobart and R. Van Rensselaer, drank tea with us, Avery Trial the subject of conversation. [The Rev. E. K. Avery, of Rhode Island, was acquitted of the murder of Miss Cornell, as it was believed that she had committed suicide in such a manner as to fix the crime on the parson who had had her dismissed from the Methodist Church.] 20th. This morning at about 3 o'clock departed this life in the confident hope of a better, my most excellent father-in-law, Col. Nicholas Fish, in the 75th year of his age. In the afternoon of the same day, died my Uncle Garret Noel Bleecker, in the 65th year of his age. Cholera raging in New Orleans and Kentucky.

A touching letter from Mrs. John Neilson to her brother Stuyvesant—whose homesick letter a few pages back shows anxiety about his family—tells of the death of their father, Colonel Nicholas Fish: "You know how he was beloved, what sweet winning manners he had, and how calculated to make friends in whatever society he chanced to fall," and ends: "Little Mary is as devoted to you as ever, she says she will remember her Grandpapa, and tell Uncle Stuyve when he comes home, how sweet Grandpapa looked and how cold his dear forehead tasted when she kissed it last. She can't get over his being 'left all alone in that cold room.' You can picture her

now in her little black dress, busily employed in penning an epistle to you."

Neilson Diary, 1833-1834.

August. Returned to New York with family on account of sickness of little Nick, who had taken the Intermittent at Amboy. Walked over to Hoboken to look at Sands's monument, lately erected by Ward, Eastburn and myself. September. Dined with Bryant at Hoboken, met Messrs. Verplanck, Bliss, Wetmore, DeBache, Carville and Mr. Bowie, which latter gentleman had acquired some celebrity in a fight which he and ten others had with a large party of Indians in South America. Looked at block between 2nd and 3rd Avenues, and 13th and 12th Streets, 40 lots, property of P. G. Stuyvesant; may be had for \$80,000. Purchased with LeRoy 3 lots on 22nd St. 100 feet from 2nd Avenue, for \$700 each.

1834. March. Met by Verplanck, whom Ward and I promised to support for Mayor. [The first election for mayor by popular vote; Cornelius Lawrence, Democrat, versus Gulian Verplanck, Whig. Wall Street was crowded from morning to night, and the returns were proclaimed from the steps of the Merchants' Exchange. The Democratic majority was 203.] Bowery John set out trees today before our House. [Bowery John was a slave who married Betsy, a slave in the Pearsall family.] April. Rev. J. M. Rogers asserted "that as sure as we were living, M. Van Buren would be our next President and Gov. Wolf, Vice President." Quod erat demonstrandum. June 17th. Moved into our new habitation in Stuyvesant Street. 26th. Funeral procession [from City Hall Park to Castle

Garden] in memory of General La Fayette, who died May 20th.

*Julia Kean to her uncle, John Cox Morris Esq're,
Care of Messrs. Willis and Co., Coleman St.,
London. For Samson.*

Ballston Spa, August, 1833

I cannot express to you my joy at hearing of your safe arrival at Liverpool or my gratitude for your most interesting letter. I spent six weeks at Saratoga very pleasantly with Mrs. Robinson, saw everybody there, and then came over to spend a fortnight with Mother, Father, Mary and the children. There is scarcely anyone here and those that have been so unfortunate as to come are dying of ennui; but I am not often troubled with that fashionable disease and am spending my time very pleasantly. With plenty of books and cool weather, I cannot conceive how persons can complain of time hanging heavily. We are to go to Cooperstown Friday and thence to Grandpa's until the first of September.

The whole world is talking of the engagement of Miss Fanny Kemble to Pierce Butler of Philadelphia, I believe there is little doubt of its existence and we shall probably see this celebrated actress placed in one of the most elegant establishments in our country and leading that circle which now scarce deigns to notice her. It is certainly much to be regretted that we should fall into such bad European customs. Miss Douglass's marriage was also matter of surprise to the fashionable world; she and Mr. Cruger are living in great retirement near New York and have not made a dash at all since their

union. Were you not surprised to hear of Col. Burr's marriage [to Madame Jumel]? How many strange things you must see in the American papers. I often think of you and wish I were with you, but I dare say you don't wish any such thing. Do dear Uncle write to me often. Give my kindest love to Mr. Niemcewics, and accept dearest Uncle, heaps of it yourself.

Neilson Diary, 1836-1837.

Jan. 8th, Anniversary of the Battle of New Orleans. My office at present is with Rutzen Van Rensselaer, No. 21 Wall St.; my office in Exchange Place having been destroyed in the great fire of the 16th ult. Board of brokers meet at present at Howard's Hotel, Broad St. . . . The Board today voted \$1000 for relief of sufferers by the late fire and \$250 to the Fire Department. [The "Great Fire" of Dec. 16th, 1835, burned over fifty acres and the loss was fifteen millions; it raged for two nights, as the thermometer was below zero and the water froze in the hose. Firemen from Philadelphia came to the relief of the exhausted New York men, and as the railway was not completed, they were obliged to drag their engines across a gap of six miles of sand hills. It was in this fire that the statue of Alexander Hamilton in the rotunda of the Merchants' Exchange was destroyed. The insurance companies were nearly all made bankrupt.] . . . We are on the *qui vive* as regards the prospect of War with France. Mr. Barton [Secretary of Legation under Livingston] returned from France yesterday, great excitement on the subject and great contrariety of opinions. My own opinion is, and ever has been, that matters will not be carried to extremities. Received from France the unpleasant tidings of increased illness of Mrs. Newbold who

left here a few months since for her health. 29th. Weather very cold. ["Two gentlemen crossed the Sound on the ice, from the Island to Rye, a distance of fifteen miles."] Excitement in Wall St. and rise in stocks, in consequence of arrival at Norfolk of vessel supposed to bring proffer of mediation on the part of England between Gen. Jackson and Louis Philippe. July. Went to New Brunswick with little Nicholas, and stayed in the old mansion, at present occupied by Uncle Schuyler. In the evening we had quite a tea party; Mr. John Brown of Philadelphia, whose son Alexander is engaged to Catherine daughter of Schuyler, Misses Benedict, Crosby, etc. and several Messrs. Taylor, Frelinghuysen, etc. Had ice cream and gooseberries and on the whole it was a very nice little party. Rumor of Plague in London. M. is busy making preparations for little Lillie's departure for Ballston Springs tomorrow, with Elizabeth Morris to meet her grandmother. Went on board ship Propontis with my brother Edward, who is sailing in her for the East Indies in a day or two. Hamilton came in, he had been out to Morrisania with John Hod, to look for a place for the horses, the old stable having been pulled down. . . . Brother Edward and Staats sailed today for the East Indies, went on board ship with them with the intention of going down to the Hook, but concluded to come on shore again. I met my sisters on the Battery and walked up with them; we saw the gallant ship go down the bay, and took a last look as she ploughed her way through the waters and at last disappeared from our view. Our little Nicholas went up to Ballston this morning under charge of his uncle Ham and nurse Jane. August. Great sensation in Wall Street this morning in consequence of forgeries to a very large extent, committed by a Mr. R— of Buffalo.

Messrs. Maxwell and Powell, Philadelphia brokers who have been cutting a considerable swell here, have left.

1837. March 20th. Catherine Amelia, daughter of my Uncle Schuyler Neilson, was married to Mr. Brown; the wedding took place in New Brunswick and was celebrated in great style. April 8th. Several more failures today, distress among merchants, and pressure for money very great. 13th. Semi-centennial of Columbia College celebrated today in St. John's Chapel, oration by Mr. Eastburn, poem by Mr. Betts, with other appropriate exercises. In the evening the College Chapel and Library were illuminated and the President held his levee, which was attended by throngs of the beauty and fashion of the city.

In the panic of 1837 all the twenty-three New York banks suspended payment. Placards were displayed in conspicuous places—"Bread! Meat! Fuel! must go down!"—and riots followed. Times had been bad for some years. The dulllest day on record of the New York Stock Exchange was March 16, 1830, when only thirty-one shares of stock were sold—and on March 26th, 1929, over eight million shares changed hands!

John Neilson had graduated from Columbia in 1820. King's College—to use the pre-revolutionary name—was founded "to instruct and perfect the Youth in the Learned Languages, and in the Arts of reasoning exactly, of writing correctly and speaking eloquently; and in the Arts of numbering and measuring, of Husbandry, Commerce and Government, and in the knowledge of all Nature in the Heavens above us, and in the Air, Water and Earth around us, and the various kinds of Meteors, Stones, Plants and Animals, and of everything useful for the Comfort, Convenience and Elegance of life." In John

ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT
OF
COLUMBIA COLLEGE.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 1st, 1820.

The Procession will move from the College Green in the morning, precisely at nine o'clock, and pass through Park-Place, along Broadway to Trinity Church, in the following

ORDER.

The Janitor of the College,
Students of Arts,
Candidates for the degree of Bachelor of Arts,
Former Graduates,
Students of Physic,
Principals of Academies,
Instructors of Youth,
Band of Musicians,
Faculty of Arts,
The President,
Trustees of the College,

Professors of the College of Physicians and Surgeons,
Corporation of the City,
Members of the Legislature from the City and County of New-York,
Judges of the Supreme Court,
Clergy,
Strangers of Distinction,
Regents of the University,
Members of Congress,
Governor and Lieutenant-Governor of the State.

When the Procession shall arrive at the Church, the Business of the Day will be opened with Prayer by the President, after which the young Gentlemen of the Senior Class will deliver their Orations in the following

ORDER.

1. A Salutatory Address, in Latin, with an Oration de Julii Caesaris vita et nece, by William Mitchell.

MUSIC.

2. An Oration on the Contemplation of Ruins, by Roosevelt Johnson.

3. An Oration on the Lustre which Talents derive from Purity of Manners, by Archibald G. Rogers.

MUSIC.

4. An Oration on the Opinion of the British Travellers and Writers with respect to the United States, by Cornelius R. Dissosway.

5. A Discussion of the Question "Is Literary Fame superior to Military Glory?" Joseph H. Coit, affirm. John Mitchell, opp.

MUSIC.

6. An Oration on Independence of Character, by Rutsen Suckley.

7. An Oration on the Pleasures and Pains of Memory, by John B. Bleeker.

MUSIC.

8. An Oration on the Causes and comparative Merits of the American and French Revolutions, by James Johnstone.

9. An Oration on Funeral and Sepulchral Honours, by Philip E. Milledoler.

MUSIC.

10. An Oration on Legendary and Traditional Superstitions, by William Betts.

11. An Oration on the Feelings excited by Scottish History, by John R. Townsend.

MUSIC.

12. The testimonials adjudged at the late concluding examination will then be announced.
13. The degree of Bachelor of Arts will then be conferred on the following young Gentlemen, viz.

William Mitchell,	Philip E. Milledoler,
John R. Townsend,	Cornelius R. Dissosway
John B. Bleeker,	James Johnstone,
Roosevelt Johnson,	Archibald G. Rogers,
Joseph H. Coit,	Henry Laurence,
John Mitchell,	Rutsen Suckley.
William Betts,	

14. The degree of Master of Arts will then be conferred on Charles Rapelye, John D. Campbell, Thomas M. Strong, Maurice W. Dwight, Leonard W. Kip, William Lowerre, Richard Ray, Manton Eastburn, John Neilson, Edward Rogers, Isaac Fisher, John Grigg, Benjamin Iserwood, M. D. Also a degree of A. M. honoris causa, on William Forrest.

15. The Valedictory Address, with an Oration on departed Greatness, by Henry Laurence.

16. The exercises of the day concluded with Prayer by the President.

N. B. The audience are requested to abstain from every thing which does not comport with the solemnity which ought to be observed on such occasions.

Persons going out of the Church will avail themselves of the intervals between the exercises.

Printed by T. & J. Swords, No. 160 Pearl-street.

COMMENCEMENT AT COLUMBIA COLLEGE, 1820

From the original programme

Neilson's time the College occupied a plot of ground bounded by Church Street, Murray Street and College Place, the "centre of the most fashionable part of the city." The building was long and low, built of brick covered with yellowish stucco and trimmed with brown stone, topped by a belfry; the general effect was a good deal like "Old Nassau" at Princeton. Inside, there was a fine staircase, and the chapel possessed "a strange hanging gallery." In 1857 the college moved to Madison Avenue and Fiftieth Street, "a commanding eminence affording an extensive and pleasant view, undesirable only because of the distance up town." In 1896 the present buildings were dedicated on the site of the "Buckwheat Field on Top of a high Hill," where, in the battle of Harlem, the British received reinforcements and "a brisk action ensued." What would William Armstrong have thought—as he went fighting up and down the steep slopes of Morningside—if, on that long ago September morning, he could have seen the vast buildings of Columbia rising above the red-stemmed buckwheat? And John Neilson, in his time, would have been almost equally astonished by a vision of his alma mater that was to be; he would have found the change considerable, if not altogether for the best as regards "writing correctly and speaking elegantly."

Neilson Diary, 1837.

April 17th. The Whigs have recently attained a great victory over the Tammany party in the election, Clark as Mayor, and a large majority of the Board of Aldermen. Met Murray Hoffman at Mr. Eastburn's, who is to be married tomorrow and had come to ask Mr. Eastburn to perform the ceremony. The Winthrops have recently removed to Second Avenue. The

number of failures since the first of March exceeds one hundred and sixty. Board of Brokers adjourned today without transacting business in consequence of the death of W. D. Robinson. Played chess at P. G. Stuyvesant's with young Greek, Anastaki. Day of great depression and gloom in Wall St. Visited National Academy of Design. May 4th, Mr. Fleming, late President of Mechanics' Bank, died suddenly, great excitement in Wall Street and run upon the Bank. Went to see a locomotive engine propelled by means of electro-magnetism. . . . Great commotion in Wall Street, on account of the stoppage of the Dry Dock Bank. The house of J. Ward and Co. stopped today. I took a walk with Bryant and Dr. Bliss to Flatbush and had a picnic dinner in the woods, of bologna sausage and crackers. . . . Great run upon the banks for specie. Aaron Clark, the new Mayor, sworn into office. . . . Banks stopped specie payment, great crowds in Wall Street, but no disturbances. June. I took a long walk from Jersey City to the Elysian Fields. [From the Hoboken ferry a wide shaded walk led to the Elysian Fields, a part of the Stevens estate at Castle Point, where the Stevens had built a sort of casino. To celebrate the opening, "a large party of eminent citizens were conveyed to the spot in the ferryboat Newark, and a banquet was given in the open air on the lawn."] Attended funeral of Dr. Muhlenburg [the philanthropist whose efforts founded St. Luke's Hospital] as pall-bearer. Brother Edward and Staats returned from Singapore, Edward's health not much improved, Staats very fat and sunburned. July. Kept anniversary of Independence very quietly at home. Took the children round to Second Avenue to see the fireworks. 25th. Received news today of the death of King William and proclamation of the

young Queen Victoria. At Inman's; Cammann and Oddie raised a large kite with 2,100 feet of line. August 27th. Henry Dudley died very suddenly of disease of the heart. September. At Father's in Chamber Street, Aunt MacDonald told of the experiences of the Rev. Mr. Clark touching Animal Magnetism. I have been reading Col. Stone's letter on the same subject, but must have more light before believing the marvellous accounts he gives. Hamilton Fish has recently taken possession of their new house in Eighth Street, near Fifth Avenue. I went with M. to see Dubufe's picture of Don Juan and Haidee, much gratified with it, and in the evening read the passage from Don Juan to M. Melancholy tidings of the loss of the Charleston Steam Packet "Home", wrecked on Ocrakoke Point, North Carolina, ninety-five persons drowned. At the fair of the American Institute at Niblo's Garden, we saw Mr. Porter the Kentucky Giant, whose height is said to be seven feet six inches, also Mr. Stevens, whose stature is forty inches. Meeting of the XXI at Mr. Verplanck's, introduced Ullman to Professor Holland of Washington College [now Trinity], Hartford. Met there Mr. Glisson [one of the first to wear a moustache] from Cairo, and Mr. Kremer attached to the Russian Legation. Rode out on Harlem Railroad to its termination, from whence we proceeded on foot to the Lunatic Asylum. Went through the house with Dr. Ogden and returned to town on foot. November. Took Elizabeth, Mary, Nicholas, and Augusta LeRoy to American Museum to see the Giant and dwarf; weighed the children. Great celebration of Whig victory throughout the State. Dined at Niblo's, about seven-hundred sat down. Walked on Long Island with Bryant and Field, saw nothing very wonderful in our perambulations,

except an old Dutch house of the year 1699 of which I made a slight sketch. Visited Cole, the Artist, and was delighted with two pictures which he has just finished for Mr. Van Rensselaer of Albany—The Arrival and Departure of a Crusader.

The Harlem railroad was the first street railway in the world, incorporated in 1831; a picture of 1832 shows a single, very long, boat-shaped car with an ornamental canopy, a driver on a high box in front, flourishing a whip, a guard with a horn perched at the back, and two horses driven tandem. The Fourth Avenue tunnel, still in use today, was opened in 1837, and considered one of the greatest mechanical achievements of age—but dangerous! A caricature of 1840 shows a train of short, square, closed cars, and a tiny steam engine with an immense smokestack, bumping up and down hills and at last entering the tunnel represented by the cavernous open mouth of an ogre.

At the time when John Neilson took the children to the American Museum, the exhibitions were comparatively commonplace—"industrious fleas," albinos, ventriloquists, and fancy glass-blowing. That was before Barnum bought it. But Barnum's career had already begun with Joice Heth, the shriveled creature with shaggy gray hair and clawlike nails, advertised as one hundred and sixty years old, a former slave of the Washingtons', the nurse who had dressed the baby George in his first clothes. At the American Museum, Barnum showed "Colonel Fremont's nondescript, or woolly, horse; extremely complex, made up of elephant, deer, horse, buffalo, camel and sheep"; also the mummy of a mermaid from Fejee, and a miniature Niagara with real water, so lifelike that brides and

grooms were urged to visit the Museum instead of undergoing the fatigue and expense of the long journey to the Falls.

Not long before the date of the next letter, in December, 1836, Colonel Nicholas Fish's son Hamilton—named after his friend Alexander Hamilton—had been married to Julia Kean, Mrs. Niemcewics's granddaughter. The wedding was in the evening, and the bridesmaids were her sister Christine Kean—afterwards Mrs. William Preston Griffin, and known to a younger generation as "Aunt Teenie"—and her cousin Lillie Neilson, afterwards Mrs. E. W. Howard of Newport. Fifty years later the Hamilton Fishes celebrated their Golden Wedding at their house on Stuyvesant Square.

*Mrs. Hamilton Fish to her step-grandfather
Count Julian Niemcewics, Paris.*

New York, March, 1837

My dear Grandpapa, I received a few days ago the very pretty little cross you were so kind as to send me, for this kind remembrance as well as the wishes you express for my happiness, please accept my most sincere thanks. I should have written you before but have been taking a journey to Washington, which occupied us some weeks. We spent also a week in Philadelphia with our excellent friend Mrs. Thomas Biddle.

We have for the present given up all idea of going to Europe. We wish first to see something of our own country and expect in about a month to set out on a long tour to the Far West. We shall go to the Mississippi river and then North to the Lakes, this will occupy about three months and on our return I think we shall go to housekeeping here. I trust how-

ever the day is not very distant when we shall see the other side of the Atlantic. My husband is as anxious to go as I am, so that I think we have great reason to expect it. Then I trust I shall have the pleasure of seeing you my dear Sir. You will be much pleased to see Mr. Van Brugh Livingston who sails for France in a few days with all his family. He is of course much changed since you saw him—he has 11 children whom he intends to educate in France, a bad school in my humble opinion for American citizens. My mother and husband unite with me in very kind regards to you. Believe me my dear Grand Papa your affectionate Grand daughter, Julia Ursin Niemcewics Kean Fish.

Please address your letters to Mrs. Hamilton Fish, 21 Stuyvesant St., N. Y.

When this chapter opened, the Neilson and Fish families had been already united by the marriage of Doctor Neilson's son John to Colonel Fish's daughter Margaret; and, in a previous chapter, Colonel Armstrong's son Edward was married to Colonel Ward's daughter Sarah. Before going on with John Neilson's diary, it will be better to take another look at the Armstrongs or they will be left too far behind.





MARGARET FISH, WIFE OF JOHN NEILSON, JR.
From a miniature by Henry Inman

C H A P T E R I X

Rose

1826-1840

*Sit and watch by her side an hour.
That is her bookshelf, this her bed;
She plucked that piece of geranium-flower.*

—BROWNING

Rose Armstrong, the Colonel's youngest daughter, was christened Rosetta. Family tradition says she was named after the battle of Rosetta in Egypt, but just why remains a mystery; probably some friend of Colonel Armstrong's in the British army had either distinguished himself or been killed in that battle. During the War of 1812 and after, while Colonel Armstrong was in Canada, his family, you will remember, lived in Elizabeth, and Rose was brought up there. Mrs. Niemcewics, the old lady so often mentioned in earlier chapters, was her godmother, and almost the only memento that Rose left behind her is a quaint little chair with a cowhide seat studded with brass headed nails that was made for Rose at Ursino. We have no portrait of her—not even a daguerreo-type; but I like to think that a miniature we have of a nameless little girl with enormous blue eyes, yellow hair and a wistful smile may be that of Rose as a child. I am sure that Rose had a wistful smile.

Not long after the Colonel came home from Canada, Rose's sister married—the Salter wedding trip has been already de-

scribed. Then Edward was married to Sarah Ward of Charleston and left home, and Charles went into the United States Navy. Rose stayed on in Elizabeth Town with her father and mother.

*Rose Armstrong to her sister, Mrs. Salter,
At Mrs. G. Elliot's, Walker street, New York.*

Elizabeth, February, [1826?]

I have seen some of the feather flowers from S. America, they are really beautiful and literally everlasting if kept from moths. The Club is to meet here next Wednesday, the 14th, I hope you will be my Valentine. I wish it was over, Pappa has been so hostile to them that we dread to tell him, but tomorrow the bubble must burst. They are now literally eating parties; last week at Mrs. S. we had Tea and Coffee and every variety of cake, reading for about half an hour, then came oranges and dried fruits, mottoes, etc. succeeded by Ices and Jellies. These were followed by liqueurs, Sandwiches, Oysters and Olives, then all was forgotten in chocolate. We shall form a beggarly contrast I fear, mais n'importe, 'tis all the same a hundred years hence. There has been a great dinner at the Governor's [Ogden], Pappa and Mamma, Sarah and Edward, were invited to dinner, and Mag and I in the evening; the old folks declined and the rest accepted. We had a very handsome supper and her Excellency was in her element, among the ornaments were some sugar whistles which she amused herself and her guests with. Mr. Wm. Maxwell was there and I have not been so diverted since I saw Mathews, he is really quite

as good. He gave us the Italian opera and a dialogue between a Frenchman and a Yankee landlord and kept the table in a roar. General Scott has been in town. All the De Hart family were "paying away" at the Governor's. Mrs. Lawrence looked beautiful. Mrs. Kean and Mrs. Niemcewics are quite well; Peter promised to read for me. Miss Livingston is to be married on the 10th of Oct. to Mr. Lowndes of Charleston, his parents are delighted with her. Miss Heywood is positively engaged to Mr. De Bruce Hunter—it only shows what a *douceur* money is. Do you think Ann Wilkins is engaged to Mr. Turnbull? I like him and think it will be a good match.

The Wilkins and Turnbull families had become connected with the Armstrongs by Edward Armstrong's marriage with Sarah Ward as told in a previous chapter: Sarah's sister Mary married Gouverneur Morris Wilkins already mentioned in connection with real estate in Washington.

After the death of her father and mother, Edward asked Rose to come and live with him and his wife at Danskammer, their country place on the Hudson. She was fond of them both but I don't think she was altogether happy there; a young girl accustomed to the intimate gayety of a small town would find the country, especially in winter, lonely and cold. But she read, and walked and played with the children—Harry adored her—and they all missed her when she went away. Long years after she was gone her room was always called "Aunt Rose's room." At the date of her letters below, the old colonial house which stood at Danskammer when Edward bought the place was about to be torn down, the new granite house was being

built, and the family were undergoing all the usual delays and disappointments connected with building.

Rose Armstrong to her sister Mrs. Salter.

Danskammer, *September*, 1835

Mr. Satterthwaite spent a day with us on his way to Saratoga. He said the Springs were crowded but not fashionable. Miss Octavia Walton of Pensacola was the decided belle, though the reason why he could not tell. Catherine Lawrence has married a Lieutenant in the French Army and gone with him to Algiers! Methinks \$20,000 in New York far preferable, but the "Bandit's Bride" was always her chosen character. You know she accompanied Mrs. Dr. Mott to Paris.

Everything has gone against us in the way of house building: the masons have not worked in two months, the granite has not been sent with punctuality and the stone cutters are rebellious. I never was enamoured of house building and this experience makes me fully subscribe to Franklin's aphorism: "Fools build houses for wise men to live in." Henry is getting on well with his studies and I teach Gouv also. Will you get for me at Middlebrook's two y'ds of Bobbinet and a piece of plain narrow edging, the narrowest he has, mine I got of him is too wide for night caps.

Danskammer, *October*, [1835?]

Edward has gone on a deer hunt and will not return until next week, then the winter apples are to be gathered etc.; and I think it problematical whether we see the pavé this month. Mrs. Fitz William and Ellen and Elizabeth Cruger spent ten

days with us, then left to pay the De Peysters a visit. Tell Louisa De Hart I hope her spirits will keep in the advance and all her Virginia wishes be realized. When Henry Brush was in Newport he met Ann Banks and thought her the *oddest lady* he had ever met with, they had a Fancy Ball and she appeared as a Highland laddie, the suit borrowed from a gentleman who was staying in the same house. Henry Brush was delighted with Newport, he says it combines more advantages than any place he knows of. The air is enchanting and from what he could learn the society is very good. Henry says when he settles for life it shall be his chosen place, he sails this week to renew his addresses to Miss Jouve and if she smiles on him will become a Cuban planter for her sake. How are Mrs. Niemcewics and Julia Lawrence? Has Mrs. Baker returned to New York? I had a letter from her when at the Springs after her visit to Lebanon. I saw our admiration Mr. MacGillicuddy last week, he has doffed his wig and looks all *face*.

December, 1835

I hear that the husband of madame Roubelle, Catherine Lawrence, is a Lieutenant of Dragoons. His father is a general, Commander-in-Chief at Algiers, and they are all living together in the citadel. Phil Verplanck has been offered \$250,000 for his farm at Verplanck's Point by a company to build up a town. I heard of Mary Kearney at a ball at the Okeys' where she was much admired. I should not be surprised if Edward were to take a trip to Charleston this winter on business—about the time of the races! I am sorry I forgot to pay

you for the Bobbinet. I never recollected it until I unpacked my trunk and saw my spencer.

*Rose Armstrong to her brother,
Lieutenant Charles Marshall Armstrong.*

Danskammer, August, [1838?]

You will find a great many changes in Elizabeth Town. Mrs. Niemcewics is dead and left upward of \$200,000 to be equally divided among her three grandchildren, with the exception of Ursino which is left to John Kean, a legacy of \$600 per annum to Mr. Niemcewics who has taken refuge in England, and \$200 per annum to Mrs. Palmer, nothing to Julia Lawrence or Mrs. Baker. Miss Sally De Hart and Jacob have both died of cholera.

You cannot think how Newburgh has improved. The whaling company has not as yet realized their views, I am afraid there is too much competition to make it as lucrative as formerly. The "Russel" and the "Portland" are the names of the Newburg vessels. Capt. Ludlow always remembers you, Elizabeth [afterwards Mrs. Thomas Chrystie] is still unappropriated. Dashwood is dead. Mercia Macomb is married to Beekman Verplanck of Verplanck's Point. He is well off, and she has a good home about four miles from Aunt Cruger's. Henry Cruger is married to the widow Rathbone and is now the master of "Bosca Bella" until little Dyckman is of age. Aunt Betsy Ramsay is living with Mrs. Bloomfield at Burlington. Margaret is living in the Main St. of Elizabeth Town, until Salter's return from the Pacific; he has the "Vincennes"—Capt. Wainright wanted the ship, I don't know how it was

settled. Our four boys are thriving. Henry is my favorite, though I think Gouv the finest. He is Nurse's pet and she thinks him perfection.

Rose Armstrong to her sister, Mrs. Salter.

New York, *December*, [1838?]

I got over safely on Friday and feel myself quite indebted to Mr. Wm. Patterson for his polite attention—we single women are a grateful race! We had an early and very nice dinner to accommodate Mrs. Turnbull, who had been spending the day in the city. After dinner Martina and I sallied out for a walk and called to see Mrs. Phelps.

The gaiety seems to have commenced. Frederick Foster was at Mrs. Suffern's, a great many beautiful girls. Mrs. Heckscher's Ball was "faultless," lighted with wax candles and all the Furniture from Europe. The Hards are to have a ball on Tuesday. Professor Henry preached at St. Thomas' Church yesterday, his sermon was well written but his delivery was very bad. Dr. Wainwright has received a call to Trinity Church. I am invited to dine with Mrs. Lawrence on Christmas day. Mr. Maitland has sent Sarah two barrels of Virginia oysters.

*Rose Armstrong to her brother,
Lieutenant Charles Marshall Armstrong,
U. S. Independence, Rio de Janeiro.*

Danskammer, *June*, 1838

Frances has at last married her little beau. Mercia Verplanck came down to the wedding. They have returned to

their house at Verplanck's Point as the purchasers could not make their payments. Isabella Wetherill has removed to a handsome new house in Front Street; the situation is the only drawback, but it is far preferable to the one in Market Street. The world in *Philadelphia* live at the *west* end, the business community hover around the *east*.

There has been a deal of marrying in this neighborhood. Delancey Verplanck, William Verplanck, and last week Miss de Wint to Mr. Downing. I hear it was a grand affair, a dance and supper. The wedding, however, that has been most talked of is young Tom Ellison to his Brother's widow! Elizabeth Ludlow is shortly to be married to Thomas Christie, I am told she says it "is her first, her only love." There certainly is a fate in such matters for he was a long time engaged to her friend Miss B. who has given him up for a rich widower who has four little responsibilities! Stuart Maitland returned from Scotland last January; he and his uncle are still at their old quarters in Barclay Street. The latter has sent up a hundred quail to stock Edward's woods—last season there were not any. C. Ricketts is engaged to a young Englishman from Madeira of the name of Haward, love overlooked the sad events of her life. Frank Ogden's engagement to a young and pretty English Girl caused some surprise. I ate some of the wedding cake which he sent to his American friends. The lady was 18 and he 56! Encouraging for Bachelors.

The Whaling Company at Newburgh are winding up their concerns. They have never been able to make a dividend and now the stockholders are lucky if they get back their original subscription.

*Rose Armstrong to Mrs. Salter.**July, 1838*

Did you hear that the Prince de Joinville presented each lady he danced with at Newport a magnificent gold chain!—a ceremony I should have thought better dispensed with. Have you yet met Mrs. Kent? She is spending the summer at Chatham. Mr. K. says he calls their cottage “Little Lilliput.” I saw Mrs. McIvor at West Point—there are 132 cadets in the new class. I heard that at a party at the Ardens Mr. A. asked her if she were a relation of the N. Y. McEvers, and she said they spelled the name differently but were the same family—of Father Adam, I suppose! I have been reading the “Robber” by James, it is trashy in the extreme.

The Prince de Joinville was the third son of Louis Philippe, who came to America at this time in command of the frigate *La Belle Poule*, the same ship in which the year before he had taken the body of Napoleon from St. Helena to France to be buried in Paris.

In 1838 Rose married Andrew Armstrong of New Orleans—no relation that I know of, although he used the same coat-of-arms with a different crest. He had first been in love with Rose’s sister Margaret, and his love letters to Margaret ended only with her marriage to Captain Salter. But if this took the edge off Rose’s romance, it didn’t prevent the marriage turning out well; the two seem to have been happy. The wedding was a quiet one, nobody being invited, besides the immediate family, except the Lawrences, Wilkinsons, and Phoebe Ogden.

The journey from New York to New Orleans was a terrible experience in those days; no wonder Rose was worn out when she reached her new home. And you took your life in your hands when you traveled in a Mississippi steamboat. As everybody knows, a passion for racing possessed not only the owners, captains, and crews, but even the passengers. Any risk was taken, any fuel used, if it would only make a vessel win, or break the record. The *Brilliant* was wrecked in 1851 because resin was used for fuel; four barrels of resin were flung into the hold, the fourth barrel broke, the ship took fire, blew up, and over a hundred lives were lost.

I can picture the bride and groom sitting on the deck of the steamboat; Rose, a slim figure in the high-waisted frock of the time, wrapped in a pelisse, her small face shaded by the brim of an immense bonnet loaded with bows and feathers, trying to enjoy Andrew's pleasant conversation and admire the yellow river and muddy banks, but wondering all the time at exactly what moment the boat would go flying up into the air, in a thousand pieces and a burst of flame.

Rose, Mrs. Andrew Armstrong, to Mrs. Salter.

New Orleans, December 17, 1838

At last safe arrived, my dear Margaret, Salter, and Emily, at my new home. But Oh! how wearied and fatigued with our journey. Tomorrow will be five weeks since we left Philadelphia. The pleasantest part of the trip was across the Alleghanies, but even here it was at the risk of our necks that we were obliged to drive 26 miles. Short as the distance may seem to you, it took the whole day to accomplish it. Last June a

water-spout caused the canal and river to overflow their Banks and the consequence was that *whole towns* were washed away, articles of furniture were still strewed around. As a work of art the Portage railroad is well worth seeing, the tunnel of 2900 feet and the ten inclined plains are to my unpracticed eye most miraculous.

But I have no time for the descriptive, in all the United States there is not a busier woman than I am, and I am sorry to add that our house will never do me much credit. The parlours are about as good as Mrs. Elliot's and furnished much in that style, but the rest of the mansion is deplorable and the outside is absolutely ridiculous. Between us and the kitchen is a dirty little cramped-up yard with an immense high cistern, then comes a small two-story building with sleeping rooms and a dark uncomfortable hole of a kitchen, so damp that I am afraid to put my foot in it, and then I must cross the above described yard to get at it, paved with brick and all around looking like Water Street in Newburgh on a damp day, and I fancy it is always damp here. It has rained every day since I came. I pay my cook \$15 a month; and our *magnificent* house is \$1200 a year! I am startled at everything being so exorbitant. One ought to coin money in this region. Of course all these details you will keep to yourselves—you know you told me, write *everything*. I am so much pleased with Joseph Coulon, he is so kind, so gentlemanlike and quite agreeable, you could not fail to be pleased with him. Madame has as many rattle traps as Aunt Betsy and frequently reminds me of her.

But to return to our jaunt—we were five days going from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh, five from Pittsburgh to Cincinnati, and two weeks and five days from Cincinnati to this place.

The Ohio was so low that we were aground five days, and when in the Mississippi were afraid to steam at night for fear of being snagged. We met one boat, the "Chilicothe," in that situation and saw two, the "General Brown" and "Augusta" blown almost to atoms, there have been a great many accidents this season. Thank God we reached here without any serious mishap, though I took cold on board the canal boat and cannot get rid of my cough. I look wretched for I had the intermittent fever at Cincinnati where we were detained some days. I saw the Ohio and Mississippi under every disadvantage, the waters were so low and muddy, but not either are to be compared to the North or East Rivers. Of course in summer they must look more imposing, but then the moschetos devour you. The approach to this city is beautiful. The climate just now is like warm damp fall weather, peas, beans and salad for dinner and roses blooming in the open air, one coal fire is ample for both parlours and no fire required as yet in our bedrooms. God bless you all. Do not think from what I say about the house that I am discontented. I am not, for I am told I am as well off as most of the good people of the place. The city I cannot yet judge of as I have not been out. I have not time for a word more but will write more fully later. My husband's best love to you all. He is everything that is kind.

The fifty years since Rendón's régime as Royal Intendant of Louisiana had brought changes to New Orleans, but the town still retained much of the picturesque characteristics inherited from the Spanish and French occupation when Rose Armstrong came to make it her home. The narrow streets were still unpaved; pink and yellow adobes and ridged red roofs

peeped out of masses of smothering greenery; there were broad verandas, deep arcades, and graceful wrought-iron balconies; the same old blinding sunlight alternated with cool shadow. But the ancient Latin richness and variety of color now contrasted with the gleaming white of the new American quarter where public buildings in the classic style—banks, offices, and hotels such as the “palatial” St. Charles—were crowding out the old and quaint. The old fortifications were gone and in their place stood the United States Mint. There were two theaters where many of the world’s theatrical stars appeared, but the galleries were given over to the rougher element who “concocted sham fights, and threw straw men down into the pit below, with cries of ‘murder!’,” which probably accounts for Rose’s not caring much about going to the play. Granite pavements didn’t improve the streets until some years later; the picturesque old Spanish cathedral was still standing; not all of the quaint little shops with tiled roofs had been replaced by rows of dull brick stores, and the markets were a riot of color—an interweaving pattern of gay life and cheerful foreign voices and less attractive foreign smells.

Not a trace, of course, was left of those few huts thatched with bark and palmetto of the original settlement in a “noisome swamp swarming with reptiles”; but the willow brakes and reedy pools and much of the noisome swamp remained to breed mosquitoes and bring disease to the inhabitants.

That first epidemic of yellow fever, that Rendón just missed, was succeeded by an almost yearly visitation. As if this wasn’t enough, in 1832 Asiatic cholera arrived in New Orleans, having taken two years in its journey from the shores of the Caspian Sea; through Russia, “it moved slowly westward, preceded

by terror and followed by mourning; passed through England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Spain, Italy; crossed the Atlantic and ravaged the cities of the western world." When it reached New Orleans, an epidemic of yellow fever was already raging. No one will ever know just how many victims the new pestilence carried off, but it was about eight thousand.

An English friend of the Armstrongs', Charles Augustus Murray, whose impressions of Charleston have been quoted in another chapter, visited Louisiana a few years before Rose went there to live. His book of *Travels* agreed with Rose in finding American society in New Orleans rather dull, although he was much pleased with the "mirth and agreeable manners" of the Creoles. "I had seen nothing so like a ball since I left Europe," he declared. "The contre-dances were well danced, and there was waltzing without swinging and galloping without a romp. The supper was exceedingly handsome and the wines superior to those given to ball guests in London. The Creole beauty is gay, lively and unaffected; dark but with a clear and transparent complexion, and a very fine 'taille,' although apt to run too far into the 'aimable enbonpoint.'" So the feminine pattern hadn't changed much in the sixty years since Rendón left New Orleans. Ladies still possessed "bosoms of heaving snow."

*Rose Armstrong to her brother-in-law,
Captain Salter.*

New Orleans, January 13, 1839

What is the reason I do not hear from you? Oh! if you could but know how I long for tidings of those I love. Not one

of you would have allowed weeks and *months* to pass without writing me. I have endeavoured to console myself with the idea that it was because many mails were due, and yesterday I walked to the office hoping everything but was again disappointed. I suppose you are surrounded with ice and snow, we are like the sunniest days of May. On Saturday, I walked out and was obliged to use my parasol and lay aside my flannel petticoat, and every now and then I have a moscheto to remind me that pleasures are of short duration. We have had salad and radishes every day and until today green peas. The markets are now indifferent, owing to the state of the rivers, and everything more exorbitant than ever.

I think this city is most shamefully villified, it is by far the quietest city I have been in and the inhabitants keep *very* early hours. The streets seem deserted by nine o'clock in the evening. I have had a good many morning visitors, but it does not seem to be a party-giving place, I have only heard of one since I came. There are public balls from Christmas to Lent, pretty much in the style of the *old* New York assemblies, just as strict but much more expensive. I do not intend going to any, although Mr. Coulon is a subscriber. The last, he told me, was a magnificent affair. I went on 12th night to the children's ball, it was a beautiful sight. How much I wished for Emily, she is so fond of children. I suppose there were upwards of a hundred in full dress; mothers, fathers and servants all looking equally happy. The supper was in the rotunda attached to the ball room. It is a splendid building painted in Fresco and lighted with gas, galleries for the Company to walk in. The ball room is beautifully embellished, with the ceiling painted by Italian artists in superb subjects from

heathen mythology. The room however is much too narrow. The two finest hotels in our country are here, one in the French or 1st Municipality is not yet finished, built by the Improvement Bank and called the St. Louis Exchange; the St. Charles Hotel is in the American or 2nd Municipality. There is the greatest rivalry between the two. We reside in the latter municipality, and most of it looks like a straggling village where I am—Carondolet. It is more quiet than Elizabeth Town. The French quartier is very thickly settled.

On Christmas day I made several visits among the Créoles, their houses are so different from ours, all built with porte cochères. It is the custom for strangers or new-comers to make the first visit. I was most graciously received and the pleasure of my acquaintance was solicited. They were intimate acquaintances of Andrew's. On that day I also dined at Mr. Hewes; he is President of the Commercial Bank and the kind friend and patron of my husband and his brother. I spent an agreeable day and was so cordially received that I could scarcely credit I was among strangers. They reside in the 2nd story of the Bank, very fine rooms and the dinner as handsome as any you would see in New York, china, glass, etc. My only fault was the superabundance of eatables. I have not yet been at the Theatres, but am going once to each. You know I do not care for them. The music at the French opera is highly extolled. I presented my letter to Dr. Wheaton and he called immediately; I found him agreeable, and in the Church he fills his situation with great credit to himself and has made many friends. The church is a handsome one, hung with purple velvet and gold, and the organ and organist are both excellent. I have also had a visit from one of the Catholic priests; his name is

Mullen. He was in the United States Navy during the last war and left it to oblige his mother, who did not like the service.

I am still much pleased with Joseph Coulon, in many respects he resembles Charles. Give me all the navy news that concerns you. My husband's love to you all. I hope you will all write to me. Send your letters by sea and I shall get them sooner—do write, do write, do write!

The writer of the next letter was Rose's niece Emily, very young at the time, the only one of the Salter children who lived to grow up. It tells us what was happening meanwhile to other members of the family, besides reflecting some interesting contemporary opinions on events that have since become historic.

*Emily Salter to her uncle,
Lieutenant Charles Marshall Armstrong, S. S. Independence,
Rio de Janeiro.*

Elizabeth, February, 1839

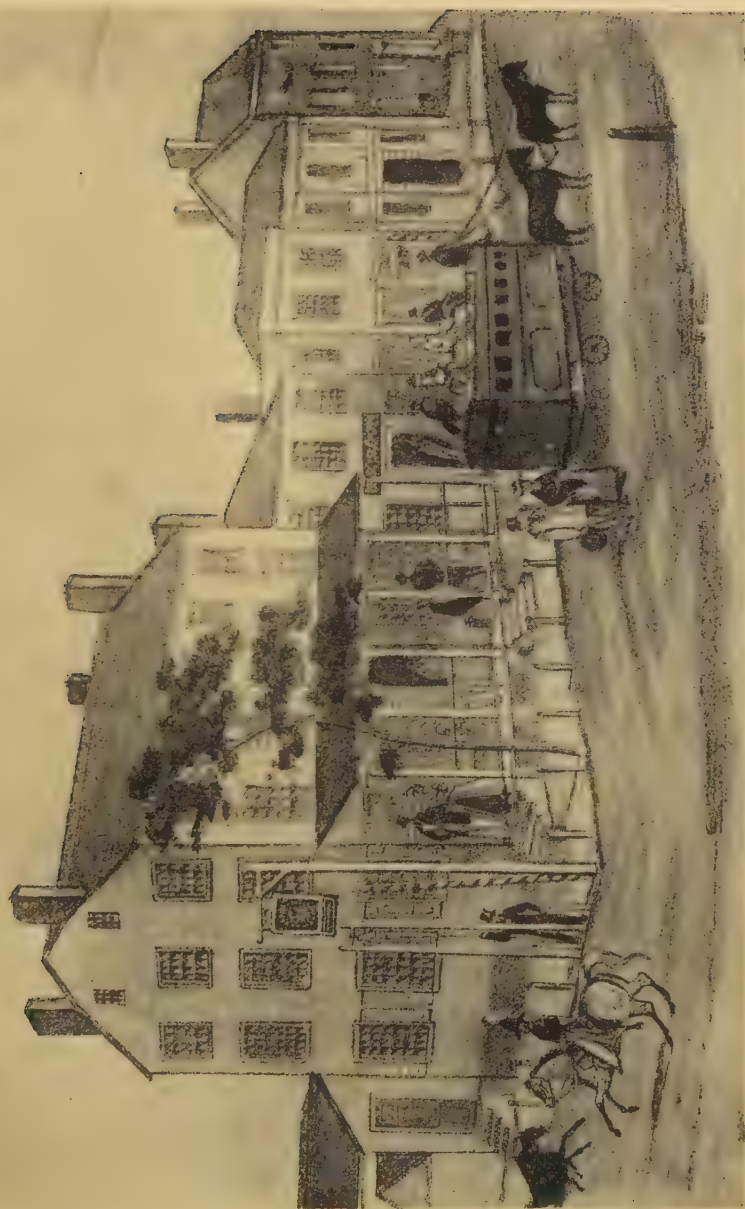
Every day I think about you and wish you would come home. I intended writing you before, but I thought I did not write well enough. I wish you would honor me with a letter, but no matter I will let you off, because you hate to write so much that I believe if you had a wife here you would only write her about once a year. Every now and then I hear by the newspapers of your ship's arrival at different ports, officers and crew all well, and once I heard of your stringing snipe for the Commodore. I have been to visit the Ohio, the first ship

I ever was on board of, she is going to the Mediterranean under the Command of Commodore and Mrs. Hull, the Commodore's cabin looked so comfortable to lounge about and read in that I almost envy Mrs. Hull her voyage.

There has been a great many changes here since you went away. I suppose you were surprised to hear that Aunt Rose is married to Mr. Andrew Armstrong, he is the Secretary of a fire insurance company in New Orleans where they have gone to live. Mrs. Coulon—Mr. A's mother—and her son Joseph Coulon reside with them, we have had several letters from them, Aunt Rose is quite well. Two very agreeable families have moved into the town, Mr. Charles King and Mr. Leavenworth, the former has several daughters grown up, very pretty and agreeable girls, I am sure if you were here you would lose your heart with Miss Alice.

I have been reading some of Mrs. Opie's and some of Miss Edgeworth's tales, I think the latter are very superior to the former, Miss E. writes with more strength than Mrs. Opie. I have been taking writing lessons of Mr. Bristow of New York and hope you will think I have improved. Captain Mix of the Navy is dead, father went to attend his funeral as pall bearer in undress uniform and cap, he died of the dropsy in New York. Miss Martina Wilkins is very sick and her family think she is going into a hasty consumption, her sister Mrs. Harry Phelps is gone to Rio. Mr. Gouverneur Wilkins's wife's father General Van Rensselaer died very suddenly last week.

Last autumn I went up to Danskammer, Aunt Louisa De Hart went with us, we had a delightful visit, it is a splendid house. Jack talked a great deal about Uncle Charles, he is my pet. As we came down the river we stopped to see Cousin



ELIZABETH TOWN, NEW JERSEY, ABOUT 1840
From an old print

Mercia Verplanck, she has a delightful house and sweet little boy. Mr. J. H. Paulding has been made Secretary of the Navy and the officers think he will do them justice. Father is nominated for promotion, they intend only filling up death vacancies, only three have died during the last year.

There has been a great ox paraded about town. Imagine to yourself 12 clumsy English butchers seated on horseback preceded by a drum and bugle, then comes a calf that is considered a prodigy, after that an immense ox dressed in ribbons and covered with a coat of many colors bring up the procession. Mrs. Cabot has lost her only child by Scarlet fever. Mrs. General Scott has gone to Paris for her health, she has taken her four children with her, she has the bronchitis, she hoped that the sea voyage would do her good but it has not been of any service. I have just finished reading Miss Martineau's Retrospect of Western Travel, it is very amusing, she is a great abolitionist and says in the boarding house in Cincinnati a colored lady sat down to breakfast with her, the best thing she had seen done while she was in the United States.

Some people think there will be war with England, others think the question will be amicably settled, it appears that a band of lawless and desperate men chiefly from the adjoining British provinces but without the sanction or authority of the Provincial Government, had trespassed upon that portion of the territory in dispute between the United States and Great Britain, which is watered by the river Aristook and claimed to belong to the State of Maine and that they had committed extensive depredations there by cutting and destroying large quantities of timber. The Governor of Maine sent an armed body into the disputed territory for the arrest of the trespassers

and now the Lieutenant Governor of New Brunswick is calling upon the Governor of Maine for the recall of his Land Agent and his party from the disputed territory. There is some talk of sending Mr. Calhoun out as ambassador to England to settle this matter. General Scott passed here this morning, he will probably be sent to Maine to quell the disturbance and afterwards to Florida as the Indians are becoming troublesome again. A party of Indians murdered two families near Tallahassee.

Mr. Wallace and Mr. Kelly came on this winter to see the girls at grandpa's, very shortly after they went away we heard of the death of Mr. Wallace's brother, Midshipman Wallace, who killed himself by taking corrosive sublimate, a disappointment in love is supposed to be the cause of the act, he lingered some hours in agony and deeply regretted his insane folly.

P. S. Since this was written Father has been again promoted.

Rose Armstrong to Mrs. Salter.

New Orleans, April, 1839

Dear dear Sister, I need scarcely say how pleased I was with dear Emily's letter and how proud I felt in showing her pretty writing. Congratulate Salter for me on his promotion. You cannot think what a humdrum life I lead, each day is but the echo of the last. A few days since I took a stroll to the Protestant burying ground, in my immediate neighbourhood. It covers a good deal of space and is prettily laid out, some of the tombs covered with roses in full bloom, but all the graves, or rather receptacles for the dead, are above ground and the air was so infected that we were obliged to make good our retreat. This

plan has been adopted owing to the water being only two feet below the surface of the earth, but to me it seems a most blamable practice, as all within its reach—that is the living—must suffer, particularly in a climate like this. Not an inscription did I read but noted the death of one who had died far from their early homes. My husband says he wishes I had never gone for I have thought of nothing else ever since. On a particular day—which, I do not recollect—the Catholic burying ground is decorated with flowers by the friends of the deceased and all assemble to say masses for their repose.

Early one Sunday morning I went to the Market place and here a scene the very opposite of the foregoing awaited me. It was the living of all nations solely occupied with the great business of life, in all its varieties. There seems to be scarcely a nation on earth that is not here represented. I never witnessed such a heterogeneous mass of humanity. I noticed a group of Indians, you know they are said never to laugh, which tradition I consider erroneous, for their mouths were stretched from ear to ear and they seemed to be as much amused with the scene as I was. The markets here are excellent and if you have a long purse you need not want for any delicacy on earth. You may now have a large dish of artichokes for a “picayune” which is a sixpence. Picayunes and Bits, a shilling, are the only coin in use, a cent is never seen and in fact no article in this region is at so low a value, even a stick of molasses candy can only be bought for a picayune. They have a negro or créole custom here of giving to every one if required what they call “gnap”, perhaps a bunch of parsley, a sweet potato, an egg, and so on. Whoever gives the servants most “gnap” gets from them the most custom. Andrew sent Salter a keg of

pecans, it seems a small present. They have been scarce this year owing to the dry weather of the last. He gave \$14 for a barrel.

Mr. Dinsmore has dined with us twice. He has gone to Kentucky to join his wife and children who spent the winter there. In June they go north by the way of the Lakes. He has purchased a Farm of 1000 acres near Cincinnati where he intends settling. I understand he has cleared \$100,000 and rented his plantation most advantageously.

The following letter connects with one of the earliest in this book, as it is from Colonel Armstrong's sister Catherine, in answer to one from Edward Armstrong announcing Rose's marriage.

*Mrs. Durham to her nephew, Edward Armstrong,
Danskammer, near Newburgh, New York,
America.*

Enfield near London, June, 1839

My dear Nephew, I have felt much gratified by your kind letter and take the earliest opportunity of thanking you for it. I thought you had all forgotten that one of your father's family still lived, who be assured ever remembers his children in her prayers. I can never forget his affectionate kindness to me, but alas! I have it not in my power to give any substantial proof of it to his children. At present I am a Wanderer, as I could not keep up the House in Liverpool on the same scale as when my dear Brother David was alive. Allow me to express my great satisfaction at hearing of dear Rosa's establishment

so reputably, though it is an alloy being so far from your family.

Rose Armstrong to Mrs. Salter.

New Orleans, July 30th, 1839

It is an age since I have written you, my dear Margaret, but I pray you, if you blame me, to lay everything to the charge of the vile mosquitoes, at this very moment they are around me in clouds, and nothing but the fear that you may be uneasy on my account would make me stand the martyrdom I now endure. It is the only objection I have to New Orleans, but it is an undying curse. The city is perfectly healthy for the last month, every day but one. We have had rain, this the inhabitants are rejoicing in as it ensures health, and in the last month there have been only twelve interments in the Protestant burying ground. In case of sickness my husband has engaged rooms at Pass Christian across the lake. I never saw a greater abundance of fine melons than we are having now, but West India fruits are dearer and scarcer than in New York. They are bought up and held by the Catalans at their own price. As I told you before, I have nothing to complain of but the vile, vile mosquitoes; our clergyman calls the day ones, which are far the most annoying, the "Louisiana Greys". The city is quite deserted, people go away here, as at the North, for fashion's sake.

I have had three surprises—Martina's recovery! Matilda W's marriage!!! and Julia's move to the West. I have been reading Cheverly [by Lady Bulwer-Lytton]. What a stupid

book it is and how coarse some of her expressions are. When do you go up the river?

Pass Christian, La., *September 21st, 1839*

I know, my dear Margaret, that you have wondered at my silence. About six weeks since Dr. Ruff, our physician, called on my husband and told him that *the* fever had broken out and that I must be taken out of the city as in my situation it was generally fatal. In a few days it became general and at a day's warning I was hurried out of town, the heat, fatigue and exertion were too much for me and I was taken ill. My husband came at once and nursed me night and day, with the untiring kindness of a mother. In sickness he is just like Edward. As soon as he could leave me he returned to the city to attend to his business and it was most fortunate that he did so, as both our women servants had the yellow fever badly. Then his mother was taken and then the servant boy. For three nights, he wrote me, he had not taken off his clothes. All recovered excepting one who died in great agony. She was an excellent creature and was to have been my nurse. The fever has raged to a frightful extent and to females it has been particularly fatal.

I am about a hundred miles from the city. The air here is fine from the salt water and there are scarcely any mosquitoes, the country is flat and sandy and no way beautiful. I, however, feel most grateful that I am here and have escaped the trying scenes that I must have witnessed at home. I am to remain at this place until a frost makes it safe for the unacclimated to return. The company here is of very mixed order and noisy beyond measure, and many a brawl; there's fiddling

and dancing and gambling and drinking, billiards and nine-pins, and all sorts of games.

An infant died in a room adjoining me on Friday. Yesterday a Mr. Woolsey from New York died of bilious fever, just opposite to me, and last night Mrs. Conrad who had a house in the neighbourhood died of congestive fever. She was Angela Lewis, a sister of Lorenzo's and great-grand-daughter of *Lady* Washington. She has left two children, one an infant of three months of age. She died raving with fever. The congestive fever is far worse than yellow fever. I fear it is becoming sickly in this region. Dr. Hawkins who attended me was a surgeon in the army and married a Carolinian, a Miss Chaffelle whose mother was a Ladson, you have heard Aunt Betsy speak of them. Mrs. H. is a very pretty woman. A dozen kisses to Emily and best love to Salter. God bless you, my dear M.

This was Rose's last letter; when all danger of yellow fever was over she returned to New Orleans, but died a few weeks later soon after her baby was born.

*Andrew Armstrong to his brother-in-law,
Edward Armstrong, Danskammer.*

New Orleans, *December*, 1839

On that very night she went through the two first of our family prayers in a clear composed voice. I then, fearing the effects of the exertion, took them up, and at the conclusion she as usual put her arms round my neck, kissed me and went to sleep. At daylight I left her to procure something from market for her, and on my return found her in a stupor, from this she

never recovered but gradually sank, till half-past six on the morning of the twenty-seventh, when she expired in my arms.

Of the causes which led to this melancholy event I have already written you. We had both silently anticipated some malformation owing to the stupidity of a servant in exhibiting in an inopportune moment a turkey whose wing had been maimed. It had created such an impression that I dreaded the result, but the child was perfect in form, and—as it resembled Rose, I thought so in feature. Mother and child now repose together and should I close my mortal career here I should like to be laid in the same cell. I have as yet felt it unhallowed to look further among her things than to see if she had left any written memoranda, but I found nothing. Let me now express the wish, my dear Armstrong, that this most unfortunate event will not separate me altogether from those whom I have so long loved and esteemed, and that though the link is broken I may still be considered a brother. Kiss all the little ones for me.

Andrew Armstrong to his sister-in-law, Mrs. Salter.

February, 1840

She was born to bless whatever circle she moved in and I cannot better express the value that was set upon her among mine than by quoting the strong though somewhat inelegant words of my brother Joseph when, with the big tear gushing from his eye, he told me I might “have raked the whole world over and I could not have found a woman whom he more deeply loved and esteemed.” By the earliest opportunity I will send to my dear Emily her aunt’s wardrobe, of this the only

reservation I have made were a few handkerchiefs and one of her dresses, also her little red cashmere shawl, this—with a breast-pin presented to her by Dr. Wetherill—she desired long before her death should in that event be sent to Rachel, as also her turquoise earrings to Mrs. Maitland. Your father's miniature was always destined for Charles, but I cannot part with that yet.

I said that I had kept one of her dresses, induced from this motive. A few nights after I had lost Rosa, I lay, not asleep for I could not sleep, but in a kind of stupor—my imagination no doubt highly wrought upon—be that as it may, she stood before me looking bright and happy. She was arrayed in this dress, wore a large gold chain, to which was appended a large gold cross, and large gold eardrops—I have never known her to possess such ornaments, but there she stood as if to tell me she had found a better home. I need not say the dress has become a relic, though a plain chintz. I cannot describe the utter loneliness in which I now live on from day to day. There are still green branches overshadowing your destinies, while I stand like a blighted tree seared to the very heart.

Not long after this last letter, Andrew Armstrong also died of yellow fever.

Yellow fever did its worst in New Orleans in 1853 when "the fleeing crowd was numbered by thousands and the city was a theater of horrors." At the climax there was a fresh victim every five minutes. Rain fell steadily for two months, then dry cool weather set in; but some sixteen thousand of the population had been wiped out. And yellow fever kept right on until a few years ago. It seems strange, in the light of mod-

ern knowledge, to find a fairly recent writer like Cable recording as an unaccountable fact that epidemics always followed the digging of drains and canals—of course this merely increased the breeding grounds for mosquitoes. But New Orleans was healthier after the epidemic of 1853 for the city was frightened into action. "The foul dark dens were done away with; the pools of muck and mire, where dead animals floated in filth, were drained; the air purged of foul odors," and the torment of "vile moschetoës" considerably diminished. But too late for Rose Armstrong and her husband.



CHAPTER X

More About New York

1838-1854

*Sit with me by the homestead hearth,
And stretch the hands of memory forth
To warm them at the wood fire's blaze.*

—WHITTIER

Neilson Diary, 1838.

January 1st. Dined at Chambers Street and brought home a piece of Plum Pudding to M. and the children, who were to have dined there, but were prevented for fear of giving little Martha the whooping cough, as we have some suspicion that Nicholas and Meta have got it. We have been in much excitement these last two or three days in consequence of the belligerent aspect that matters have assumed on the Canada frontier. A steamboat that had been employed in carrying stores and ammunition to Navy Island, where the Patriots have ensconced themselves, was one night last week surprised by a party of British at the harbour of Schlosser, burnt and set adrift so that she was carried over the Falls, several of those on board being killed. This outrage, as may be supposed, has created great indignation. Finished Carlyle's French Revolution, very vivid and spirited, tinged with German mysticism, it seems as if the author thought in one language and wrote in another. In the evening a meeting of the

Historical Society at the Stuyvesant Institute. 16th. I went over with Daniel LeRoy to see Richard Morris to whom a son was yesterday born, drank health of *le petit* in a glass of champagne. 18th. After church, walked round to see the ruins of the Bowery Theatre, which was reduced to ashes last night for the third time.

The Old Bowery Theatre was burned down four times during the twenty years after its opening in 1829. It was "a grand structure, of the appearance of white marble outside, with lofty pillars and entablature." Inside three thousand persons could be accommodated and its stage was not only large in proportion but was also the first in New York to be lighted by gas. In hopes that fashionable people would attend, the prices for box seats—usually fifty cents, and twenty-five cents for the gallery—were raised to seventy-five cents. But the proprietors were not quite careful enough in their choice of a performance; when Madame Hutin danced in what was then a modern ballet skirt, many of the audience "blushingly retired," and she was obliged for a time to dance in Turkish trowsers. Charlotte Cushman, Lester Wallack, the elder Booth, and the elder John Drew, are some of the names connected with this old theater. A few years before the note in the diary, it had been attacked by a mob for the curious reason that the manager was an Englishman, and the mob wanted revenge for an anti-slavery speech which William Lloyd Garrison had made in England. Forrest, who was acting at the time, tried in vain to quiet the rioters, but they were finally driven out by the police. Forrest was one of the protagonists in the much more notorious Astor Place Riots of 1849, when the admirers of the rival actors,

Forrest and Macready, came to blows; in the end, the National Guard Troop and the Seventh Regiment had to be called out, they fired on the crowd and more than two hundred people were killed and wounded. The Old Bowery Theatre completed its career of just a century and then came to an appropriately dramatic end. On June 5, 1929, it took fire for the sixth time and "wrapped in flames, it burned with a pyrotechnic display that menaced property for blocks around," until little remained except the façade with its massive columns as an evidence of past glory.

The New York theaters in John Neilson's time must have compared favorably with theaters abroad. Mrs. Trollope, who was not apt to admire America, called the Park "as pretty a theatre as ever I entered," and Dickens described the Park and the Bowery as "large, elegant and handsome buildings." The Chatham—where such plays as "The Six Degrees of Crime; or Wine, Women, Gambling, Theft, Murder and the Scaffold" were shown—was patronized only by the vulgar herd.

John Neilson's comment below on Morse's telegraph is amusing, but most people at that time would have agreed with him. Samuel Morse had been working on his invention for a good while in an upper room of the University of the City of New York on Washington Square—a castle-like Gothic structure of white stone torn down not very long ago—but when he exhibited it in 1837 he encountered law suits as well as unbelief. Cooper, that same year, wrote: "Morse is in a peck of trouble, a fellow passenger claiming a share in the invention." It seems that Morse himself could not remember the exact date, and supposed that the first idea had come to him on

board the *Sully* in 1832, but Professor Renwick insisted that Morse "had consulted him on the subject of the velocity of electricity in such a way as to indicate to him that Morse was contriving an electric telegraph," at a still earlier date. The first message from New York to Washington—"What hath God wrought!"—was sent in 1844. In 1849, Morse wrote to Cooper: "See what I have purchased for myself, for the rest of my life, by presuming to invent the Telegraph, litigation, litigation, litigation. . . . I am in the midst of a great battle, but I think eventual triumph will be mine. The prize, it seems, is thought *now*, both in Europe and this country, to be worth contending for; although I have too fresh a recollection of the dispositions manifested to think me insane, by the community generally, while in travail with the invention." Samuel Morse was a good painter and sculptor as well as an inventor. It was on the roof of the old University building that Professor John W. Draper took the first daguerreotype of the human face. An allusion to daguerreotypes, later on in the diary, indicates that it was Morse who suggested to Draper the possibilities resulting from "the discovery of Daguerre by which the image of objects in the Camera obscura are rendered permanent."

Neilson Diary, 1838-1839.

January. Passed some time this morning in translating one of Chateaubriand's romances, in order to rub up my French. Visited the Indian Gallery of Mr. Catlin, the artist, who gave us a description of some curious customs and ceremonies which he had witnessed among the Indians. Mr. Cilley of Maine was recently killed in a duel at Washington by Mr. Graves of



WEEHAWKEN

From a water color drawing by John Neilson, Jr.

Kentucky. Met Mr. Morse at Delmonico's who is very sanguine about his telegraph; he has just returned from Washington and purposes shortly to go to Europe with his invention. Morse is an enthusiast, and I am afraid is doomed to meet with many disappointments. I do not think that, in this country at least, there is sufficient demand for telegraphic communication to warrant the cost of his apparatus. April, Little Nick attacked and bitten by D. LeRoy's dog, causing no little alarm in family and neighborhood. Heard of the death of Herman Hendricks, a rich Jew. Last day of Election, spent evening at Constitution Hall awaiting result; we elected our mayor, Clark, but Corporation doubtful. Good Friday. At Ascension in morning. The Whig alderman was elected, great rejoicing. 16th, A little party at Hamilton Fish's on the occasion of the baptism this morning of his first born child, little Sarah [afterwards Mrs. Sidney Webster]. Attended a meeting of the Stockholders of the Society Library [the oldest library in New York]. Stopped at the National Academy, the Exhibition commences next Monday, Artists busy varnishing and some of them putting finishing touches to their pictures. 22nd. This afternoon my dear wife presented me with a little son [John]. Grandma sent in for her steelyards and weighed the little boy, his weight was found to be over nine pounds. . . . Heard of the arrival of packet George Washington from England, with James King and a million of specie. Steam packet Sirius arrived from England, and Great Western after a voyage of fifteen days. [The *Sirius* was the first steamer to cross the ocean. The *Great Western* was considered "stupendous"; she was 234 feet long.] Spent the evening in looking over the accounts of the Estate of Mrs. Niemcewics for Hamilton Fish. The pictures at the Na-

tional Academy look as well as they can by gas light, great concourse of visitors. The principal topic of the day is the Great Western, which left here for England on the 7th. June. Went down to Bath with Robert Winthrop to look for lodgings, the sea air having been recommended for little Nicholas. Mr. Eastburn, much to our satisfaction, has declined the honor of the Bishopric of Maryland. Since the 10th every one has been looking for the Great Western, but she has not yet made her appearance. Melancholy loss of the Steamboat Pulaski, from Savannah to Baltimore, 100 lives lost. James Strong met with a sudden and awful death, being knocked down by a horse and his skull fractured as he was getting out of an omnibus on Broadway. Extensive fire has nearly destroyed the two blocks between Greenwich, Washington and West Streets, and Hammond and Perry Streets. August. Our neighborhood is quite deserted. Mrs. Fish and Lilly, and Hamilton and family are at Newport. Daniel LeRoy and Richard Morris and Families at Newburgh. . . . Took Lilly this afternoon to see the giraffes. . . . We have had a delightful excursion to Fairy Island, with wives and bairns, the little folks amused themselves with fishing and succeeded, much to their delight, in capturing a few small fry. Augusta and Nicholas bathed in the crystal stream which flows around the isle. September 18th. Annular eclipse of the Sun, day fine and good view of it. In the evening a little party for Kate and Mr. Carpenter, who unfortunately could not come, Mr. C. being afflicted with a stiff neck. October. Excitement in consequence of close election in New Jersey. Phlebotomized by Dr. Morris, and fainted in consequence for the first time in my life. Excused from a Court

Martial at a tavern on the Bloomingdale road on account of my eyes. December. Prevented from dining with St. Nicholas Society [founded 1835; Peter G. Stuyvesant was president and Hamilton Fish secretary]. Sensation in town on account of sudden departure of W. Price [U. S. District Attorney] for Europe in steamship. Difficulties at Harrisburg in organizing the Legislature of Pennsylvania. I have had leeches applied to my temples by Dr. Painter for affection of my eyes.

1839. February. Went with Cole to see a Carlo Dolce at Mr. P. G. Stuyvesant's, brought out by Augustus Van Cortlandt, I did not think it was worth the money he paid for it—13,000 francs. Stopped also with Cole at the Apollo Gallery, and at Richardson's Rooms, where I saw a portrait of a lady by Raeburn which I liked better than the Carlo Dolce. Special message of the President in relation to the difficulties in Maine received today. Much speculation and excitement as to the probable result, diversity of opinion as to the probability of war. Stocks have fallen in consequence. March. The war feeling seems to have subsided in consequence of an arrangement between Mr. Fox, the British Minister, and Mr. Forsyth, Secretary of State. Stocks up again. Walked at Hoboken. The new Hotel of Lucas Van Boskirk, as its name the "Phoenix" imports, has risen from the ashes of its predecessor in brick and mortar splendor. 11th. We were surprised this morning by the unexpected announcement of an addition to the family of Hamilton Fish in the shape of a little girl [Elizabeth Stuyvesant Fish, afterwards Mrs. d'Hauteville]. News of warlike proceedings in the Legislative Bodies of Nova Scotia. XXI met at Ingham's, Sally Lunn, cakes, tea, oysters, whiskey punch,

a Unitarian and a Roman Catholic priest. . . . News from Maine more pacific, stocks in consequence advancing. . . . Engrossing topic is the state of affairs in Maine, which today seem more bellicose. Good Friday. Visited the Panorama of Jerusalem with my Wife and the children. 12th. Varian, Locofoco, was elected Mayor by upwards of 1000 majority, quite a damper. [The Democrats were called "Locofocos" for many years, because at a meeting at Tammany Hall in 1834, having been warned that the gas was to be cut off at a given moment by their enemies, they provided themselves with candles and "locofocos," or friction matches, and continued the meeting.] Went on board the Great Western with a large party, by invitation from D. LeRoy, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Webster [sister of Daniel LeRoy], Stephen White from Boston and others. Supped with the members of the National Academy of Design at their rooms in Clinton Hall, on occasion of the opening of the Exhibition. Morse, who recently returned from Europe, presided. He mentioned some curious particulars respecting the discovery which has been recently made in France by a M. Daguerre, by which the image of objects in the Camera obscura are rendered permanent. Took a slight dinner at Hoboken at Lucas Van Boskirk's new tavern with Ward and Mr. Eastburn, and afterwards rode as far as English Neighborhood. Went to an exhibition of Mrs. Mitchell's pupils, among whom was my little Elizabeth. Saw F. Depeyster, who told me that there were at present 93 of the Tontine Nominees still living. [The Tontine was a system of life insurance. The original subscribers had named two hundred and three persons in 1794, and in 1876 the division was made among the seven surviving nominees,

who were William Bayard, Gouverneur Kemble, Robert Benson Jr., Daniel Hoffman, Horatio G. Stevens, Mrs. John A. King and Mrs. William Campbell. The Tontine Coffee House was built as a sort of merchants' exchange out of funds raised from the annuities.] Went to a meeting of the Historical Society, where I met John Quincy Adams. 30th. Semi-centennial celebration of the Inauguration of Washington, discourse of J. Quincy Adams at the dinner of the Historical Society. June 30th. We were at the Church of the Ascension when soon after Mr. Cutler had ascended the pulpit, and while the psalm was singing, the congregation were alarmed by puffs of smoke coming in at the east windows of the church. On looking out I perceived that the mass of lumber and mahogany which adjoins the Church was in flames. Altho' I did not think the Church would take fire, I thought it best to leave, which seemed to be the general opinion of those assembled. In about a quarter of an hour, there being no engines or water on hand, the fire communicated to the roof of the Church, which in a very short time was enveloped in flames, and soon nothing but the bare walls were left remaining.

The loss of the steamer *Lexington*, mentioned below, made a great impression, though it was only one among many similar disasters at a time when steam navigation was still a risky business. She took fire from sparks blown on to cotton bales, and out of her one hundred and twenty-five passengers only four were saved. It happened on a Monday, sixty miles from New York, but the news did not reach the city until Wednesday. On Thursday a relief boat started off to her assistance; and on

Saturday, extras appeared, giving New York the details of the tragedy.

Neilson Diary, 1840-1841-1842.

January. Steamboat Lexington destroyed by fire in Long Island Sound. . . . Met Mr. Dana, who is about to deliver a course of lectures on English Literature. . . . P. A. Jay has been elected President of the Historical Society. February. The River is open to Albany. Great excitement about Dr. Vanderburg and the Robbers. [The doctor was attacked in bed, and defended himself for some time with a sword cane, but the robbers finally escaped with a little money.] March 7. Great Western Steamer arrived bringing news of marriage of Queen Victoria which took place Feb. 16th. R. White, ex-Cashier, assaulted Jonathan Thompson in Wall St., great excitement in consequence. 19th. The Corner Stone of the New Church of the Ascension was laid this afternoon by Bishop Onderdonk, in midst of pelting rain. I had my silhouette cut by Mons. Edouart, some say the likeness is very good, others very bad. Affairs at Maine respecting N. E. boundary again assuming warlike aspect. At a vestry meeting. Mr. Upjohn and the plans for the new Church of the Ascension [the present structure at Tenth Street and Fifth Avenue]. We have adopted the plan with clere-story windows. New Registry law passed. [The property qualification for voters was abolished, and "with enlarged suffrage the quality of candidates for public affairs suffered a decline."] April. Took little Nicholas to see the Panorama of Thebes. As the health of Mr. Harriman [father of E. H. Harriman the financier] is delicate, the wedding is postponed. Went with Bryant to see his likeness which has been

taken by the Daguerre style by a Mr. Wolcott. Election for City Officers, which by the new law is to be completed in one day. Phoenix and Varian, two candidates for Mayoralty. In the evening heard enough to satisfy me that the Locofocos had carried the City by almost 1500 majority. Came home from Constitution Hall with D. LeRoy rather "down i' the mouth." Took little Nicholas to Peale's Museum to see the Giant, M. Beline from Belgium, said to be 7 ft. 8 inches high. At the Annual Supper of the National Academy, a handsome entertainment, President Duer, Judge Oakley, and other distinguished guests. 28th. John Winthrop died very suddenly this morning. July. Little Nicholas went with his uncle Ham to spend a few days at Ursino, near Elizabeth Town. August. At St. Mark's with little Meta. Stuyvesant Street quite deserted. Mrs. Fish and Lilly at Belleville [at P. G. Stuyvesant's country place, "Fairlawn"], Daniel and Susan LeRoy at Hempstead. September. Locofoco meeting in Wall St. Silas Wright and B. Butler speakers. Heard of Dr. Eastburn's arrival in Steam Ship President, went round to his house to welcome him home. Great excitement in consequence of pretended Whig frauds in bringing on voters from Philadelphia in 1838 and 1839. [Workmen were said to have been imported from Philadelphia ostensibly to lay Croton water pipes, but in reality to vote for Whigs, who were called "pipe-layers" for some time.]

1841. March. General Harrison inaugurated President of U. S. April. Attended the funeral of Herman LeRoy, who was buried at St. Paul's, a very large and respectable funeral. General anxiety manifested about President Harrison, who is very ill with a bilious pleurisy. 4th. General Harrison died.

10th. Funeral Procession in honor of Gen. Harrison, sleet and snow, at P. G. Stuyvesant's with family. ["The whole city was draped in black, to the sound of minute guns and tolling bells a vast procession of thirty-thousand persons moved through a storm of wind and rain from City Hall Park to Union Square and back."] Charter Election, Robert Morris elected Mayor by a majority of about 400. Much anxiety is felt on account of steamer President, which had not arrived in England when the Great Western sailed, having been out 29 days. [She was never heard of again; Tyrone Power, the comedian, was on board.] Annual Supper of National Academy on occasion of the opening of their new rooms, corner of Leonard St. and Broadway. Robert Morris, Chief Justice Jones, Recorder Talmage, etc., and a good supper; toasts and speeches very indifferent. May. Mr. Harriman preached for us in the University Chapel, he has recently been ordained. 14th. A day of fasting and prayer on occasion of the death of President Harrison. 28th. Attended the funeral of my old Drawing Master, Alexander Robertson who died in his 70th year, being the oldest artist in the city. National Theatre burned, being the second time it has been destroyed by fire. June. At the wedding in Grace Church of Alexander Bleecker who was married to Miss Harriet Blackwell. 25th. H. Fish's little daughter Julia Kean [afterwards Mrs. William Benjamin] christened, M. and myself were to have stood as Sponsors, but I was prevented by a Summons from Court. In the evening a little family party at Ham's. Having been for the last two Sundays at New Brunswick it was a treat to hear Mr. Eastburn today, in the afternoon a strange young man preached very strangely. After service, we walked around to look at the new church, the

towers and pinnacles have just been completed, very much pleased with its appearance. N. B. Strange young man turned out to be Mr. Hare. July. Within this last week have died: Isaac Lawrence in his 74th year, Fyles Dibblee in his 62nd year, Mrs. Hosack in her 69th year, Philip Kearney in his 35th year at Saugerties. Mary Rogers supposed to have been murdered, great excitement in consequence. [A pretty young girl, employed in an inn, whose body was found floating in the Hudson. Her story was the original of Poe's "Marie Roget," and it was said, though not believed, that Poe had been asked to write his story to turn the public attention from the real murderer.] August. H Brevoort died at 94, and Charles McEvers.

1842. June 30th. Sister Cornelia married to Mr. Harri-
man [parents of E. H. Harriman]. July 5th. Uncle James
Bleecker died aged 78. The civil war in Rhode Island finished
about this time, by the sudden flight of the instigator, Gov.
Dorr, *soi-disant*. September 1st. Dinner to Lord Ashbur-
ton on the happy completion of a treaty between U. S. and
Great Britain [boundary between Maine and Canada].

1843. June. Procession in honor of President Tyler, who
visited New York on his way to Boston. July. Doctors
Anthon and Smith protested against the ordination of Mr.
Carey, on the ground of his holding papistical doctrines, great
excitement in consequence. [In the General Convention, the
"Puseyites" triumphed.]

The following note from Mrs. Madison, widow of the Presi-
dent, usually known as "Dolly," is enclosed in a pretty little
ornamental envelope, and introduces: Mrs. Baker, Miss Kean,
Mr. and Mrs. Fish, Miss Pearson, Miss Chandler and Judge

Carroll to Mrs. Washington. At the time it was written, Dolly was described as "a young lady of four score and upwards, who goes to parties and receives company like the queen of the new world. Eminently beautiful, with a complexion as fresh and fair, and skin as smooth, as that of an English girl." She usually wore black velvet, with leg-o'-mutton sleeves, a turban, and a high white tulle ruff softening her throat and face. Her last appearance in society was in 1849, when "all the parlors of the White House were lighted up, including the East Room; the Marine Band occupied the centre hall, and many hundreds of ladies and gentlemen attended. It was, in the language of Washington, a very fashionable levee. Towards the close of the evening, President Polk passed through the crowded rooms with Mrs. Madison upon his arm." She died a few months later. The Mrs. Washington to whom the note was addressed was the wife of John Augustine Washington, the last private owner of Mount Vernon; he became a colonel in the Confederate army and was killed during the Civil War.

Dolly Madison to Mrs. Washington.

President's Square, May 4th, 1844

My dear Mrs. Washington will I am persuaded be pleased to receive these interesting ladies, with their accompanying gentlemen, at Mount Vernon, for a few moments this morning—they bear with them the affectionate remembrances of her friend, D. P. Madison.

A family adventure of this time was a sea voyage to New Orleans undertaken by Mrs. John Neilson's sister, Mrs. Daniel

LeRoy, which ended in a shipwreck. Accompanied by her daughter Augusta and a faithful maid, and escorted by young Herman LeRoy as "chevalier," they sailed in the *Oconee* to join Mr. LeRoy in New Orleans, "with every prospect of a pleasant and comfortable voyage."

*John Neilson Jr. to his brother-in-law,
Daniel LeRoy, New Orleans.*

New York, April 3, 1845

The welcome news of the safe arrival of Susan and her party at New Orleans has dispersed the cloud of gloomy apprehension and anxiety which since the morning of the 24th has hung so heavily upon us all. On that morning we first saw in the paper the notice of the *Oconee's* being ashore on Stirrup Key and that three of the crew had been taken off by a vessel bound from Havre to New Orleans, leaving us in dreadful uncertainty. But from the fact that the vessel was seen in possession of the wreckers, and had not gone to pieces, we concluded that the passengers had been taken to Nassau, not being aware there was any nearer place of shelter. In this state of suspense we remained until April 1, when we saw in the paper the arrival here of Capt. Jackson in a schooner from Nassau.

Rob't Winthrop and myself immediately repaired to the office of the Agent of Packets. The Captain had not yet made his appearance and just as we were proceeding to search for him at his residence in Brooklyn, in he marched, looking as you may suppose, rather crestfallen and down-in-the-mouth. The account he gave of the comfortable condition in which he left his passengers, and the little actual suffering they had

experienced, afforded us no small relief. He assured us they had all been put in safety on board the Vicksburg, at whose tardy arrival, however, we were not a little surprised. The Captain speaks in the most exalted terms of Susan's kindness and sympathy with him in his misfortunes. She seems quite to have captivated him, and I think for his sake and that of his wife it is as well that they did not prosecute their voyage any farther together! Susan has told you of the letter she wrote him from Governor Ellis's hospitable mansion, returning thanks for his kindness to herself and fellow passengers. This seems to have been the poor Captain's only drop of comfort in his afflictions. You must let Susan know it did him a power of good, and he cannot sufficiently express his gratitude. As a proof of the high estimation in which he held this document, on his arrival at Nassau he had it published in the paper—a sheet about as large as a small pane of glass—of which it fills nearly a column, and really makes quite a respectable appearance. The Captain has kindly furnished us with a copy, and the sight of their mother's name in print, and her own assurance of her safety and comfort, fills the hearts of Sue [afterwards Mrs. George Warren Dresser] and Stuyve with delight, and they have covered over and over again the precious relic with their kisses. Our children seem to have some vague idea that Aunt Sue and Gussy have been cast away on Robinson Crusoe's Island and are eagerly anticipating marvellous stories on their return.

Dear Susan, M., who has been looking over my shoulder, thinks I have been a little too saucy in my badinage about the Captain and your letter to him, but I think you can take a joke, and if you only knew how heavy all our hearts have been for this last long week, and how sadly the corners of our mouths

have been drawn down, you would excuse any little effort to give that useful feature a different inclination. I shall not, however, feel quite sure of your forgiveness, until I receive it under your own hand and seal, though I can hardly expect to be addressed in the affectionate style of "the letter to the Captain"—but I am only making bad worse! So I must conclude, with the assurance that in joy and sorrow, in seasons of deliverance from danger, as well as in the hour of trouble and adversity, I am your affectionate Brother, J. N. Jr.

P. S. They think Ham's little ones are getting the measles.

Neilson Diary, 1846-1847.

January. H. Inman, the artist, died; I attended his funeral which was very long and respectable. May. War with Mexico; General Taylor's victories, Matamoras, etc.

1847. February 14th. At Father's; valentines, of which Patty has a profusion, the subject of converse. 28th. Collection at Ascension for the suffering Irish. [The relief committee collected over fifty thousand dollars in two weeks, and A. T. Stewart furnished a ship loaded with provisions.] March. At Trinity, where Mr. Haight commenced today. . . . At Court of Common Pleas as Juror; case of a Mrs. Montgomery against a Dr. Oatman for Assault and Battery, the Doctor having applied a bottle of cayenne pepper to the nose of the plaintiff while she was exhibiting as a subject of Mesmerism, which caused the said Plaintiff to make a violent attack upon Dr. Oatman, who, from all accounts, seems to have had rather the worst of it. On the way I stopped at Huntington's Painting Room, where I found a beautiful sketch left for me. May. Dined at P. G. Stuyvesant's on the occasion of the 200th

Anniversary of Governor Stuyvesant's entering on his administration. Dr. Dewitt, Luther Bradish, Dan. Lord, Mr. Stevens, Colden, P. M. Wetmore and others present. August. Went with Mrs. Fish, Lilly and Mary to Fishkill in the Steamboat Thomas Powell, met Weir on board the boat. At Fishkill Landing, went up the mountain with the family. 17th. In Wall St., heard from Peter Stuyvesant the death of his uncle P. G. Stuyvesant, Esq., who was reported by telegraph to have been found drowned in a bath at Niagara. I proceeded to Newburgh, and next morning crossed to Fishkill to communicate the sad event to Mrs. Fish and the family. 21st. Funeral of P. G. Stuyvesant. August. Went to town in Thomas Powell. Will of P. G. Stuyvesant opened and read.

Mr. Stuyvesant left his property, "lying between the Second Avenue and the East River and extending from Tenth to Twentieth Streets," to be divided in three parts; one to his nephew Hamilton Fish; one to his nephew Stuyvesant Rutherford, on condition he changed his surname to Stuyvesant; and one to be divided among the rest of his nephews and nieces. Stuyvesant Square he bequeathed to the city. "He was a man closely concerned with the best social life of New York, the representative of an enduring Knickerbocker family, and possessor of a great colonial estate." All the Stuyvesant property had been originally a part of the "Bowery Farm" of the old Dutch governor, whose country house, with its formal garden laid out in the Dutch style, has been described in a previous chapter.

In the following years, 1848 and 1849, John Neilson made very few entries; the only one of interest in 1848 noted the

deaths, in March, of Cole, the artist, and J. J. Astor. Cooper wrote of the latter: "Today J. J. Astor goes to the tomb. It is said that he sent checks of \$100,000 each to several grandchildren a few days before he died, in order to place them at their ease from the start. Irving is to be Astor's biographer! Columbus and John Jacob Astor! I dare say Irving will make the last the greatest man." In May, 1849, there is a note in the diary: "Riot at the Astor Place Opera House, the mob fired on by the military and many lives lost"; and another, "The steamer *Empire* sunk near Newburgh." In June, July and August is the refrain, "Cholera prevailing." The Astor Place riots have already been mentioned; Astor Place was called "Massacre Place" for some time afterwards. This particular epidemic of cholera began in the Five Points on May fourteenth, and about five thousand died in New York.

In this same "cholera year," 1849, on the evening of June 7, Mary Augusta LeRoy, Daniel LeRoy's daughter and Mrs. John Neilson's niece, was married to Edward King of Newport and China. As the LeRoys' house in Stuyvesant Street was not large enough, a door was cut through into the Fishes' house next door, and the ceremony performed in their front parlor; the supper, served in the LeRoys' house, "was restricted to such food as was considered safe during a cholera epidemic." According to my aunt, Mrs. Howard, the bride wore a diamond necklace, the gift of the groom; the bridesmaids, dressed in white with wreaths of white flowers, were Susan LeRoy, afterwards Mrs. George Warren Dresser; Elizabeth Neilson, afterwards Mrs. E. W. Howard; Julia Stuyvesant, afterwards Mrs. Winterhoff; Helen V. C. LeRoy, afterwards Mrs. Pinckney Stewart; Helen Otis LeRoy, afterwards Mrs. John Glover,

and Katherine Schermerhorn, afterwards Mrs. Benjamin S. Welles. Family tradition says that Mrs. Daniel LeRoy was the first hostess in this country to serve dinners "à la russe"—that is, with no carving or vegetable dishes on the table and everything handed by servants. "Aunt LeRoy" was criticized by her less fashionable relations for placing empty silver dishes on the table merely as decorations. This must have been before 1850, for Cooper wrote at that date: "Dined with the Thorns. The dinner was a French service, on a French table, everything excellent and on a great scale. Two footmen, neither in livery, but both with white gloves. Service quiet, and dinner excellent."

Apropos of Tupper, the English poet mentioned below, Cooper wrote: "I met Tupper at Putnam's store. His first question was whether he was to have the pleasure of seeing me at dinner at Mr. Astor's today? I had not the honor of visiting Mr. Astor. Here was bathos. Tupper's manner is flippant and by all I can hear much like James. I hope my apologies of ill health will lead him not to expect a call."

Neilson Diary, 1851.

March. At the Sketch Club I met Tupper, who has recently arrived, and Washington Irving, and other distinguished characters. May. Went to Howe the dentist with little Julia and Helen to have teeth extracted, both bore the, to them, novel operation remarkably well, especially Helen [my mother]. Received an invitation from Bryant to accompany himself and Tupper to Roslyn, but Tupper, from multiplicity of business could not come, so the anticipated pleasure was knocked on the head. Went to Hoboken with Bryant, whither Johnny, Meta and Helen had gone to pass the day with Mrs.



HELEN NEILSON (MRS. MAITLAND ARMSTRONG) AS A CHILD
From a portrait by J. H. Shegogue

Van Rensselaer at Mr. G. Morton's [Mrs. William Shippen's aunt and father]. After a pleasant walk and visit to the grounds and greenhouse of Mr. Stevens, returned with my young charges. 26th. Great riot at Hoboken, Germans and Rowdies. Went with Mary to Dr. Dewees for use of galvanic battery for her deafness. June. Sermon from Mr. Bedell, on the proposed erection of St. Luke's Hospital. August. Set off with M., Meta, John, Julia, Helen and Nurse Jane for Avon, in the Isaac Newton. Breakfast next morning at Albany. Took an excursion from Avon to Geneseo, nine miles, in Mr. Bissell's post coach and four, delightful afternoon; we visited Council Tree, 27 feet in circumference, and Fals brook, both worthy of note. I went to Buffalo with Johnny, on the way to Niagara and stayed the night at the Phelps Hotel. Took passage in the Steamer Emerald for Chippewa, from thence we went by railroad to the British side of the Falls, and took a room at the Clifton Hotel.

A few days after this trip to Niagara with his little boy Johnny, John Neilson Jr. took cold, and died after a very short illness. The *Knickerbocker Magazine* said of him: "He was an accomplished man. He painted in oils, en amateur, with marked success, and his little pen-and-ink drawings are very perfect of their kind. He was an excellent judge of the humorous in literature, his translations from the French, under the nom de plume of 'John Hunter,' for vivid description and startling incident have rarely been surpassed. He was one of the gentlest, the truest-hearted, the most unassuming Christian gentlemen we ever knew. His was a loving and a lovable nature. Friend

of past days! may the tears of filial and social affection long keep green the turf above thine honored grave!"

Manton Eastburn, often spoken of in the Neilson diary, kept up his intimacy with the family after he became Bishop of Massachusetts, and often wrote to Mrs. Neilson and her children. He was the leader of the "low church" party, and naturally disapproved of Mrs. Daniel LeRoy's "high church" tastes, mentioned in the letter below.

Bishop Eastburn to Mrs. John Neilson.

Newport, August, 1852

My old friend George Hare of Phil'a preached here yesterday. He married, as you know, Bishop Hobart's daughter Elizabeth, and has 9 children living. He is a very able preacher, but with a very bad delivery. "Aunt Su" "detests" his preaching; and was never more out of the way than in framing such a judgment. I cannot understand how the daughter of your parents could ever have got such "views" into her head, as my "beautiful friend," Aunt Su. I had quite a battle with her last evening about Hare. But I like Aunt Su amazingly. She is looking most superbly. Gussie looks as nice as ever and so does Susie. I found many young friends at my boarding house when I arrived. John Kean and family, Walter Rutherford and family, Clement C. Moore, etc.

I will trespass on Nicholas's kindness to deliver these copies of my sermon on the Sunday after Daniel Webster's burial to the various members of the family, also to Mrs. Banyer. I wish you would tell Hamilton Fish that I have referred chiefly

to the Christian character of Mr. Webster's death-bed, from which, I think, much instruction may be derived.

My young friend Jammy Morris did me the favor to take a family dinner with me last Saturday. He is a very nice, modest, manly fellow and in appearance reminds me of his Uncle Ham. I had last Sunday a distant view of the distingué Mr. Thackeray, in Trinity Church. He is a rough, bluff-looking man. The other evening at the Melodian, Mr. James, the novelist, delivered a eulogy on the Duke of Wellington. He made a most prodigious failure. There were 1500 present. I offered up the opening prayer, which I compiled from our glorious liturgy. Please send me my watch key, wrapped in a bit of paper. I prize it for its history; I picked it up on the deck of the "President," on my voyage from England, the very minute my own key broke, and kept it as I found no owner. It is now a solemn relic of that noble ship, which foundered with all on board a few months afterward.

*Bishop Eastburn to his god-daughter,
Meta Neilson.*

Boston, December 30, 1852

My sweet little Meta, I was just going to write a line to my dear boy Johnnie, when ding! goes the bell, and in steps with a mysterious and important air, my "Man Friday" bearing a BOX!!! Bang away goes the lid! There were my dear old favorites, the identical roundhearts, which in days of yore, your dear father and I used to eat on some sunny holiday morning, as we rambled on our excursions with light steps and lighter hearts.

Mrs. Cushing has frequently had them made to please me, but somehow they never had the *genuine smack* of a real New Yorker. I bit off the scallops on the edge just as I used to do long ago. Tell your Mother to kiss you for me as many times as there are roundhearts packed in the box.

In a later letter, Bishop Eastburn speaks of a "claimant" to the throne of France, whose story was believed by many intelligent people. This Eleazar Williams, a clergyman, seems to have been sincere in believing that he was the "little Dauphin" spirited away from Paris during the revolution, taken to the United States, and brought up among the Indians. His claim was based on his recollections of past grandeur, and strengthened by a mysterious interview with the Prince de Joinville when the latter was in this country. But Bishop Eastburn writes: "Tell Meta I consider the 'Dauphin' an unmitigated scamp, and the whole story of the interview with the Prince de Joinville an entire fabrication."

In 1854, Mrs. John Neilson's mother, Mrs. Nicholas Fish, died. A letter from Hamilton Fish to his three sisters—Mrs. Daniel LeRoy, Mrs. John Neilson and Mrs. Richard Morris—explains that he has undertaken to carry out what he knew to be his mother's wishes, and suggests that "suits of mourning should be given to Angelica Schuyler and Mary Thomas, and some little memorial, such as a piece of plate, to each of her grandchildren; and that we procure for Angelica Schuyler a silver tea-set of the value of two hundred and fifty dollars, to be presented in our Mother's name, and that four-thousand-four-hundred dollars be added to the legacy to Mary." It ends:

"But I shall cheerfully assent to any other decision that should be thought better. And I beg earnestly, my dear Sisters, your permission to assume the payment for these purposes—including the two suits of mourning—from my share of my dear Mother's estate. This, however, must not be known beyond ourselves, the gifts will be from our dear Mother. I am sure you will not deny me this. May God's favor ever keep us united in affection and in sentiment."

At the time this was written Hamilton Fish had already been Governor of New York and now, as United States Senator, was absorbed in questions of overwhelming importance to the Union; for even minor prophets could see the clouds of rebellion thickening the sky, and at this particular moment the shrieks of "bleeding Kansas" were making statesmen shiver in their shoes. So it is pleasant to find that Uncle Hamilton could give himself so whole heartedly to the consideration of "suits of mourning" and Angelica Schuyler's tea set. As for the pious sentiments he expresses, with him they were entirely sincere, though they would sound hypocritical in the letter of a modern politician. And he stands out in history as one of the few men in Grant's administration who emerged from all the scandals of the post-war period with an unblemished reputation. As Secretary of State his conduct of foreign affairs was notably successful, especially during the negotiations which resulted in referring the celebrated "Alabama claims" to arbitration. When the question first came up the "Alabama claims" were not taken seriously by the British public, and *Punch* had an amusing cartoon by Tenniel showing an enormous Fish dangling on the end of Lord Clarendon's line, to illustrate some verses headed:

"The Corrected Edition of the Honorable Hamilton Fish's Despatches," and ending:

In claims, dates, facts and figures
Set right, without quarter,
Let them own that H. F.
Is a Fish out of Water.

It was an unpleasant surprise to the English when the Court of Arbitration decided finally against them and the fisherman and his catch were obliged to change places!



HARLEM RAILROAD



A FISH OUT O' WATER.

(SEE MR. SECRETARY HAMILTON FISH'S DESPATCH, AND LORD CLARENDON'S "OBSERVATIONS" ON THE ALABAMA QUESTION.)

CHAPTER XI

Mostly Salt Water

1810-1869

*Scarce one tall frigate walks the sea
Or skirts the safer shores,
Of all that bore to victory
Our stout old commodores.*

—OLD SONG

SO FAR, Commodore Salter has appeared only in the peaceful light of his honeymoon, taking his young wife, Colonel Armstrong's daughter Margaret, through the brand new Erie Canal and the "fashionable round" of Niagara, Saratoga, and Ballston Spa. My father remembered the Commodore as "a typical sea captain of the old school; an excellent sailor, a most capable man, and very decided, not to say pig-headed, in all his ideas. He was short, with a ruddy clean-shaven face—he taught all his midshipmen to shave with both hands, so that in case they were wounded they could still shave!" The Commodore often complained of the lack of cultivation that made him feel inferior to his accomplished wife, for there were no naval schools in those days, and midshipmen didn't have an opportunity of learning much except seamanship. But he was over-sensitive; his education had included other, more important, things than music and foreign languages, things that drilled and stiffened the boy until he became a hard-headed, soft-hearted, plucky old martinet—the

sort of commander that seems unaccountably popular with seafaring men.

Salter went into the United States Navy as midshipman when he was only ten years old—you don't have much time for frills when you start a naval career at that age—and very soon the War of 1812 came along and made life exciting enough for the most blood-thirsty boy. He was only twelve when he took part in the famous fight between the *Constitution* and the *Guerrière*; history says that throughout this encounter "from the smallest boy on the ship to the oldest seaman not a look of fear was to be seen." Young Salter came out all right. But if he hadn't, I fancy he would have behaved as pluckily as another little boy—an English boy on the British ship *Java* when she fought the *Constitution*. "After having his leg amputated, he became uneasy at seeing a flag spread over him, but on being told it was *English*, he was satisfied, and so died."

Farragut said of the *Constitution's* fight with the *Guerrière*: "I always envied Isaac Hull that piece of good luck. He was as able a seaman as ever sailed a ship." Before the War of 1812, Dacre of the *Guerrière* had bet Hull a hat that his ship could beat the *Constitution*; so after the victory, when Dacre tendered his sword, Hull refused it with a laughing: "I won't take a sword from a man who knows so well how to use it—but I'll trouble you for that hat!" A letter from Commodore Hull to Captain Salter will be found further on in this chapter.

The slave named Jim, of whom I have spoken in a previous chapter, saw the *Guerrière* after the battle. Jim had run away to sea and been taken off his ship by a press gang from the British sloop-of-war *Shepherdess*. "For over three years," Jim said, "I didn't put my foot ashore." After cruising in the Med-

iterranean and going up the Congo, the *Shepherdess* came back to the United States during the War of 1812, and was off New York when she met a brig taking some English prisoners to Halifax, and learned from them of the victory of the *Constitution*. A day or two after, they saw the *Guerrière* being towed into New York Harbor. Jim said: "You could run a barrow through her sides anywhere." Jim never forgot that he was an American and his patriotism was intense; he used to tell with glee how he collected rat-tail files, fully intending to spike the British guns if the time came when he would be compelled to fight his countrymen.

Jim's experiences in the War of 1812 give some idea of what young Salter's must have been. Not long after Jim's glimpse of the *Guerrière* he managed to escape from the *Shepherdess*, got home, and shipped as powder monkey on board the *Hornet*; but Captain Lawrence soon promoted him to a gun on the larboard side. "We sailed to the West Indies," Jim said, "and off South America we had an engagement with the 'Peacock,' a British vessel of war. We sunk her in twenty-five minutes. When the 'Peacock' was discovered, another fellow and I were boxing up in the shrouds, and he called out that there was a ship coming along; and there she was sure enough, and a noble looking thing she was, sir! Well, pretty soon the balls began to fly, and I tell you it was hot work; talk about your playing ball, them was the balls you couldn't put out your hand to catch! She came right off us *so*," old Jim went on, holding his right hand parallel with his left but a little behind it, "and we came so near together that for a minute the yards locked, and there was an awful crash, and the waves were running high. I stood on the larboard side, with what they called a

'tub' of pistols and hand-spikes, and at the first crash a hand-spike caught in my wrist and that is the scar, sir!" And old Jim would show the scar upon his hand. "As the 'Peacock' passed, some men in our shrouds up aloft shot her Captain and he fell on the deck. The sterns of the two vessels were near together, and the balls flew like hail, and I got struck by a splinter on the knee, and was sent below, for the blood was streaming down over my foot, but I crawled back on deck again. Our wounded were very few, but a gun 'busted' and killed some, and some were drowned in the 'Peacock.' We lost five of our men inside her, whom the Captain had sent on board to save some of the wounded, but rum and tobacco got the best of them, and as she went down all of a sudden, that was the last of them. I remember seeing some men up aloft when she sunk, and they were taken aboard from there." Every detail of this fight, as given by Jim, is corroborated by historians.

Commodore Crane, the writer of the next moralizing letter, was the commander of the *Vixen* in the attack on Tripoli in the affair with the Barbary pirates, which was brought to a head, not by the Pasha's having ordered the United States to pay him eighty thousand dollars a year, but because he had chopped down the flagstaff at the American consulate.

*Commodore Crane to Mr. Wm. D. Salter,
Midshipman, U. S. Constitution.*

U. S. Frigate Chesap'k, July, 1810

Dear William, It is with much satisfaction I learn you are placed under the command of C'pt Hull, from him you will receive practical lessons of correct conduct which will merit

your serious attention. The moral education you have received, added to the bright example in your own family, leaves no room to doubt but that you will fulfil the highest expectation of your Father. Permit me, my young friend, to give you such advice relative to your future conduct which my long experience in the service warrants. I am actuated by the most friendly motives toward yourself and family, no other consideration could induce me to trouble you.

In your conduct to your superiors observe all those decent external marks of respect which your youth and situation require, diligently executing orders given you to the utmost of your abilities—by patience and attention only can you acquire a knowledge of the profession in which you have embarked, which will command the esteem of your superiors and the respect of your equals. A correct deportment to Officers of your own grade must be strictly observed, low familiarity must be carefully avoided. To your inferiors observe impartial justice and humanity, never wantonly inflict punishment, and never lose sight of your proper dignity. You must be jealously careful not to permit any improper liberties to be taken with you by the seamen, neither must you descend to their level by making companions of them. In your person you should always be neat and clean, ready to go on any service which may be required of you. Recollect what your friends expect of you and I am convinced you will exert yourself to make an able and accomplished Officer. With regard, your friend, W. M. Crane.

In Captain Salter's letter below, Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, and Donna Maria da Gloria, the little Queen of Portu-

gal, are the same who have already appeared in connection with a letter from Stuyvesant Fish, describing his view of the fleet of Dom Pedro chasing that of Dom Miguel out to sea. Captain Salter incidentally throws light on Dom Pedro's reasons for preferring Brazil to Portugal as a place of residence.

Captain Salter to his wife.

Macedonia, Rio de Janeiro, *June*, 1828

The dews are quite heavy here but are mostly confined to the mountains, it lodges on the trees and bushes, runs down the declivities and concentrates in the mouth of the aqueduct by which it is conducted to the fountains in the different parts of the city; thus is the famous city of Rio de Janeiro watered. Its population is estimated at about 250,000 inhabitants, two thirds, I should judge, blacks. There has been many importations of French Milliners who have succeeded in corseleting the Brazilian ladies and introducing bonnets, which I assure you make them look more genteely than they did when we arrived out here. A young lady, the daughter of our Consul, came off some days ago to visit the ship, she was only thirteen years old and nearly as tall as myself but I can safely say that she was larger than Miss Van Courtland, and was literally covered with precious stones. Indeed I have been told that the people here frequently diet themselves for days together to save money to spend in finery to make a dash at the opera and splendid fireworks, and at the illuminations, which exceed any I ever saw. Some parts of the city are illuminated almost every night and from the ship look beautiful, there is scarcely a week

passes without two or more holy-days. There is no danger of fire, their houses are built principally of stone and floors of the same material. The streets are narrow, not very clean, with a wide gutter in the middle of them which makes it very inconvenient for the vehicles. If the wheel gets into the gutter they scarce ever get it out until they have gone the whole length of the street.

I saw the Emperor in his phaeton with the little Queen of Portugal by his side, driving four in hand at a most rapid rate through the principal street, but she did not seem to mind at all. We stopped and bowed, taking off our hats, which salute he politely returned, knowing us to be foreigners. He seldom or never notices his own subjects, which lessens him much in my feeble estimation. No common person is allowed to drive six in hand; the Marchioness of Santos, his mistress, drives six mules with a rider on the foremost mule. When he rides in his state coach he has a driver and six English horses, with eight or ten servants mounted on horseback.

Our Minister was to have dined with Admiral Sir Robert Otway today, but has received intelligence that the Admiral has just received a letter from his wife communicating the dire intelligence of the death of one of his daughters. I feel for the old gentleman. He is an excellent man and was very polite and attentive to me when I dined on his ship in company with Captain Biddle. I can imagine that I see the good old Admiral sitting in his cabin in tears, communicating the sad news to his three little sons whom he has on board with him. Say to Emily I fear I shall have to eat her up—her dear mother says she is so sweet and Miss Phelps talks so much about her. I have a little coral necklace for her.

In 1831 Captain Salter was stationed in Pensacola, and made the voyage to his post as a passenger in the *Tuskina*, keeping a journal for his wife in a little copy-book bound in green paper.

April 12, 1831. Left Mrs. Elliot's house hardly knowing what I did or said, with a full heart but heavy, as it now is at the commencement of these brief remarks I am about to transcribe. The passengers consist of Purser Bates on his way to join the West India Squadron and a Miss Sevilier returning to Mobile to her father, a little girl 13 or 14 years, with an old black woman servant. Captain Post, Skipper of the *Tuskina*, sat at the head of the table, on which was a tureen of soup, a piece of beef, roast pork, three small lobsters, a few yellow potatoes and some beets, a contrast to the splendid dinner given me by Mr. Elliot. The meal was soon ended. I returned to the deck to look for the last time through the spy glass towards New York, but I found I was too late, the city was sunk in the horizon. Now the men have commenced caulking down the hatches, the Capt. insists I shall drink a glass of wine to the health of all dear which I have left behind. Adieu, dearest, we are now, by the appearance of the land and it is not yet sunset, off Barnegat. I am now about to retire to bed in the hopes of seeing my wife and children in my dreams.

I was awoke at daylight by the sun shining down the skylight. I got up and returned thanks for the protection offered me through the night, shaved and dressed in my sea clothes—Brown Trowsers, doctor Salter's spotted vest, and Green coat. We have a large and spacious cabin, the Capt. and mates quite clever and all goes on snug. Miss Sevilier's father commands the

Revenue cutter at Mobile and the Capt. says he may fall in with us off Pensacola and he would not be surprised if he offered to carry me to Pensacola, which would save not only money but trouble, therefore a little politeness to his only daughter, a little girl of 12 or 13, will not perhaps pass unnoticed. I will go on deck again and talk a little to her. Our dinner consisted of roast beef, very tuf, three lobsters, some potatoes and a few beets. I am tired of the sight of lobsters, they have been on table every meal.

The old African Black woman has her hands full to amuse Miss Seviler. She is an old Guinea negro. The Capt. informs me she had the care of two children who were left at the infant school in New York. The children were twin boys and the mother was a widow when a man of wealth came across her and had these said twins. Some months after they had a misunderstanding, separated and the father sent the children to New York, amply provided for. The father is Mr. — cashier of the U. S. bank, very rich but far from being an honorable or correct man. Purser Bates is a clever man, but rather too Yankeeified and close, very inquisitive about my affairs. Our meals this day have been much as heretofore except lobsters. I study my dictionary, which I know you will be pleased to know. . . . Several strange sail in sight. I would remark here that I have just thought of my Meddle, I do not recollect what has become of it. I wish you would take care of it. I have rigged my straw hat for the sun and put away my fur one. I missed my dear wife's needle to sew on a string to keep it from blowing off my head. The Capt. has given me some account of the Cranes and Rosses from Elizabeth Town, while on their passage to

and from New York. Mrs. Ross was delivered of her eldest child while at sea, no doctor on board. Another passage, Mrs. B. — was doting on her husband all the way. He said little Dr. W. could not make drinks fast enough for these delicate ladies of the ton of the most fashionable. The Capt. laid in many little delicacies for them, but none suited. This said Capt. Post of this ship the Tuskina is a cunning and very witty Connecticut man. You had better send to Mrs. Niemcewics to see about your piano.

We are now in what is called the horse Latitudes, where the greatest calms prevail. I have been reading Anne of Geierstein and the character drawn of the heroine delights me. I was often drawn to think of her I loved. I always believed you possessed more fortitude, patience and forbearance than myself. Often have I wished that I were made more like your dear self and possessed the faculty of making you happy as you have the power and ability of making me so. At times I almost despair of ever succeeding, my temper and disposition, besides excessive ignorance, ever prevent. . . . The time passes tardily when away from the one we love. Last night we saw a Brig standing to the North'd. The thought struck me it might be a vessel from the Island of Trinidad, with Mercia Macomb and Mrs. Fitz William on board of her. Tell Mercia if she met a ship with a high deck and many persons leaning on a spar, and discovered among them one with a straw hat, Green coat, and Doctor Salter's spotted vest and brown trowsers, say it was I. I have been hard engaged with my dictionary, but fear my memory is something like Mrs. Lawrence's horse. . . . This morning we caught a very large dolphin. It was really a very

beautiful fish and changed its color so often, I wish you could have seen it. They possess the power of assuming these colors, which are as beautiful as the imagination can possibly fancy. About half an hour after we took an immense shark, which was decoyed into a bowline made in the end of a rope, by trowing a piece of Salt Pork through attached to a smaller line. Attached to this huge fish was a small fish called the succour, which they find impossible to shake off. We endeavored to catch the Pilot fish which usually keep near their heads, but did not succeed. This animal being one which sailors most dread was treated in a barbarous manner. After cutting him open and examining his maw, in which we found nothing, his liver was cut open and thrown overboard to the other sharks, which refused eating it. He was then launched into the sea, when to our astonishment he swam off, the other sharks in chase of him. This was indeed a cruel sight, but the crew were allowed to do with him as they pleased. The men often on catching these "man-eaters" as they call them, maim them so as to insure their death and tie heavy weights to them to witness their capers in the water. . . . We find ourselves about 26 miles southward of the Hole in the Wall, all sails set, crew variously employed. I have been reading Blunt's coast pilot and comparing it with the charts and find some few mistakes. I feel as though I was a cast-off upon the world, no wife near me to say a soft and tender word. It is impossible you should know what I feel for your dear self, who possesses virtue for her guide and honor for its foundation. Last night the moon was beaming bright and we were walking upon deck, when another shark was discovered. The Capt. caught him as was the first and

served him in a similar manner and he was thrown into the sea. This one to our great astonishment swam off as did the first. Our passengers are quite uninteresting—self appears to rain within them. I overheard myself described as the silent captain. . . . We took a very large dolphin this morning. I have heard of many persons being poisoned by eating of them. Some persons cook them with a silver spoon and if they boil the spoon black they are not considered healthy. All have eaten of those we have taken, but yet they may go on until too late. I would never run the risk, nor would I like anyone to do so for whom I have a regard. Perhaps you are on the North river today, if so how happy you must be. How different the climate there with the one I am going to which abounds with fleas and musquitoes. *Conserve-moi toujours ton coeur. Souviens-toi que tu me l'as donné. Va, nous serons unis un jour.* . . . A vessel about two miles to leeward of us looks very much like a Philadelphia Rigged ship, perhaps Mrs. Dinsmore [Patty Macomb] is on board. The Capt. of this ship the Tuskina is a very shrewd fellow. He has been giving me an account of some of the young merchants who go out in the fall and return in the spring. I conclude that the society of these merchants is not at all desirable. . . . Nothing in sight but one rudder fish which has been about the ship for two days. Some may be happy when away from those they ought to love, but alas I cannot.

In passing the Hole in the Wall we could distinctly see through the hole and as the sun rose saw it reflected through. It reminds me of the Natural bridge in Virginia, though not half so high, the sea washes through this hole and when the

wind blows strong it howls awfully. It forms part of the Island of Abaco, from which are sent two or three members of Legislature to Nassau, New Providence. There are 6 or 700 inhabitants, wreckers, pirates and fishermen, generally speaking they are very indolent. We are now making the Berry Islands and discover a man of war schooner at anchor there, but cannot make out her flag yet. . . . We ran close down to the extreme end of the Island and on one of the Keys found a black man about the color of Johnson the Fiddler, nearly six feet in height and weighing I should suppose 300 or more. He appears well acquainted with our Capt. He brought on board some cabbages, Sweet potatoes, peppers and some wood, for which we gave him some Salt Beef and Pork. He was accompanied on board by a Lieut. Tappen of His Majesty's Navy, commander of the schooner that we saw lying in a cove. He said his schooner was called the Pickle but he had quite as leave sail in a wash tub. The Black considers himself a Governor of this small island. His wife and one slave are all that inhabit it. The British allowed this man a patent for his land at which their cruisers and wreckers generally rendezvous. We left and shaped our course for the little Barma from thence to the dog Key, thence to the Brothers Bennini Islands. All is quiet save the man in the chains singing out the soundings at every cast of the lead. . . . Many large turtles have passed us today, some asleep, others swimming on the surface. I wish that I could but leave my station and fly to you. I feel more sadly than when I went to the coast of Brazil. Alas, to be alone in the world but illy repays one for the deprivations attendant on a sea fairing life. At 12 I went upon deck to look at a vessel said to resemble a man of

war. I made her out at first sight to be a merchant brig standing towards us, though some time elapsed ere I could convince the Capt. of this ship or Purser Bates, or either of the mates. She passed close to us and we hailed her and she proved to be the American Brig Pensacola, from New Orleans, bound to London, freighted with cotton, and desired to be reported three days out, all well and nearly up with the Tortugas. All have knocked under to my better judgment.

13 May. If nothing more than common occurs we shall make land according to *my calculation* about 2 P.M. I have worked up and taken a double altitude to find our exact Latitude at noon. The Capt. has done so, and the mate, none agree. One says we shall make the land according to his work at 12 o'clock, the other at 11 o'clock. As they are not as exact as we are in our nautical calculations in calculating seconds I think I shall beat them. I am now going to take the meridional altitude of the sun and shall of course be enabled to make closer calculations. . . . You will be a little surprised when I tell you that the Capt. and mate's reckoning is up, it is half past one o'clock. I have half an hour more to run upon and am going on deck to look out for the land. . . . Indeed I am quite astonished. I had not been upon deck twenty minutes before the second mate who was at the Mast head sang out Land Oh. So you see that I was most exact and made the land within 10 minutes of my time, which is remarkable. All hands gave three hearty cheers and I now write while all are engaged talking about and looking over their figures. . . . It is now three o'clock, we have a Pilot and are standing in for the Bay of Mobile. So dearest you see I have even written every day we have been at Sea. This is our

Thirty-first day since we parted. I did not dream of so long a passage. There is no accounting for calms and head winds and currants. The Pilot says the newspapers contain much news. I long to see one. Dear one of my heart good bye. I will now commence a letter for you.

A New York almanac of 1789 states that "Major Job Sumner of the City Tavern died from eating of a dolphin." The "Meddle" spoken of above was a gold medal given to William Salter by the United States Government for bravery in rescuing some sailors from drowning in the ice in Boston Harbor. My Uncle Harry used to have it, but it has been lost. Most of the names mentioned in the journal have already appeared in various letters, especially the Elliots and Fosters, the Salters' most intimate friends. Mr. Elliot's pessimism evinced in the letter below was justified; for it was in this administration of Jackson's that the slogan "to the victor belong the spoils" was first heard.

*William Elliot to Captain Salter,
U. S. Navy Yard, Pensacola.*

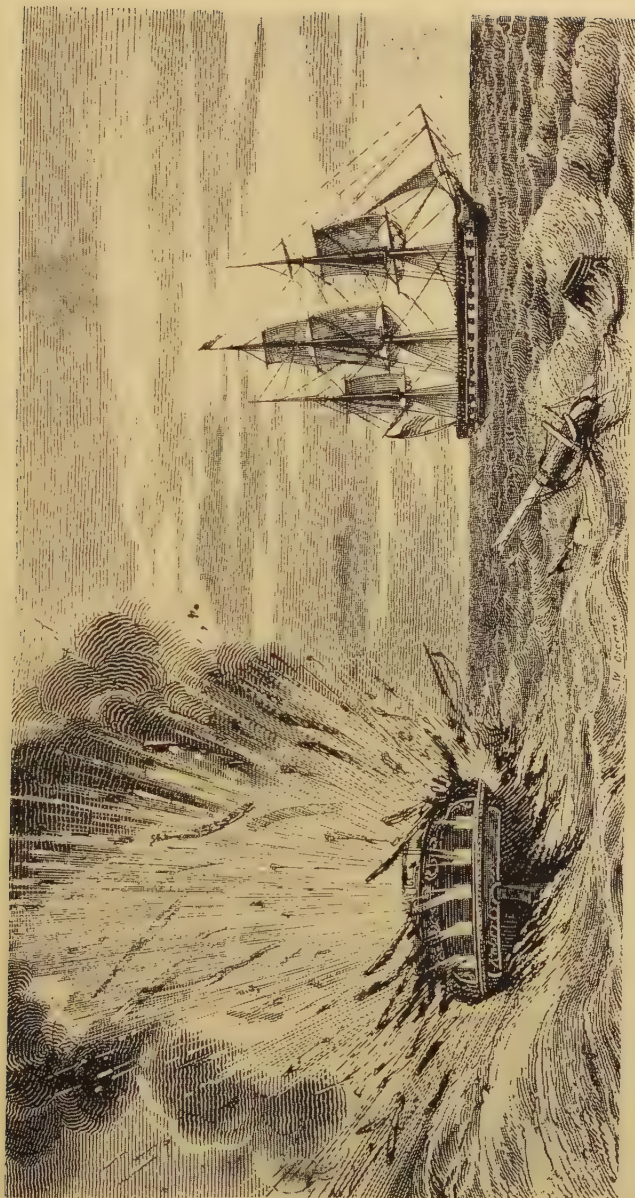
New York, July 6, 1831

Ex-President Monroe died in this City on the 4 of July! and is to be interred tomorrow with Military and Civic Honors. How strikingly the Life, Conduct and Administration of our Ex-Presidents contrast with those of the present incumbent of Power at Washington—the Heads of Departments too! Witness the late disgraceful scenes and correspondence at

Washington—really it caused more than a “soft suffusion” upon the cheeks of us humble Citizens and must sensibly effect the feelings of those who like yourself have in a more special manner the National Character and Honor in keeping. It is to be hoped that a Star in the East, West, North or South will soon relieve us all from the *disgrace*.

In 1841 Captain Salter was put in command of the steamship *Mississippi*, a position of great responsibility, for steam was still considered a doubtful experiment. He was not alone in feeling “more at home” when he looked up at his sails than when he remembered that dangerous machinery down below. When the English Navy began considering steam, Lord Napier protested passionately to the House of Commons: “Mr. Speaker, when we enter Her Majesty’s naval service and face the chances of war, we go prepared to be hacked in pieces by cutlasses, to be riddled with bullets, or to be blown to bits by shot and shell; but, Mr. Speaker, we do not go prepared to be *boiled alive!*”

The *Mississippi* and the *Missouri* were the first steam vessels of war in the American Navy. There had been earlier steam-boats in the Navy—such as the *Demalogos* designed by Fulton, that made a successful trial trip across New York Bay after Fulton’s death—but these two were the first warships. They were sister ships, the machinery of both designed by Copeland, and almost exactly alike, although one had been built in the Philadelphia Navy Yard and the other in Brooklyn. The *Mississippi* was bark-rigged, with paddle wheels, and cost over five hundred thousand dollars.



CONSTITUTION AND GUERRIÈRE
From an old engraving

Capt. Salter to his wife.

U. S. Frigate Mississippi,
Between the Piers off Newcastle, Del.,
December, 1841

Margaret, I have had a horrid time. It blew a gale the day we came down and I was near losing my fine gallant Gordon, one of our promising Lieuts. Himself and ten men were capsised in one of our boats while securing the ship, not a life was lost, although report said there was. I am as snugly screened from running ice as I can make the ship and have just informed the Secretary of my doubts of the safety of the ship if she continues here too long. She may get hard and fast. My officers have not yet arrived. The Steam is as near completion as when I arrived on board three weeks ago. There is yet I fear hard work before we get fire up. She is a large ship, 120 feet along and 46 wide. I have two ten-inch guns mounted and four eight-inch. I suppose the others will be forthcoming soon. I shall have a heavy battery. The ship will be all legs and arms, she really looms like a seventy-four. I am hard at work dipping into everything for information. When I look at the sails and yards I feel at home. The Engine is 6 hundred horse power, the Stack, or furnace pipe, as big in proportion as our little church steeple.

We have much running ice, lots of snow and visitors, the latter interferes much with our work. The snow lays three inches deep on the decks and a boat load of passengers, principally petticoats, are coming along side. I lay about thirty yards from the wharf between the ice piers, and these crazy women will come off through the ice and all. The ship has made this place

quite gay, all the country people coming in their sleighs to see her. I miss you and Em. I sleep little and dream constantly. As you get my things ready pack them up in the green chest, but recollect whatever you do dont distress yourself or Em. I try to make you both happy. The Hewsons and Wetherills were all kindness and attention in Philadelphia.

Mrs. Salter to her husband.

Elizabeth, February, 1842

Last evening we saw in the paper that your ship had sailed up to Philadelphia and was now at the Navy Yard. I will transcribe what the American says: "This noble vessel had passed and repassed the City on an excursion from Newcastle. She moved along by the force of her machinery alone, in most gallant style, under a speed apparently of something like 15 or 20 miles an hour. It is more than probable that she will come too at the Navy Yard and remain for a day or two. The Mississippi came up from Newcastle, Delaware, in 2 hours and 20 minutes, a distance of 40 miles, a part of the time she went at the rate of 22 miles an hour." The wind is blowing most terrifically and has been a complete tornado all night. I scarcely slept. It is most fortunate that you were not at the mercy of the gale.

I received a letter from George Elliot last night. Foster went to the Boz Ball and was delighted. There were 3000 persons there. He says it was the chief topic of conversation beforehand and the result quite fulfilled their anticipations. It was repeated the next evening. Miss Philips says when Boz [Dickens] and his wife entered people filed off each side and let him walk up the room. She also heard that they ate that

evening, 28,000 stewed oysters, and ten thousand pickled, 4000 kisses, 6000 mottoes, and 50 hams and 50 tongues. I am afraid at this rate oysters will become very scarce!

*Charles Marshall Armstrong to his sister,
Mrs. Salter.*

U. S. S. North Carolina, *February*, 1842

I went to the Boz Ball and was rather amused. The Jam in the Pit was awful, I took a quiet seat in the 2nd tier and gazed at the human face Divine, which was rather distorted when the pressure in certain places exceeded, probably, 30 pounds to the square inch. Mr. Boz has a good Eye, with a good common-place look, not what I call *distingué*, Mrs. B. ditto—rather rotund.

Emily Salter to her father.

Elizabeth, *February*, 1842

I wish you would tell me *exactly* how you like your ship. Does it answer your expectations or did you not expect much from it? The Caledonia steamer from Liverpool has not arrived yet at Boston and great apprehensions are felt for her safety. I wish most sincerely that you were at home again. When do you think you will get rid of that steamship? I think they are such dangerous vessels. The Boz mania seems to have subsided in New York, he has been quite sick and has refused all public entertainments in Philadelphia. He says he wants to shake hands with the Americans in their homes. I am sure I think the poor man must be tired shaking hands and going

to balls and parties. . . . P. S. I forgot one piece of news. Nimble sixpence has taken Aunt Fanny's green store to keep store there and that house of hers to live in.

Captain Salter must have been delighted when he received the letter below from his old commodore, the hero of the *Constitution*, for it brought back that most thrilling day of his boyhood—probably the most thrilling of his whole life—and the fine banquet that followed in New York on Christmas day, 1812, given in honor of Hull, Decatur, and Jones, when an “exquisite gold snuffbox containing the freedom of the city,” was presented to Hull in the City Hall by a committee—headed, as it happens, by Colonel Nicholas Fish. Commodore Hull died a year after this letter was written. A curious coincidence was noted by Commodore Shubrick: “The ‘Constitution’ was put out of commission the very day we heard of the death of her gallant old commander.’ ”

Commodore Hull to Captain Salter.

New Haven, Conn., *March*, 1842

My dear Sir, It is so long since we have seen each other, or been associated in service—or perhaps since you thought of me—that you will be astonished when you receive this letter. That, however, shall not prevent my congratulating you on having the command of so fine a ship. And I most sincerely hope that she will perform all that you can wish and in every way come up to the expectations of the Government and People; but, my good Sir, I fear your masts will give you trouble in heavy weather and they will retard the ship very much in

going to windward against a heavy sea and strong wind. My opinion is that the English and French War-steamers will out *Paddle* you head to the sea and wind, and I much doubt whether your sails will give you much advantage before the wind, so that, by and large, as *we* should say, they will have the advantages, and I have my doubts whether you have spread to your lower rigging that will secure your heavy masts. All this I have said Freely to you as an old Friend and without ever having been aboard these ships, of course what I have said is simply my opinion. Now, my good Sir, will you tell me in *confidence* what you think on the subject, after the experience you have had in your ship. What you may say I shall consider confidential, as I wish this letter to be—give me all the news and tell me all about yourself. You may be assured that I feel a lively interest in all those that have been under my command and one of my greatest pleasures is to look back to former times and see some of our best officers, that I once called my *boys*.

I am ready now to go into dry dock and hoist the yellow Flag, but I fear we shall not get even that. I am discouraged and to *you* I will say disgusted. What will become of our *Country*. Let me have a letter soon and tell me all the news. Very truly and sincerely I am your Friend, Isaac Hull.

Captain Salter to his wife.

U. S. Frigate Mississippi, Off Greenleaf
Point, Washington City, *April*, 1842

My own Wife. I cannot describe to you my feelings upon the melancholy occasion upon which my services and that of

my ship was called upon to perform, in aid to rescue the Missouri, which ship had been run upon a dangerous shoal when going at the rate of ten miles the hour by an old and ignorant pilot. No blame attaches to the commander, officers or crew. Fifteen valuable lives were lost in addition to that of a worthy and gallant young Lieut. I came down to her assistance and am happy to say hauled the ship off in a short time and with less trouble than I had anticipated, all of which Captain Newton, Commander Mackenzie, and officers, acknowledge and have so stated to the Dept. and for which service we take to ourselves much credit. We returned to Washington on the 13 of April and the Secretary says I shall be run down with visitors and must prepare the ship. We are to arrange upon the day of the President's visit, heads of the Dept., and other functionaries, with Foreign ambassadors, etc.

No accident whatever has as yet happened to my ship, officers, or crew while at anchor. On our way several times coming up the river schooner loads of Virginia and Maryland ladies and gentlemen came off to visit the ship and appeared paid for their trouble. On the 8th a schooner load came off and after visiting our ship went to the Missouri, although that ship was illy prepared to see visitors. They delayed their visit until near nightfall, when it commenced raining and blowing, the party consisting of between sixty and seventy ladies and gentlemen. They had to stay on board all night. The cabin and wardroom were given up to the ladies, and the gentlemen made field beds upon deck in the gun room. I have just sent a couple of boats to assist Captain Newton's boats to carry them and fear the crews will have a hard time ere their return. We

hope to be able to recover the Missouri's lost boats and some of the bodies, as soon as the weather moderates and allows us to sweep and drag for them. The day I visited the Dept. I saw General Scott at a distance looking very well. I cannot yet get any funds, we are all hands penniless. I trust my ship will be in as good order as I wish. Many will no doubt give us credit for our plain and warlike appearance.

On Sunday the steamboat from Baltimore passed us while we were at anchor, so close that I thought I saw Aunt Betsy Ramsay standing by the side of an elderly gentleman. I should say it was her, had the lady not had on a Mazerine blue silk over-dress, which is fashionable here but not at the North. I never desire to come here again in a ship of war, we are run down. You have scarce time to dress, much less to eat your meals. They come and go and some come again. I never saw anything to compare with the curiosity of these Southerners. I close my letter in haste to say we have returned to Washington with the Missouri.

The *Missouri* was never a lucky ship. Her life was short; she took fire in the harbor of Gibraltar from a broken demijohn of turpentine, and was a total loss.

The career of the *Mississippi* was long and glorious. "She was a beautiful vessel, and from having had a succession of able commanders and common-sense officers in full accord with each other, she won the enviable reputation of being a 'happy ship,' and was the most popular and best known of all the steamers of the old navy." She was Commodore Matthew C. Perry's favorite ship, his flagship in the Mexican War and in

the expedition which opened the ports of Japan. She carried Kossuth from Turkey to France, and brought a number of his fellow exiles to the United States. And, as the flagship of Flag Officer Josiah Tattnall, she was present at the engagement in the Pei Ho River when Tattnall declared that "blood was thicker than water!" By the time the Civil War began she had gone twice around the world and had cruised more miles under steam than any other war vessel of her time. She was one of the first to go in, and she fought for two years. Then the end came. Farragut and Porter were trying to get their ships past the rebel battery at Port Hudson, in Louisiana; only Farragut succeeded, with the *Hartford* and the *Albatross* lashed together. The *Mississippi* grounded so hopelessly that she was set on fire and abandoned. An eye witness from another ship described the scene:

"When we first saw her, from every hatch the flames were soaring heavenward, and it seemed but a question of minutes when the good old ship would blow up. Every mast, spar and rope was outlined against the dark background of forest and sky as the staunch old craft slowly floated free from the bank, she was turned by an eddy and swept out into the river; her guns, heated by the flames, opened fire one after the other, in orderly succession, then crashing through the deck fell into the fiery depths; showers of sparks followed the plunge. Majestically, as though inspired by victory, the ship—a mass of flames from stem to stern, from truck to water line—floated past the fleet and out into the darkness of the night. Suddenly, as if by magic, her masts shot into the air all ablaze, tremendous tongues of flame pierced the sky, and amid the muffled thunder

of her exploded magazine, the 'Mississippi' disappeared in the stream whose name she had borne so bravely and so long."

Emily Salter to her father.

Elizabeth, May, 1842

I think Mrs. Macomb's letter was wonderfully written for a woman of her age, she must be eighty-four. Aunt Bell, with her little granddaughter, are spending a few days with us. I am sure you will love little Isabel, she sings delightfully and dances in imitation of Fanny Elssler. She is like Beek, always good humored and happy. The town talk is that John Kean is going to marry Mrs. ——'s sister, they have been to church two Sundays and set in John's pew and after church he walked home with her. She is an exceedingly vulgar looking girl, I cannot think John Kean would be such a fool as to marry so low in life. [He wasn't; he married Miss Lucy Halstead.] Uncle Charles came out here Sunday afternoon, I think I never saw him look so well. The North Carolina has come up off the Battery. I have three rabbits, two all white with red eyes, the other black and white, they are very beautiful little creatures, perfectly tame. I have them fastened up in the chicken coop under the shed. The Columbia, Capt. Parker, is lying off the Battery, so that the bay looks very gay with three vessels of war lying at anchor, the Independence, the North Carolina and Columbia. I hope soon to see your ship there, my dear father, the great Mississippi. I suppose she will be more visited than ever now, being thought superior to the other steamer. A dreadful accident lately occurred between here and Newark on the railroad. A fine little boy, 10 years of age, son of Mr.

Stewart of Pearl Street, New York, was coming on the morning cars to go to school to Mr. Halsey. He was standing on the platform when the wind, which was very high that day, blew the door back against him and threw him on the track, the car passed over him and he was instantly killed. So in a space of a few hours their son who had left them buoyant with health was brought back to the afflicted parents a mangled corpse. Mother thinks I am very stupid that I cannot fill this sheet, but really dear father I have nothing more to entertain you with.

P. S. An important event has happened in our family, the old cat has kittens. The floor of Jim Woodruff's barn has fallen through, so he is keeping his horses in our barn. That respectable looking black man that used to live with James B. Clark died the other day. I suppose you will think there is most as much in the postscript as in the letter.

Fanny Elssler, the Viennese dancer, mentioned in Emily's letter above, made a tremendous impression in New York in 1840. A poet described her as:

An airy, fairy, wingéd thing,
A film, made of imagining,
She seems to wear!
A silv'ry mist, a shifting sheen,
Frenzy and love each change between,
In mazy beauty only clad.

Mercia Macomb, mentioned below, has already appeared in Captain Salter's journal. When Betsy Ramsay stayed with her, she had become Mrs. William Beeckman Verplanck. The

original "river lot" of the Verplancks at Fishkill ran for some two miles and a half along the Hudson. The old manor house built in 1719 had been destroyed by hot shot from the British ship-of-war *Vulture* during the Revolution, and its successor had also been burned later on. The house in which Betsy Ramsay stayed—"a very fine mansion, fifty feet square"—was eventually sold by the little "Beek," of Emily Salter's letter above. General Jacob Morris, whose death is spoken of by Mrs. Salter in her letter below, goes back to my first chapter and a letter of Abigail De Hart's.

*Mrs. Salter to her aunt, Miss Betsy Ramsay,
Verplanck's Point.*

New York, January, 1844

I do not understand how Mercia can do without any newspapers, I read them most attentively every day. If you wish I will send you the new World every Tuesday, which I receive on Saturday. I think it a very good paper and gives you the news of the week.

Mrs. Baker has gone into mourning for her father, Gen. Jacob Morris, he was eighty-nine, and has left a son aged eleven. I went to a little party at Mrs. David Ogden's last week, and next Wednesday I am going to Mrs. Elliot's, which is all the gaiety I have partaken of since I was at a ball of Mrs. Kent's, she looked very handsome and was beautifully dressed. I saw a great many of the belles of New York assembled, and came to the conclusion that they were not as handsome as the girls in Elizabeth Town. Mrs. Guy Richards—Mary Ivers that was—is dead, "So fades, grows old and

dies, all that made life glorious." Mary Foster just called here and says they are all well at the Bowling Green.

When my father, Maitland Armstrong, was a little boy, he stayed with his aunt Margaret Salter in the house on Fourteenth Street where the Salters were living when the letter below was written. The Commodore took little Mait to see "Beauty and the Beast," at Niblo's Garden. It was his first play, and the change from beast to prince was almost too exciting: "The dead beast lay on the stage in a round heap, just like the buffalo robes we had in the stable at home for sleighing." Buffalo robes are as extinct today as the dodo; but I remember we had them at Danskammer when *I* was little. Later on, the Salters moved to another house in Fourteenth Street, next to where the old Van Bueren house stood until it was torn down in 1928. At that time, Fifth Avenue from Sixteenth Street to Washington Square was the most fashionable part of New York. The Grinnells, Hights, Parkers, Belmonts, Lenoxes, and Minturns all lived in that immediate neighborhood. My father remembered that "on the site of the Van Bueren house stood a very pretty little wooden colonial house, painted white, two stories with a green door and brass knocker, approached by two flights of curved wooden steps. In front of it was a large balm of Gilead tree and a pump then in use, and I have often seen large white sows asleep in the gutter on the corner of Fourteenth Street and Fifth Avenue. Indeed pigs roamed all the streets of the city at that time. The site of the Fifth Avenue hotel on Madison Square was then occupied by a road house, a cottage and outbuildings called Corporal Thompson's, and back of it was a green paddock and open



COMMODORE WILLIAM DAYTON SALTER, U. S. N.
From a portrait at the Brooklyn Navy Yard

field running down to Sixth Avenue. I have seen a cow looking over a pair of bars on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Twenty-third street."

Mrs. William Wetherill, with whom Emily Salter was staying in Philadelphia when she wrote the letter below, was Isabella Macomb, the little girl who had been brought up in Elizabeth Town with Colonel Armstrong's family; she was the daughter of "little Bell," so affectionately remembered by Rendón in an early chapter.

*Emily Salter to her mother,
58 West Fourteenth Street, New York.*

Philadelphia, February, 1846

According to promise I sit down to write to you with Dr. Wetherill's gold pen, I suppose he lent it to me as a great piece of politeness. I arrived safely at his house, and found Cousin Isabella out riding with Cousin Frank who she brought home with her to dinner, and they received me very kindly. I went in the evening in the carriage to church and yesterday called upon Dr. Hewson and the young ladies. I saw Emily and the Doctor, the latter I did not find as small as I expected, but I think he looks very old indeed. I was shocked at the size of his daughter, it is very distressing; she has red hair likewise, which of course does not improve her appearance. Last evening I spent at Mrs. Lex's, a small party, we had delicious ice cream.

They dine here at half past two which seems very odd to me. You would enjoy the music we have here, Rachel [afterwards Mrs. Adinell Hewson] plays on the piano, Sam on the violin, and John on the flute, it is very delightful indeed. The

other children you never see, they are always in the nursery which is in the back building. They seem to be very sweet children. Little Bessie [afterwards Mrs. G. I. Riché] is a remarkably pretty child. I think they all look most like the Doctor. John, the second son, is a very handsome boy with a delightful expression, it is his birthday today, he is eighteen. I do not admire Sam at all, he is rather sarcastic, I imagine. I do not think I should ever like Philadelphia as much as New York. How very different they are as cities, and between ourselves, how much more refined in New York! I like the manners much better, even if they are a monied aristocracy. I like Dr. Wetherill better than any of the rest of the family. Tell Father I want to send him some kind message but I cannot find any words to express my love for him.

Miss Elizabeth Ramsay to Mrs. Salter, New York.

Verplanck's Point, 1848

Do send me the last numbers of Dombey, I am so infatuated with that work that I shall not be comfortable until I can go on to the end. I am in a state of anxiety with regard to General Scott, do inform me. I hope to see him as well and happy as he is victorious. I am lamenting the departure of my old friend Gen. Van Courtland, he introduced me some time since as "an acquaintance of sixty years," there is no one to replace him. I hope Emily will go to the wedding of Harriet Salter, it is a pleasant jaunt that should not be passed over.

General Scott was greeted with "all manner of festivities" when he came back to Elizabeth after the Mexican War, ac-

claimed as the "most consummate commander of the age." My father remembered him as "an enormous man, about six feet four, and large in proportion; always very kind, polite and stately." He must have made a fine figure when he entered the City of Mexico under a brilliant sun, the band playing "Hail Columbia," "Washington's March," and "Hail to the Chief"—evidently the "Star Spangled Banner" was not yet popular. General Scott's wife, Maria Mayo—the daughter of Abigail De Hart of my first chapter—was a great belle. "Home Sweet Home" Payne was one of her admirers, and Scott courted her in every grade from second-lieutenant up without making the least impression, until he got a gold medal as the hero of Lundy's Lane in the War of 1812, and became a major-general. After his retirement, the Scotts lived in Elizabeth at "Scott House" which had formerly been the summer residence of Colonel Mayo and his wife, known as "Hamden Place," to which the Mayos—"true exponents of the elegant aristocracy of Richmond"—came up from the South every season in their coach and six, with outriders and postilions. General Scott was an intimate friend of the Salters and family tradition says that he and my great-aunt Margaret Salter were the last couple in America who could dance the minuet.

The excitement spoken of in Mrs. Salter's letter below was due to the approaching Crimean War.

Mrs. Salter to her husband.

Elizabeth, January, 1853

I have invited Mr. Gideon to dine, for I want to hear some Navy news, which no one here seems to know, any more than

if there were not a Navy. I will send you the paper with Governor Rodman Price's inaugural address. Mr. Bodisco, the Russian Minister, is dead. The British and French Fleets are officially ordered to the Black Sea. Flour is risen to nine dollars a barrel. Prince Albert is denounced as a Traitor to Great Britain. The Pope's Nuncio, Bedini, has been burned in effigy in two of our cities. He has asked for the protection of the government, which he will probably receive, as he has menaced the son of General Cass in case of a refusal.

The Croton aqueduct had been finished two years before the date of the letter below. The great event was celebrated in an ode written by George Morris for the occasion and sung at the Park fountain by the New York Musical Society. The poem ends:

Round the aqueducts of story
As the mists of Lethe throng,
Croton's waves in all her glory
Troop in melody along.
Ever sparkling, bright, and single,
Will this rock-ribbed stream appear,
When posterity shall mingle
Like the gathered waters here.

Mrs. Salter to her husband.

New York, May, 1854

I am staying with Mrs. Elliot. More rain has fallen in two days and two nights than has been known to fall in the

same space of time for two hundred years. Troy stands on a bluff but the steamboats could have sailed up to the houses, bridges have been carried away so that in many directions the railroad is altogether impeded. Everything is afloat in Mrs. Ogden's cellar. The Croton dam has been carried away, and the supply of that water is stopped in manufacturies and for the use of ships, etc. The reservoir contains two hundred and fifty millions of gallons, and the City daily consumes thirty millions. A police officer stopped here and said they must use the water very sparingly.

Commodore Salter to his wife.

U. S. Flagship Savannah, Rio de Janeiro, August, 1854

The English Minister and his wife and daughters were on board, with the Commander in Chief of the English Forces, I gave them a lunch. While they were partaking of it, Lieut. Le Roy said to me quietly: "This is the anniversary of the Constitution capturing the Guerrière—the 19th of August." It is strange it had not occurred to me, and more so that I should have had them at my table on that day.

Mrs. Salter to her husband.

Elizabeth, December, 1854

I wrote four letters to you by the "San Francisco," now I see by the papers that she is lost—Henry also sent you some white uniform vests. I had some misgivings about this ship, because she was to have sailed on the 15th of November and was

detained on account of defects in her machinery. A disabled brig fell in with her on the 24th of Dec. Lat. 38, her decks were swept, boats all gone, masts gone, Union Jack down. What that means I don't know, neither do I understand her being in the trough of the sea. She had five-hundred troops on board, officers and their wives and children, including passengers and crew eight-hundred souls. The government have sent out some vessels in pursuit, but too late, I think, to do any good. Is it not shocking! I saw in the paper that Commander Hudson and Lieut. Boggs had gone in one of the vessels. Your Lieut. Murray sailed in the "San Francisco" and Mr. Stockbridge was anxious to sail in her, but the Secretary of the Navy would not allow him to. He was quite put out about it, now he will thank the Secretary.

There never were so many marine disasters as this autumn and winter, and there have been a great many large fires in New York. Harper's establishment burnt down, the great Republic, the largest vessel in the world, full of freight, burnt at the dock, and night before last Tripler's Hall was laid in ruins and the new Metropolitan on Broadway, which was faced with marble and elegantly carved, was also burnt down. It was just finished and the boarders were to have entered it next week. The proprietor is ruined.

I think there will be a universal war in Europe to put down Russia, and that Napoleon is too cunning to join Russia against England, but will act vice versa. If you recollect Russia was the last to acknowledge his title as Emperor, and was the bitter uncompromising foe of his uncle, and the prime mover of working his downfall, it cannot be that he will be so besotted

as to join the most powerful enemy of his house, and foe of the Catholic Church. Young Mrs. Astor has gone to Europe. Mr. Elias Winans's house here sold for five thousand five-hundred dollars. Dr. Crane has purchased the house Bryant lived in.

Among Commodore Salter's papers I found a newspaper cutting which reads: "About three months ago, a party of fifty young Gascons embarked at Bordeaux bound for this country, for fear of being drawn in the conscription and sent to the Crimea. They landed in New Orleans four weeks ago, and today the last of the party was consigned to the earth"—did they die of yellow fever, or of cholera?

Commodore Salter often began his letters with the odd nickname in the letter below, probably a joke on his spelling of "femme." The *Water Witch* affair was caused by a dispute with the Dictator of Paraguay, who had fired on a small steamer of that name, sent by Commander Page to explore the Salado and Parana rivers.

Commodore Salter to his wife.

U. S. Flagship Savannah, Rio de Janeiro, *September*, 1855

My own dear Fam, The Lieut. commanding the Water Witch is not the Page who dined with us. He is a smart man but rash and impetuous. You appear to be distressed to hear that I am thin. It would be impossible for any man who has gone through what I have not to lose flesh and appetite. I am about to send the Brig Bainbridge to the River to get clear of

her and petty annoyances, all hands but the purser should have been left at home, I fear she will disgrace us so long as she is on this station. Her Commander is a good-hearted drinking man, with his son, dismissed as a midshipman from the Navy, his clerk and living in his cabin. The other officers are not worth their salt. All drink. The father knocked down his drunken son on shore the other day, and I now apprehend that as soon as the Brig gets from under my flag trouble will begin. I have sent a box of preserves to Mrs. Elliot and one to Mrs. Cammann, the same I sent to you. Mrs. Maxwell says it is the best ever made in Rio so do not give it all away.

September, 1855

We are all quiet in Rio. Three French, three English, seven Brazil, one Dutch Steamer of War, arrived a few days since, and our own ship, fill the Man of War roadstead. The Bainbridge has gone to the River and the Relief to the United States. Several Gentlemen visited our ship today and paid us the compliment by saying we had the finest looking and best ship in the harbor, in all respects, inside and out, and added that the Savannah was in the best fighting order of any in port. I was aware of the fact.

The accounts in the Herald of the Independence and Pacific Squadron are melancholy indeed. Court Martials and officers throwing themselves overboard at Sea are sad to think of. Commodore Mervine should certainly be recalled, a man may be unhappy himself but has no right to make those around him so. His private and public thoughts should never be brought in collision. I have a presentiment that I shall soon be retired.

I do not regret that the Navy is to be reformed. It should have been done years since. But 'tis hard after having served and fought for your country—never mind, I can do something and be happy in the knowledge that I have earned my bread and served my country faithfully. I live in the hope of hearing from you. I have sent by the Relief a box which should be opened at once, and three containing wine of a choice sort now scarce. Do not part with any, I want it for your own use. I have sent Mrs. Elliot and Mrs. Camman each a box of Marmalid.

November, 1855

After a short cruise made in search of the missing boat of the American ship Cleopatra I returned to this port. The boat was picked up by a Chillian ship with all on board safe and well. I have acknowledged the receipt of all your most precious letters. Do not stint yourself in anything, have good fires and good dinners, take good care of your precious self.

I am awaiting instructions from the Dept. to proceed to B. Ayres to accompany our Minister Mr. Pedan to enter into treaties with President Lapaz, and settle the Water Witch affair by negotiation. The English Brig brought the yellow fever here from Bahia, but left before we came up from the River. The Cholera is mostly confined among the Blacks. It has not made its appearance on the water, so soon as it does I am off for the River. My officers and crew are all well. The French and English Squadrons have had a Jollification and fired three salutes and dressed their ships out in flags, in honor to their success at Sebastapol. I think that they have been premature

and that the war has just begun and they may yet be beaten by Russia.

Mrs. Salter to her husband.

Elizabeth, *March*, 1856

There is great talk of war with England. Oh, I hope it will not be! There are to be fifteen new steamers built by government. They are to be sloops of war and will cost five hundred thousand dollars apiece. There is great talk about fortifying the coast, burnishing up old firearms, etc. God grant they may not be wanted. How dreadful is the idea of war. Oh, if you were only safe at home! Mrs. Elliot tells me that Miss Chevallié of Richmond is coming to make her a visit and that she is soon to be married to Commander Handy, who is lately promoted. The young lady says he is very fascinating.

May, 1856

I am not much interested in the introduction of gas and water here, as I do not think gas good for the eyes and expect before many years it will be abandoned, and the water which is brought in pipes underground from Crane's millpond cannot be as good as either the well or cistern water. I took a walk up the Morris turnpike and was surprised to see so many new houses between here and Ursino. John Kean and his family have returned from a long visit to New York where they were all ill with Scarlet fever. Mrs. Baker and Christine live in Hamilton Fish's splendid new house in Stuyvesant Square. Mr. and Mrs. Fish are in Washington. The Herald announces that Mr. Fish has gone over to the negro worshippers. How

any sensible American can be so blind to the true interests of their highly-favored land is a mystery to me.

Mrs. Salter's phrase "negro worshipper" was simply her way of referring to the fact that Hamilton Fish had become a Republican, as he did at about this time while he was United States Senator.

The letter below connects this time with an early chapter, for the von Pfisters were descended from John Ramsay, Margaret Marshall's stepfather.

E. M. von Pfister to her cousin, Mrs. Salter.

38 West 36th St., New York, February 26, 1860

You were kind enough to ask me for Augusta's address, which is simply, "Mrs. John Ashe Livingston, Charleston, S. C." We were sadly disappointed not to see you at the wedding, for although entirely without "pomp or ceremony" everybody agreed that it was very pleasant for it was a reunion of many friends and relatives.

Her dress was a grey french Poplin with a long basque of the same material and a row of blue velvet buttons down each seam of the basque and on the sleeves. Her bonnet was a grey straw with a blue silk binding on the front and a blue silk cape, no trimming but a grey and blue feather on one side, it was an exceedingly pretty bonnet and very becoming. Mr. de Peyster gave her away. She remained in the church after the ceremony long enough to say "how d'ye do and good-bye" to all her friends, came back to the house for her Trunk and then left for the Philadelphia cars. Aunt Betsy and I escorted them so far on their journey. The weather was as bright as

we could desire and they went off in very good spirits. They stopped at Isabella's in Philadelphia and saw poor Harry Wetherill who has been so ill with typhoid. Aunt Belle is quite well again. Mercia Verplanck is living, I suppose you know, in Forty-second Street, not far from us; Beekman has been very ill. I was not feeling very well today and thought it would be no sin to talk to you a little while, as I could not go to church. Remember me kindly to the Commodore.

Mrs. Elliot to Mrs. Salter.

New York, *January*, 1863

I had a long letter from Odille [Mrs. Andrew Elliot], the family are still in New Orleans, with *white* servants, a great change for her. These war times are very depressing; I had the gratification of sending them a large trunk filled with many necessities and some luxuries, shoes and stockings being an important part.

Ogden Fowler had a dinner party yesterday, 12 little boys and girls about his own age. Mrs. Belmont gave a large children's party tonight, to be entertained by Miss Lavinia Warren, who is on the eve of marriage with Gen. Tom Thumb. We went to the Museum today to see her little ladyship, the most interesting dwarf I have ever seen. The enraptured Tom has made her splendid presents, costly diamonds, etc. She showed us her engagement ring of diamonds and seemed delighted at the idea of being married in Trinity Church!

Mrs. Elliot was mistaken in one particular; Tom Thumb was married in Grace Church, not in Trinity. Before Barnum

discovered Lavinia Warren she had been a school teacher who managed to keep order in spite of her twenty-four-inch height, and as "she was demure and intelligent, with pretty pink cheeks," everybody agreed that she made a charming bride in her white satin and point lace; "her hair rolled à la Eugénie elaborately puffed in noeuds behind, in which the bridal veil was looped; orange blossoms breathed their perfume above her brow and mingled their fragrance with the soft sighs of her guileless bosom." The groom wore a dress suit with a white corded silk vest and blue undervest. The attendants were Commodore Nutt and Minnie Warren. A platform covered with carpet was erected in front of the chancel so that the diminutive bridal party could be seen to better advantage, and governors of states, members of congress, all New York, crowded into the church and fought for cards to the reception at the Metropolitan Hotel. The presents were superb. "President Lincoln and wife sent a gorgeous set of Chinese fire screens; Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt a coral and gold brooch, and Mrs. August Belmont a splendid set of chaste charms." A few serious-minded pewholders, learning that Bishop Potter had declined to officiate, protested that the marriage of two "mountebanks" was a desecration to the church, but the rector replied that it had been impossible for him to refuse as no admission had been charged, and that the ceremony had been "decorous and beautiful"—but I doubt if Grace Church today would approve of that platform!

New York wasn't in the least ashamed of getting so excited over Tom Thumb. In England they had "rushed by thousands" to see him driving about in his little carriage with its

Shetland ponies, tiny coachman, and footman; and the Queen had given him an audience in Buckingham Palace. In fact Her Majesty was so charmed by the General's pretty little round pink face, bright eyes, and lively self-possession that she invited him again and again to entertain her with nautical horn-pipes, enjoyed hearing him sing Yankee Doodle, and presented him with "an elegant ornament of mother-of-pearl set with emeralds and adorned with the Queen's coat-of-arms."

Commodore Salter was commandant of the Brooklyn Navy Yard for some years, and my father often stayed in the nice old house there. It had a fine garden and an ancient fig tree, covered with straw in winter, that bore fruit long remembered by Mrs. Salter's nephews. This great-aunt of mine must have been an excellent hostess when foreign visitors were entertained at the Navy Yard for she spoke beautiful French and, like her brothers and her sister, was a most agreeable conversationalist. She once told my father that when she was with Edward, Rose, and Charles she heard the best and most amusing conversation of her life.

The Commodore used to entertain his small nephew Maitland with stories about various celebrities he had met—Napoleon once came aboard his ship in the Mediterranean, and Byron had visited the old *Constitution*—and about the duels he had fought in the cockpit with other midshipmen when he was young. A duel he fought with another officer became historic in the navy. According to my father: "When the Queen of Naples visited the ship, my uncle remarked, after she had left, that she was a handsome and agreeable lady; a fellow officer denied this vigorously, asserting that she was ugly and ill

avored. This was cause enough for a duel, so one was fought and young Salter shot his opponent in the hip. He said to me: 'I met him the other day in an omnibus, and by G— he limps yet!' This seemed to give the Commodore great satisfaction after fifty or sixty years."

When the Civil War began, Commodore Salter, who had been put on the retired list, offered his services to the government and was bitterly disappointed that the only job they had for him was examining steamships, for although he was pretty old he was still strong and active.

Commodore Salter to his wife.

Continental Hotel, Philadelphia,
December, 1864

My beloved Wife, I arrived here all right and was put in the fourth story, but upon learning who I was from the Duncans I was removed down to the second story in a good room with fire. This is an immense house and nearly full. At four o'clock Mrs. Doctor G. T. Elliot arrived, and we dined at one round table. She looks well, shows plump, laughs and talks a good deal. She is in fine feather with hair up fashionably and a little piece of fine white lace, square, as large as my hand, laid upon the hair where the comb would be. I shall go tomorrow to see the propeller Republic. There are various reports about this said steamer and much contention among the owners of steamers who have vessels for sale, all want to cheat the Government. Captain Winslow of the Alabama fame and wife are here. He had a grand reception last evening, but

his anecdotes of himself and men are ridiculous, he disparages his foe, John Bull sailors.

The following letter makes a rather abrupt change, but the prescription suggested for the poor Commodore, which indicates that a very primitive idea of medicine was still in vogue among intelligent people, is too amusing to leave out.

*Charlotte Williamson to her aunt-by-marriage,
Mrs. Salter.*

Brooklyn, February, 1868

We were much pleased to hear that the Commodore was so well, all but those rigid muscles. We feel sure the German Doctress could relax them and make him feel strong. Positively she could do him good if he could only be induced to apply to her. We have heard of an ointment which they say never fails for any stiffness of the joints—common worms out of the garden, ground, and lard, boiled together and then strained. It is an old fashioned remedy and may be all the better for that. He must keep his feet off oilcloth as much as possible. I believe this is all at present upon this subject. There is no comfort here, it being so slippery. They say that seven ladies were seen stretched at one time on the icy sidewalk when on their way to Mr. Beecher's church last Sunday.

After the Commodore's retirement the Salters returned to Elizabeth, living in a house on East Jersey Street nearly opposite the pretty colonial house of the Chetwoods. The Commodore, even more peppery as an old gentleman than in his youth,

once had a quarrel with Mr. Chetwood and sent him a challenge, which was refused. Whereupon the Commodore caned Mr. Chetwood in the street with a yellow Malacca cane, preserved by a neighboring druggist and later presented to my father as a characteristic souvenir of his belligerent uncle.

Strange to say, in spite of his hot temper, the Commodore seems to have been popular in the navy though his ideas of discipline were conservative, to say the least. In a paper he drew up for the government on the pros and cons of flogging, he insisted that "only Skulks would be benefitted if flogging were abolished, and that seamen who appreciated their position in a Man-of-War would not enlist if flogging were done away with." He died in 1869 and was buried in Elizabeth; "on his coffin were placed the deceased's sword and belt, his epaulets and naval hat, and an evergreen laurel wreath."



CHAPTER XII

Danskammer

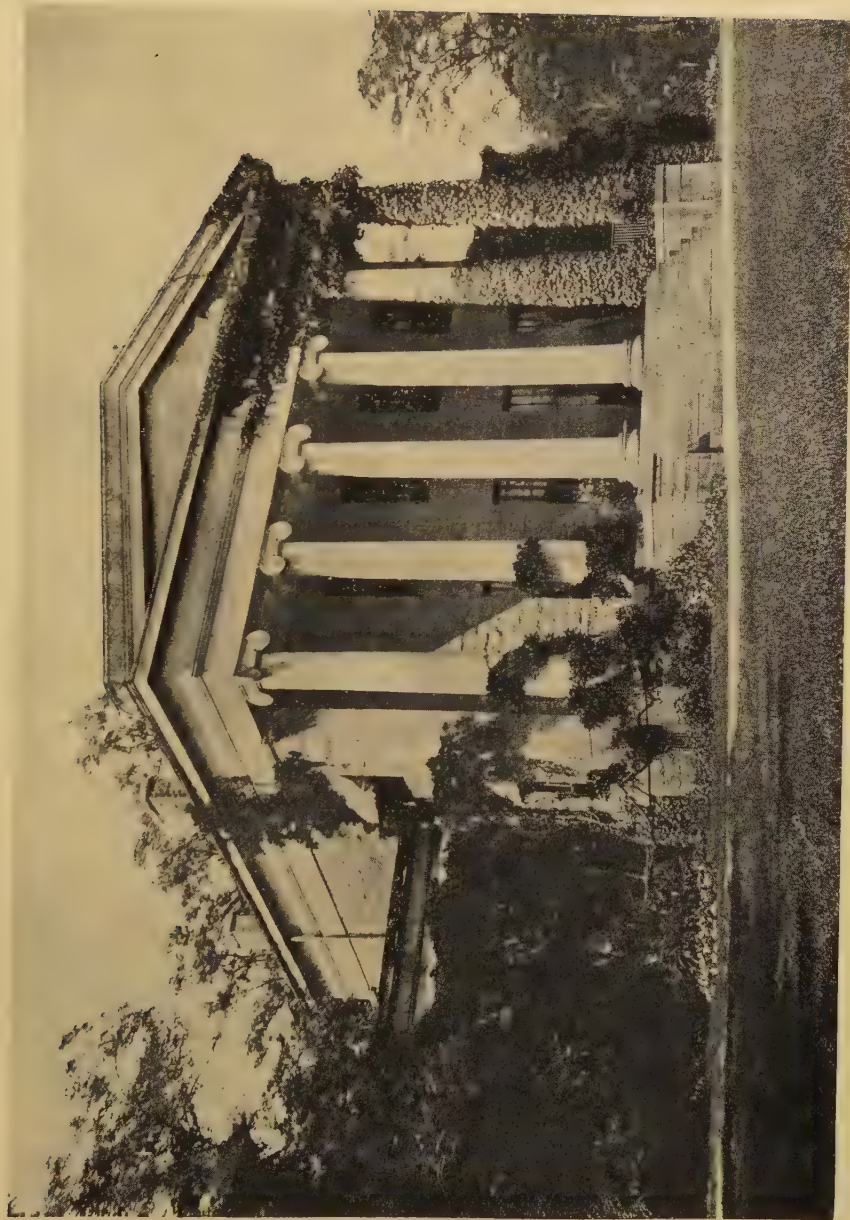
1826-1859

He built a house of hewn stone, very stately and durable.

—DOCTOR JOHNSON

When Colonel William Armstrong made his visit to Newburgh under a flag of truce as a bearer of dispatches to General Washington from the British commander, he was not so overawed by Washington that he didn't have time to admire the beauty of the landscape. I daresay the mountains reminded him of his native Scotland. Anyway, when his son Edward married Sarah Ward of Carolina and began looking about for a country place, Colonel Armstrong suggested Newburgh. Edward explored that neighborhood—still wild and lovely and “unimproved”—on foot and on horseback; he found, at length, what he wanted, a level stretch of land on the Hudson six miles above Newburgh, a plateau overlooking Danskammer Point with a wide view to the south across Newburgh Bay to the Highlands. This, Edward decided, was the perfect spot. He bought it, hesitated for a while as to whether to call it “Gilknockie” after the old tower, or “Kirtleton” after the country place in Scotland, and at length wisely decided to keep the old name of “Danskammer.”

The Dutch name “Teufels’ Danskammer,” or “Devils’ Dance-Chamber,” is one of the oldest in America. It appears



THE OLD HOUSE AT DANSKAMMER

on very ancient maps and was given, they say, by Henry Hudson when, sailing up the river in the *Half Moon*, he saw Indians dancing on the point that juts out into the water above Newburgh Bay. These figures in the twilight, leaping and dancing around their camp fire on the flat rock that tipped the point, must have added a spice of wild mystery to Hudson's calm voyage. Day after day of golden September weather, "under a very fair sun, shining and hot," the *Half Moon* slipped on up the still stream. Deer, moose, elk—all sorts of wild animals—went crashing up through the underbrush of the wooded slopes as the ship approached; in the bays, "swans in their season were so plenty that the shores seemed dressed in white drapery"; the water swarmed with fish, "salmon and mullet very great, a ray as great as four men could haul into the boat. The land was very pleasant with grass and flowers and goodly trees, and very sweet smells came from them." It was, Hudson decided, "as pleasant a land as one need tread upon." Even the Indians, at first, were far from devilish. They were "a loving people," and came flocking aboard Hudson's ship bringing presents: pumpkins, tobacco, grapes, maize, otter skins, and beaver skins. They were "well dressed, in loose deer-skins and feather mantles, and skins of divers sorts of good furs. They had yellow copper and red copper pipes, and other things of copper about their necks." Hudson found himself "well used" by the savages.

The Indian village on the plateau which had been a stronghold in the war between Governor Stuyvesant and the Esopus Indians was gone when Edward Armstrong bought the place. No camp fires burned on the point. No ceremonial dances, such as Lieutenant Cowenhoven watched in 1663, alarmed the pass-

ing river craft—his description might be that of a modern Arizona tourist. Nothing was left of the Danskammer Indians but a vast quantity of arrow heads and pounders and spearheads; so many, that Indian relics are turned up to this day by the ploughshares of each succeeding spring.

But the full beauty of the landscape remained. The mountains were, for the most part, still thick with primeval forest; the bluffs unscarred by stone crushers; the river flats undefiled by brickyards. No railroads had straightened out the river's curves and obliterated bays and bathing beaches. Except that a few small towns dotted the shores, and a country house showed here and there among the trees, and white sails starred the water, the river had scarcely changed in the two centuries since Hudson first saw it.

And the river held its own for some years after Edward himself was dead and buried. It was not until 1848 that the decline began, with the building of the railroad along the eastern shore. Vanderbilt and the other promoters, proud of "opening up the country," were contemptuous when the Verplancks said they didn't want a railroad, amazed when they refused five thousand dollars for damages for their long beautiful water front, and punished them for their obstinacy by getting an appraisal of eighteen hundred and making them accept it. Beauty was not at a premium in 1848—and is not now. A railroad would have to pay a good deal more for that water front today, but promoters would think it just as absurd to consider it *damaged* in a literal sense.

The flat rock at the end of Danskammer Point still projected over the water until some forty years ago, and then the "dancing room" was broken off when the steamer *Cornell* ran

aground on a foggy night. It lies in fragments now under water, and a lighthouse has been built there by the government.

But no railroads or lighthouses were imminent when Edward bought the place. A nice colonial house already stood on the plateau with lawns and trees around it. A pretty house but not imposing enough for Edward. His wife was satisfied with it, but Edward wanted her to have a house as handsome as the ones she was accustomed to in Carolina. Handsomer, for the house he planned was to be the real thing; a Grecian temple built of granite, not an imitation classic affair of white wood like so many of those southern houses. It was to be stone outside and black walnut within—mahogany was not the fashion any more and Edward cared a lot about fashion. So barge after barge came up the river loaded to the waterline with slabs of dark gray granite from Breakneck, and pale gray granite from Quincy for the trim and the columns. The columns were so enormous that yokes of oxen sweated and grunted and tried in vain to haul them up the hill from the dock, until some bright workman drilled holes in the ends and made the columns into rollers and attached a tongue and rolled them up to the house. And the roads were rutted as if artillery had gone over them, and the lawns turned into sloughs of mud, and some good trees had to be cut down, and the usual disappointments and delays began and continued—Rose's letters, a little way back, gave some idea of all this discomfort.

But, at last, the house stood on its eminence; a Grecian temple looking majestically across the bay to the Highlands—just missing a glimpse of Stony Point where Colonel Armstrong had once passed a bad quarter of an hour. A substantial rectangle of stone, flanked by an equally substantial and rectangu-

lar wing on each side; a veranda in front paved with blocks of stone and flanked by columns, with a flight of granite steps leading to the lawn. Not a graceful house, but Edward was delighted with it. That house would stay there overlooking the bay, Edward said to himself, as long as the temples of Greece had stood. Wind and rain could beat on those walls for a thousand years without making a dint. It would stand there for his remote descendants to see and admire, would remain as unchanged as the view itself. Edward, you see, had not reckoned on improvements! The old house still stands, stands tottering on the edge of a raw clay pit above the most profitable brickyard on the river; empty, soon to be torn down—if it can be torn down. Perhaps it will be cheaper to undermine it and let it slide down the bank into the pit of its own weight.

But Edward, luckily, knew nothing of all this. When the house was finished he got busy improving the grounds. Mr. Downing, the famous landscape architect, helped to lay out the garden and plant all sorts of new shrubs and fruit trees, and suggested a double row of locusts along the avenue—locusts were the fashion. A shady road led down to the bathing beach—a lovely crescent of pure white sand until the next railroad came—and to the wharf, which ran out into water deep enough for big steamboats to stop. There was a fine stable, for Edward was passionately fond of horses, and a flock of South-down sheep, for Edward considered fancy farming a part of the life of a country gentleman. Inside, there was a billiard room, for billiards were the fashion; and a gun room, for Edward was passionately fond of shooting—his favorite gun was a muzzle-loader made by Westley Richards—and Colonel Armstrong bequeathed him most of his famous collection of

firearms, among them the model of a gun the colonel had invented for the use of the British army, an interesting relic casually given away, later on, to a farmer in the neighborhood. Of course there were large drawing-rooms and nice airy nurseries for the children—a great many children, mostly boys, arrived in a remarkably short time, for Edward approved of large families. And he added other farms to his original purchase until he owned two miles of river front. Everybody told him, with truth, that he had a very handsome estate.

And Edward was as handsome as his establishment. Family tradition has a great deal to say on the subject of Edward's good looks and personal charm. How, when he went to church in Charleston with his friend Lord Stanley, the congregation, staring at the two young men in Colonel Ward's pew, made a mistake, whispered that it was even easier than they had supposed to tell an English nobleman from an ordinary American. But Edward had more than good looks. He wrote poetry, and drew, and played the violin, "had some knowledge of medicine," raised and drilled a local "train-band," was a good shot, rode like a centaur, and danced better than any other young gentleman between New York and Albany—old Mrs. Chrystie told me that she had never seen anybody who could cut a perfect *double* pigeon-wing except this grandfather of mine. "He was an adept in all manly arts, and up to all the sports of the time."

Edward's stables turned out many fine race-horses, chiefly sired by "Sir Henry," famous for his race with "Eclipse"; but his wife did not care for racing, so he never entered a horse for a race except once, and then not for money but only for "a pipe of wine." Many of the trotting horses of Orange County,

celebrated for its trotters, are descended from Edward Armstrong's thoroughbred mares. And old people in the neighborhood used to speak of the fine figure he made on his favorite horse, a mahogany bay named Frank; my father remembered Frank, for the horse outlived his master.

Edward couldn't have found life lacking in variety. His career had begun, oddly enough, in the British army—I have his commission signed by George IV making him an ensign in the 104th Foot at the age of *ten*. Just how long he stayed in the army, I don't know; but in early letters he is addressed as captain. Anyhow, he stayed long enough to get his miniature painted in a red coat, and gave up the army when he married. He and Sarah Hartley Ward first met at "Morrisania," the Morrises' old place in Westchester, when she and her sister Mary were staying there; "the coming of the Misses Ward from Charleston was something of an event in the restricted society of the time, and doubtless many young men were interested in the advent of these heiresses."

During this same visit to "Morrisania," Mary Somersall Ward also met her future husband, Gouverneur Morris Wilkins, mentioned in an earlier chapter (in connection with John Ward's investments in Washington real estate) as being a nephew of Gouverneur Morris of the Revolution. My father remembered Mr. Wilkins with great affection: "He was a splendid-looking man, genial and delightful in conversation, a graduate of Yale and extremely well read. Although he had been a slave-holder, he was a strong supporter of Lincoln."

When he wrote the letter below, Gouverneur Wilkins's first wife, Mary Ward, had lately died, leaving one little girl, Ellen, afterwards Mrs. John Screven. Later, he married Cath-

erine Van Rensselaer; oddly enough there were three Van Rensselaer second wives in the immediate family, so it was natural that when Kitty Turnbull, Mrs. John Screven's daughter, was asked if the Van Rensselaers were relations, she answered: "Not exactly—they only furnished stepmothers for the family." "Castle Hill," Mr. Wilkins's place in Westchester, was one of the most beautiful in the country, with a fine old house and grounds terraced down to the Sound; but it was only a part of his immense estate which included the "Nutter Farm" from which four hundred lots were taken when Central Park was laid out, forming the whole northern end of the Park.

*Gouverneur Morris Wilkins
to Edward Armstrong, of Danskammer,
care of Henry Ward, Esq., Wall St., New York.*

Paris, April, 1826

I have been passing the winter very pleasantly in Paris, and have seen something of the great world and its magnificence, and if, like other travellers, I talk "big" to you upon my return, it will be because other people think these matters bigger than I do. It is necessary to come from home to find that we are a nation of philosophers in practice. On this side of the ocean one half is theory, and "books are as deceitful as men." I enjoy it, however, and altho' I do not feel that I am becoming much better or wiser yet one can hardly make a record of new ideas, or make out as on a map the changes in the boundaries of opinions.

I returned last evening from Versailles, where I spent the

day with Cooper. Perhaps this is better worth seeing than any other object in this part of the world. You can see here how upwards of 150 millions of dollars can be expended on improvements; before I was aware of this, I said to Cooper that a few hundred dollars would be well spent in giving a bend to the water scene! If you would learn history it must be upon the spot. To form an idea of Louis XIV one must see this city of Versailles; to understand the bankruptcy and the revolution in France one must study the ideas of the Age, not merely in its extravagances, but in the expression of them which every ornament gives. As an instance, look over your head, in the chapel—at the top of the dome sprawls a figure of an old man, which you might perhaps take for Lazarus before he had quite got into Abraham's bosom, at all events it looks like an old beggar. No, it is *God the Father* and around him are the Kings of France!

I plan to remain in Paris another winter, but my friends must not be alarmed, for I assure them that I turn my thoughts homewards with so many affectionate regards that I am not likely to overstay the limit I proposed myself in leaving home. By this time you have had a laugh at me for becoming an attaché. The advantages of being somebody in Paris were too great to resist the temptation. But there are real advantages when one considers that it gives one the rank of a nobleman, the privileges of a foreign ambassador, and one of the best seats on every public occasion. It is amusing to see a Frenchman doff and bend when he sees a little embroidered gold, a passport, or a card which denotes a superior, but I am a republican and all Europe will not change me. The gaiety is now all over and people are beginning to travel away from Paris or at least

to take their rest after the toils of the season. Your letters should be addressed to Hottinguer and Co., Paris, and will reach me wherever I am.

If you have seen my little daughter tell me how she looks, acts, and talks. Tell Sarah that I love her as I have always done and that if anything happens to me while I am wandering about to the ends of the earth she must remember it for my little Ellen. It seems to me that this little girl has a singular influence over me and regulates my future. It seems as if it all had been a dream and that this little image was left upon my heart to recall it. It gratifies me to have a shade of melancholy even in Paris, but do not think, Ned, that I am unhappy, or ungrateful for the advantages that I possess. I fiddle but two notes, the highest and lowest, and it is with a touch at the last that I bid you and my dear Sarah farewell.

Though the following letter from Henry Clay is without superscription, it was probably written to Gouverneur Wilkins, while the latter was abroad in 1826. This presidential campaign, when Jackson was elected, was characterized by "political intrigue and bitter personality." Clay and Adams favored a protective tariff.

Henry Clay to Gouverneur Morris Wilkins.

[1826?]

In regard to the watch which you kindly undertook to procure for me, although the price of one hundred and eighty dollars is more than I intended to give for one, be pleased to decide for me as you would for yourself and I shall be content.

I send you by mail one of my Tariff speeches. As to the Presidential questions, all rumors of intrigues, bargains, etc., so far as they are imputed to me, are without any foundation. I shall vote for Mr. Adams, and, of course, think he ought to be elected under existing circumstances. It is a question of A. or B., and not between either or all of the citizens of the U. S. Thus restricted, I have felt that I ought to make the best selection I can, looking to the present and future interest of the Country. And the one which, for myself, I have determined appears to me the best. Yours faithfully, H. Clay.

Edward Armstrong's most intimate friend was the Honorable Charles Augustus Murray, grandson of Lord Dunmore, the last English governor of Virginia, notorious for having burned Norfolk during the Revolution. Interest in Dunmore and his "palace" at Williamsburg, the colonial capital, has been lately revived by Mr. Rockefeller's gift of some five million dollars for restoring the whole town to its original quaint colonial aspect. Modern shops and public buildings are to go, even a brand new high school is to be taken down and rebuilt somewhere in the outskirts, and all colonial buildings are to be repaired. Some of the original buildings of William and Mary College, the oldest in the country except Harvard, are still standing, and so is the church and a small edifice described by an early writer as "a strong sweet jail for criminals"; but only the wings are left of Dunmore's "palace," a good-sized Georgian house of brick, much admired by the colonists but which probably did not seem so palatial to the earl. However, there were nice gardens, and a pond full of choice fish, and carriage roads bordered with lindens that Dunmore had

imported from Scotland, and he managed to keep up enough vice-regal splendor to make him thoroughly obnoxious to his democratic subjects. Perhaps the most interesting old building in modern Williamsburg is the octagonal magazine from which Dunmore removed the colony's powder when trouble began; for this brought matters to a head, and Patrick Henry began to act as well as talk. Time softens such incidents. When Dunmore's grandson, Charles Augustus Murray, took a trip on the River James, he was only amused to find that the steamboat was named the *Patrick Henry*.

Mr. Murray wrote an interesting book of travels, quoted in my chapter on Carolina, principally devoted to his experiences in the far west among the Pawnee Indians, but with entertaining side-lights on more civilized aspects of America, such as his first mint julep in New York; "a beverage more nearly approaching to nectar than any I had ever imagined. This delicious compound, sometimes denominated 'hail storm' is made with madeira or claret, mingled in a tumbler with a soupçon of French brandy, lime and lemon, ice pulverised by attrition, and a small portion of sugar, the whole crowned by a bunch of fresh mint, through which the liquor percolates before it reaches the drinker's lips, and 'laps him in Elysium.' This beverage is of southern origin, but the immortal Willard, who kept the bar of the City Hotel for many years, is allowed to be the first master of the art in the known world. The name of this remarkable person is familiar to every American, and to every foreigner who has visited the States during the last thirty years. His memory was surprising, he never forgot a face or a name, even though the individual had been absent for years."

Mr. Murray often stayed at Danskammer. He had nick-

named Edward Armstrong the "Marquis" because of a fancied likeness to the Marquis of Musgrove, and after they had together invested in some land in Pennsylvania bought from the Slocums he called him the "Marquis of Slocumville" and himself the "Duke of Chicago and Lackawanna." He seems to have enjoyed his travels in America and gives a pleasanter picture of the country than most foreign travelers of the time. After he returned home, he became Master of the Household to Queen Victoria, and later on was Minister to Persia and other courts.

The Hosack place which Mr. Murray mentions in the letter below has always been celebrated for the beauty of its trees and the magnificent view of the Catskills. Dr. Hosack bought it from Dr. Bard, the old doctor alluded to in a previous chapter as appearing in a caricature with Frank Van Berckel. The colonial house was torn down (too completely for even Mr. Rockefeller to restore) when it was bought by Frederick Vanderbilt, and replaced by one built by McKim, Mead and White.

*Charles Augustus Murray to Edward Armstrong,
Danskammer.*

Albany, [1834?]

My dear Marquis of Slocumville, I am very sorry to learn that I am not to expect the pleasure of being joined by you on my western trip, but you have forgotten one important item, namely whether you choose to join me in any land investment which I may make in that part of the world. Pray send me a line to Mr. Wadsworth's at Geneseo.

On Thursday afternoon I started from Poughkeepsie on the outside of Dolly, alias Polly, alias Pop; as I passed the gates of Hyde Park, I could not resist the temptation of seeing a place of which I had heard and read so much, accordingly I rode in. The ground between the road and the house is bold and undulating and affords the means of making a pretty, small lake, round which the approach winds its course. The house is spacious and comfortable without any pretensions to architectural beauty. I meant to walk around the grounds and continue my journey, but at the door I was recognized by young Mrs. Hosack, whom I had once seen in New York; she invited me in and most kindly showed me house, grounds, green houses and everything; this pleasant delay lost me some hours, so I only made about twenty miles that evening.

Yesterday morning I started at half-past four and Polly brought me here to Albany—60 miles—as fresh as a lark by tea-time. It was fine agreeable travelling, for I encountered two or three tremendous thunder-storms and I was drenched to the skin, with my light silk coat, all the day; some parts of the road after the last torrent of rain were literally like the bed of a stream, and came up to the mare's knees, so that neither of us were annoyed by heat, dust, or drought. Today I took another ride two or three miles from the town and got another washing, the people here are complaining of their cellars being inundated and rivers are running down some of the steep streets. I called on the Patroon [Van Rensselaer] and saw the old gentleman for a few minutes, the Ladies were all out, Gen'l Stephen was also from home. I saw his daughter, a pretty and pleasing young lady, who is about to be tethered for life to Mr. Dow. Pray present my remembrances to your Ladies and in

your next let me know if either Blackbird or Jim Crow have been struck by lightening, and believe me ever truly yours,
Charles, Duke of Chic'o and Lack'a.

Dolly had been bought at Flemington from the landlord of the inn, during one of the Pennsylvania trips—"she was such an excellent, active, indefatigable creature, that I tied her behind the stage, and let her run all the way to Elizabeth, about fifty miles." Edward Armstrong bought a four-year-old colt there and they carried off a fine puppy, "rough, shaggy and tailless." Mr. Murray had missed the steamboat to Elizabeth when they were starting off on the Flemington trip for a reason familiar to New Yorkers. "Never," he complained, "did I view the flourishing business and commerce of New York with so evil an eye. Although I had allowed myself the exact time requisite for reaching the pier, my hackney carriage going down Broadway became jammed in such an interminable mass of vehicles—drays in front, huge carts piled with cotton behind, wagons and omnibuses on each side—that escape was impossible."

In his *Travels* Mr. Murray gives a pleasant picture of his visit to the Van Rensselaers: "I have been admitted to few domestic circles more agreeable and it is gratifying to see these vast possessions in the hands of a gentleman so well calculated to make a sensible and generous use of them. It is difficult to believe that Mrs. Van Rensselaer is the mother of the handsome young ladies beside her, she appears so youthful, and her conversation denotes a fresh, lively and highly cultivated mind."

From Albany he went to Geneseo, where he stayed with the Wadsworths: "One of the most hospitable and agreeable houses that I ever entered. His son accompanied us through his extensive farms, which are formed equally to delight the eye of a Poussin or a Sir J. Sinclair. Yet this scene, extraordinary and interesting as it was, possessed less interest to a contemplative mind than the venerable and excellent gentleman who had almost created it; for it was now forty-four years since Mr. W. came as the first settler to this spot, with his axe on his shoulder, and slept the first night under a tree. After this he lodged in a log-house, subsequently in a cottage; and he is now the universally esteemed possessor of a demesne which many of the proudest nobility of Europe might look upon with envy, where he exercises the rights of hospitality in the midst of his amiable family with a sincerity and kindness that I shall not easily forget." Mr. Murray must also have made a good impression on his hosts, for later he became engaged to Elizabeth Wadsworth, although it was not until 1850 that she married him and went to live in Cairo.

Charles Marshall Armstrong, who wrote the letter below, has been already mentioned. He was Colonel Armstrong's second son, named after his mother's father, and was remembered with the greatest affection by all his nephews at Danskammer. He was in the United States Navy, but his disposition was too lively for him to rise very far in any profession and he often got into scrapes which made him all the more interesting to the boys in the family. At one time he was suspended from the Navy for three months for having sent a challenge to fight a duel to his superior officer, Commodore Matthew Perry, be-

cause that officer had not left him in command when he thought it was his due; the sentence was so mild that there must have been extenuating circumstances.

There is always a great deal about shooting and fishing in the letters from Danskammer, but game even then was not so plentiful as it had been in colonial times when passenger pigeons were still so tame and abundant that they could be knocked out of the trees with a stick. They are now extinct; but my brother Noel, who is an authority on the birds of his neighborhood, is sure that he saw one at Danskammer when he was a boy.

*Lieutenant Charles Marshall Armstrong
to Captain Salter.*

Danskammer, *September*, [1834?]

We went on a deer hunt last month, and though I did not get a shot I was much pleased with the jaunt. The party consisted of Mr. McCleod, Edward and myself; we were on the ground three days, the first day Ed killed a fine Buck weighing about 200 pounds, the 2nd we lost the dogs, and the third it rained. The weather during the past month has been inclement, yesterday was delightful, Ned and myself took advantage of it and sallied out with our birding pieces. He bagged 10 quails and 1 partridge, and I got 4 quails and 2 partridges. The other day I killed 12 quails, 3 snipes—Eng'h—2 meadow larks, 1 Wild Duck—can you do better? Are quail, etc. sufficiently plenty to repay me for the trouble of bringing a dog down? Edward and Sarah send congratulations on the arrival

of the little Stranger. Love to Mag, Emily, Rose, Nurse, respect to my father.

*Lieutenant Charles Armstrong to his sister
Mrs. Salter.*

U. S. Ship Independence, Off Long Wharf, Boston,
July, 1837

For many days now we have been ready for sea and anxiously waiting a propitious breeze. Prevailing Easterly winds crossing the St. George Banks drive in heavy clouds of mist and rain. Boston Bay in the month of July is really beautiful—though it wants the space of Manhattan—studded with many green isles, the banks covered with rich country seats, and the thronging villages in the vicinity, render the scene almost equal in loveliness to anything I have seen abroad, and unsurpassed in the United States. But Soul is wanting here—that is, the Male part of the Creation, who are calculating, Illiberal and Suspicious, Honest, Moral, and industrious, clear heads and cold hearts—their virtues are those of education, the inherent ones are firmness and courage—as for others, I’ve not been able to discover them. I myself admire generosity, Frankness and Hospitality given for Pleasure, not tendered as a duty. As I have now finished with the Lords of all, I will turn a few moments to their rulers—the Ladies, and they *are* the fairest of the fair. I, true to myself and my breed, love everything that flutters a flounce or Flirts a Fan. The greater proportion of the beauties here have deep blue eyes, Cheeks Couleur de Rose, pearly Teeth and Ruby Lips, good figures and Devilish Big Feet. The moisture of this climate

produces a complexion of dazzling whiteness intermixed with pink, that is astounding to the new comer, as L. E. L. would say, "rose crushed on ivory," and then they are much more cordial than the men, and conversible too. My opportunities of seeing the Beauties of this place have been very good. Our ship has been continually crowded, and I have taken two or three Sunday promenades down Beacon Street where all the Aristocrats parade between the Meridian and 1 P.M. and then retire to their homes and eat Fish. Perhaps gorging on Fish improves their naturally good complexions. Washington St. is their Broadway—narrow, irregular, ill paved, as are nearly all their streets—it answers to shops in N. Y. about to the Bowery. How the Belles adorn themselves at parties I can't say—abroad they have neither the Taste, richness, or *fit* that the Gothamites have.

Charles's description of Boston and its inhabitants as if it were a foreign country, is characteristic of New Yorkers of his time; also the slight distrust expressed. Cooper wrote in his diary: "Had a bad night from eating Boston biscuits. Nothing Yankee agrees with me." Even my uncles used to speak of "Yankees" as if they were an alien people living at a vast distance with customs different from ours.

A published letter from Cooper, of the same year as Mr. Murray's letter below, gives an amusing account of the young Victoria: "I hear the little queen is playing Elizabeth already, that even her mother does not always influence her, and that she manifests an astonishing *àplomb*. Her first interview with the Council was really wonderful, as she showed perfect calmness, great dignity, and entire self possession. They say she had

a passion for a Lord Elphinstone, a fine young man I saw at Rome. The law forbids the *Princesses* from marrying a subject but not a *Queen*. Her penchant was so decided that the ministers gave the young man the governorship of Madras to get him out of the country, but there is an apprehension that she will have him back, and marry him, in spite of every one. In the meantime she has four royal suitors, the Prince of Orange junior, a Danish Prince, and her cousin of Albany. Her uncle Leopold affects the Orange match with a view to settle his own affairs! The mother likes the cousin of Albany. The nation wants the Prince of Cambridge, who went off post haste from Hanover, and the Dane is the best looking, Heaven knows who will succeed. Colonel White says she is short and rather thick, with a pretty good upper face, projecting teeth and a retreating chin, not handsome, and a little lame, one leg suspected of being shorter than the other, and immensely popular for the moment."

Charles Augustus Murray to Edward Armstrong.

London, August, 1837

What a world is this in which we live! When I wrote you in April I fully intended to have been with you at this hour, either on the banks of your glorious Hudson, or rambling among proposed farms and mines in our Carbonic valley, but as fate would have it our good King died, a general election ensued, and it was found desirable that the County of Lanark should be represented by a friend, and they seemed to think I was the only person who had a chance of success on our side. My adversary gained by *one* vote, in a constituency of three

or four thousand! And my opponent polled so many bad votes that I have been obliged to appeal to the House of Commons and a Scrutiny will take place, which may cost the contending parties \$100,000! Besides all this mess into which I have got myself I am appointed one of the officers in the Household of our young Queen, and it is my duty to attend her in magnificent attire, introduce visitors, and watch and guard her from insult and danger. She is indeed a most amiable and interesting young Lady and there is nothing disagreeable in such service, but how, my dear Marquis, is it compatible with a visit to my Dukedom?

Your account of the Slocum set does not surprise me, they seemed an ill-conditioned, contentious family, and though quarreling among themselves, I never thought it unlikely that they might unite in their endeavours to cheat you and me. I trust we may get out of the scrape without a law suit, and I rejoice that I am embarked with so steady a friend in this purchase, one whose granite house and circle of merry young faces in it will prevent him from setting his studding sails in squally weather. It will take a year of steady commercial transactions to restore confidence on either side of the Atlantic. Let us wait patiently for a hard winter when folk in New York and Boston want their toes and fingers warmed, rather than risk a heavy top by taking railroad responsibility at present.

These lands in Pennsylvania were eventually sold to the Scrantons. Anthracite coal had not been in use very long when the letter above was written; it was in 1808 that Jesse Fell of Wilkesbarre made a grate of green saplings in his bar-room, filled it with kindlings and "stone coal," and discovered that it made a better fire than wood. The Slocums of Wilkesbarre,

mentioned by Mr. Murray, had an interesting history. During the massacre in the Wyoming Valley, the father of the family was killed and a little girl carried off by the Delawares. It was fifty-nine years before she was heard of again; she had married a Miami. Her fair skin was all that distinguished her from any squaw, but she remembered her name. She was prosperous and contented, and when she died was buried with pomp, as the tribe considered her a queen.

Charles Augustus Murray to Edward Armstrong.

Buckingham Palace, August, 1838

The Great Western and other smoky messengers have now brought us so close together that we can exchange communications in a month; this is very agreeable as there is little probability of my crossing over to pay you a visit; indeed, nothing short of an unexpected court convulsion could produce such an occurrence, for my duties are such that I have not three days holiday in the year, being occupied in the Palace all the morning and superintending the Dinner arrangements in the afternoon—what a change from the Lackawanna coal speculator and the Western Buffalo-hunter and the Pawnee Rambler! I sometimes sigh for the woods and prairies and cast a wistful look upon my idle rifle, but, as you say, I am not naturally lachrymose, but make the best of that state in which it has pleased Heaven to place me, and which has many agreeable points to balance the drawbacks.

I am glad to hear so good an account of your little South-down flock. As to the "Spring Brook purchase" to which you allude, I am ignorant of even its precise locality. Robinson

Crusoe thought himself a great man when he said, "I am monarch of all I survey," but I am a greater, for I am monarch of lands I have never surveyed! I presume that you are now in your marble palace and that the youngsters have outgrown all remembrance of me.

These Southdowns came from Lord Torrington, who wrote in glowing terms of the aristocratic descent of his sheep "from the flocks of the Duke of Richmond, the Marquess of Ailesbury, Sir I. D. Astley, and others, of great breeding celebrity."

Charles Augustus Murray to Edward Armstrong.

Windsor Castle, *January*, 1840

From my room in the Castle, which is just two windows round the right-hand tower marked x in the picture, I send you a few lines to tell you how delighted I am at the receipt of your letter. I am not a little proud of the sheep; but I feared they might not bear the journey well or might be larger than it would be the fashion in the U. S. to admire. As they are the finest ever imported from England I believe with you that they may *set* the fashion.

It gives me pleasure to hear that my book is approved by reasonable, thinking Americans; I was aware that I had not introduced enough satire, or pepper, or gall, or flattery, to please the strong coarse palates of the many-headed monster on either side of the Atlantic, but if it is thought to approach its object *Truth*, by the paths of candour and unprejudiced observation, I am satisfied.

We are all talking, thinking, writing, of nothing but the

Queen's marriage, which takes place, D. V., the first week in February; you will be pleased to hear from *me*, who am no flatterer, that Prince Albert is exceedingly good-looking, sensible, manly and accomplished; he seems of a studious, observant turn of mind, rather serious for his age, and of an amiable disposition, so we have every hope that he will prove worthy of the Jewell with which he is to be entrusted. The Court moves to London in ten days, much to my regret. I have not written on the back of the print prefixed to this letter, in case you should like to cut it off for one of the children. Adieu.

Edward Armstrong's pleasant life came abruptly to an end when he was only thirty-nine. In 1840 scarlet fever appeared at Danskammer—a very fatal sort of scarlet fever. All the children came down with it one after another, and then their mother. She was worn out with nursing, for there were no trained nurses in those days and parents took care of sick children themselves. Edward was worn out. Little Mary, the only girl, died. Edward took his child to Newburgh to be buried in the old graveyard there, came home, cold and tired, found he too had the fever, and died almost immediately. His wife was too ill to be told. When she recovered, she found that both her little daughter and her husband were gone. I don't think she ever got over it.

My Uncle Harry used to tell us about that terrible time. Doctors, in those days, didn't allow any cool drinks in a fever, not even water, and fruit was also forbidden. But Harry managed to crawl out of bed one day when he was left alone and

reach the washstand, where he found a large pitcher of water, "drank every drop and felt much better." Little Maitland, the youngest child, four years old, had the fever more lightly than the others and was well again before Harry had been allowed to go out of his room—"Aunt Rose's room on the second floor." Harry would let down a bent-up jack-knife on a string from the window and Mait would tie on pears and peaches and plums for the invalid, when no one was looking. Mait remembered this. And he had just one memory of little Mary—she was seven and he was four. They were trying to catch a skilly-pot turtle. Both of them fell into the brook, and sat on the sunny hilltop for what seemed to them a long, long time, trying to get dry, before they ventured back to the house—unsuccessfully, for their mother "wouldn't give them any of the rock candy she was getting out of a box in the store room." And he remembered his first ride that same summer when he was four. Commodore Salter put him on the back of a big bay horse and led him about among the apple trees in the orchard.

But Maitland couldn't remember his father. No remembrance whatever of Edward's handsome face and abundant vitality was left on his child's mind. All he remembered was going to the door of the "north room," looking in, and seeing something covered with a sheet; but "he knew that it was his father lying there dead." A letter from Miss Louisa De Hart summed up the feeling about Edward: "I have this morning received the sad news of Edward's death; good and excellent and charming, and beloved by all, valued and caressed, cut off in the midst of his usefulness, leaving a void that cannot be filled, a sorrow as lasting as life."



EDWARD ARMSTRONG OF DANSKAMMER
From a miniature by Nathaniel Rogers

The letter below is from the "little Ellen" of Gouverneur Morris Wilkins's letter a few pages back, who was afterwards Mrs. John Screven. "Aunt Eliza," of whom she speaks, was Mrs. Martin Wilkins mentioned in a previous chapter in connection with the Wards and my father's visit to Carolina when he was a boy. "Mrs. Deas" must have been the child of "Mad Archie Campbell" whose romantic courtship has been described, for she married Robert Deas.

*Ellen Wilkins to her aunt,
Mrs. Edward Armstrong.*

Charleston, February, [1841?]

Here I am for the first time in your native city and a nice place I think it too. I do not believe, however, from what I hear it was fifteen years ago that you would recognize it, were you to fall suddenly into it. The streets are thickly built up with very nice houses indeed. I saw today your grandfather's old house in Meeting St., I dare say it was considered a very grand establishment in its day. Has report told you that there is quite a nice battery built up, of which the inhabitants think a great deal? A cool summer promenade it certainly must be, but more I cannot say, for the grass is very miserable and the ground is full of holes, stones and dirt, and altogether it forms a striking contrast with our neat and regularly laid out battery in New York. But as Mr. Charles Manigo said today, there are few cities from which one can look out directly into the ocean, and the city must be healthy with "such a rare water privilege."

Annette asks me to give you "ten thousand hearties" for her;

the good creature seemed delighted to see us. I have seen my Aunt Anne—Aunt Sally died not long ago—and my Aunt Mrs. Mott; she has lately lost her most useful daughter, she went up into the pine lands to prevent the frequent frolics and dissipations of her son, and her daughter died there of the fever. Her son is no better. Miss Primrose, her protégée, died ten months after her marriage leaving two fine little baby boys, immense children for their age as ever I saw. Mrs. Hayward, Mrs. Deas' daughter, lives in the country. I hear she is very pretty. I begin to love Aunt Eliza very much. She tells me what great friends you used to be, and she is, as I suppose she ever was, without a spark of affectation.

I believe I began at the Battery and have gone up to Mill Pond telling you of all that I have seen. We are at the Grand Charleston Hotel. Love to the children and remembrances to Nurse.

The letter below is from a cousin of Mrs. Edward Armstrong's whom she had not seen for a long time, in answer to a request that he use his influence to get a warrant in the navy for her son Harry. Hugh Swinnerton Legaré, Attorney General of the United States, is still remembered in Carolina as a great orator; some people considered him greater than either Webster or Clay. Many of his cases were celebrated. A curious one was that of Mrs. Ball, daughter of Walter Channing of Boston, a very rich girl who perished at sea with her husband in the *Pulaski*—mentioned in the Neilson Diary—when the ship blew up off the coast of North Carolina. The law, in such fatalities, presumes that the man is the survivor, but Legaré's speech

so skillfully emphasized the fact that she had been seen, after the explosion, running wildly along the deck calling for her husband, that its passionate peroration—"She called upon the husband upon whom she had never before called in vain, upon whose arm she had leaned in every danger, but there was no answer! He was dead! He was dead!"—won the suit for the Channings, and her sisters inherited the fortune rather than the husband's relations.

*Hugh Swinnerton Legaré
to Mrs. Edward Armstrong.*

Washington, April, 1842

I hasten to assure you that you can count on me as of yore—in times forever consecrated in my recollection—to the utmost of my ability to serve you. It was unkind of you even to hint at the possibility of my having forgotten you. What a dream is this poor life of ours! Your sister's daughter [Ellen Wilkins]—a very nice girl by the way—passed through Washington a few weeks ago. She reminded me strongly of you, as you were when I last saw you as Miss Ward in Carolina, and I remember drove with you in a carriage to pay a visit somewhere on John's Island. Since that time your relations in life have so entirely changed, and I—though still unmarried, and so far the same—thro' what unspeakable varieties of life have I not passed! You remember what a devoted student I was, in my youth in the country, where I never went out but to see you and your sister—well, I have attained to all I aimed at then and what is it? Vanity of Vanities! But I must not sadden the re-

newal of our *acquaintance*? by such reflections, but assure you that it is with unabated kindness and friendship that I inscribe myself, Very sincerely, Your humble and obedient serv't.

When Mrs. Edward Armstrong became a widow she had several good friends to advise her besides Mr. Legaré, especially Mr. David Maitland and Gouverneur Wilkins, who managed her business affairs. Mr. Downing brought her all the latest farm and garden hints, her brother-in-law, Lieutenant Charles, told her how to bring up boys, and any number of Southern relations came and stayed at Danskammer for months at a time. But, in the end, the responsibility of the too large estate that her husband had left her, and the education of the five boys—William Henry, Gouverneur Wilkins, Charles Marshall, John Ward and David Maitland—was hers. She made a good job of it, for she was a capable woman; besides having "great charm of manner, though she was not handsome." She spoke French and Italian, and painted extremely well. I have a bound volume of her water-color drawings of fruit and flowers, gathered for her by her husband and with the names written in by Mr. Downing. Although every detail of leaf and bud is painted with delicate accuracy, it is not the stereotyped work of her time, but is sensitively true to life. The farm was as profitable as farms ever are. She got English tutors for the boys, and then sent them to good boarding schools; she encouraged them in all sorts of outdoor sports until another tragedy came; her son Charles was drowned in the river. After that, though she did not forbid their going on the water she provided them with such good saddle-horses

and guns that riding and shooting occupied them more than boating.

The boys had a good time. Two miles of their own to shoot over and acres of woods for their rabbit traps—they used the famous Brant's tomahawk to trim the saplings for the traps, until Harry lost it. Harry was responsible for most things that happened. It was Harry who carved their jackstraws, and made the fleets of boats that played "sea fights" on rainy days in the enormous garret—a great cavern of a place with rows of army chests and horsehair trunks studded with brass nails and filled with Colonel Armstrong's uniforms; trappers' and Indian dresses made of leather with fringed legs, relics of Mr. Murray's "residence among the Pawnees"; and quantities of old brocade dresses that had belonged to various Charleston belles. Then there were portfolios of Boydell and Bartolozzi engravings, and curiosities that Uncle Charles had brought from foreign parts. The costumes came in very nicely for charades, the scarlet cloth made excellent iron-holders for "Old Nurse," and girl visitors cut up the brocade into very pretty pin-cushions for church fairs; so, when the old house was sold, not much was left of the garret's treasures except the engravings, which Maitland valued because he always cared more about that sort of thing than the other boys.

A good life for boys, and happy enough for their mother until they began to grow up. Harry's future—Harry was as clever as a boy could be, but excitable—gave her some anxiety; perhaps the navy would be good for him. And Jack did not seem likely to amount to much. But Gouv was as straight as a string, quiet and good-looking with the red cheeks and china blue eyes of an English boy. As for little Mait, his quickness and engag-

ing qualities reminded Sarah of her father Colonel Ward, and he had her taste for art that none of the other boys had inherited. Little Mait was a comfort. And things, on the whole, went well enough. But I think Sarah Armstrong found life pretty up-hill work after her husband died.

*Mrs. Edward Armstrong to her brother-in-law,
Lieutenant Charles M. Armstrong, West Coast of
Africa, Care U. S. Naval Storekeeper,
Porto Praya.*

Danskammer, December, 1843

I have sent Charles and Henry to Dr. Muhlenburg's school. Emily [Salter] is at Madame Chegaré's school and taking music and dancing lessons. My farm has done pretty well this season, a good crop of corn and pretty fair one of wheat and oats—no apples. I have engaged Joshua to bush the meadow that leads from the Sugarloaf hill to the river; I wish to ditch it and bring it into good meadow. I have all my corn husked and a great part of my grain threshed out, since you left I have had considerable fencing put up. I subscribed to the Agricultural society and told Jonathan if he would strive for the premium for the best kept farm he could have it if it was awarded to me.

Mr. Maitland has hired or bought a farm on Long Island. Mary and Alex. are living with him and he expects Stuart and his wife. You will be shocked to hear of the death of Martin Wilkins in Charleston of country fever, he has left a widow and seven children. I spent a couple of days at Castle Hill [Westchester] this fall, Madam very cordial and polite.

Mait is as thin as ever. I told him the other day that he would be sent from the table if he did not behave better, and he said: "Then I shall get thinner!" Gouv'r and John are up every morning at break of day to go to their rabbit traps. They are all good obedient boys. I hear that Mr. Stephen Van Rensselaer has been obliged to put his son on a Government Ship as a common sailor, his dissipation and extravagance have been so great. I cannot conceive how illiterate and low companions can reform a boy, and bodily suffering I should think would tend to brutalize him. Do you remember a pretty little Mrs. Dow we saw at Mrs. Bayard's? she has separated from her husband—plea, bad treatment. I wish you could eat your Christmas dinner with us. We shall drink to your health and happiness.

In the letter above, Mr. David Maitland is, I think, mentioned in a letter for the first time, but he was an important figure in the life of the Armstrongs at Danskammer, and godfather to the youngest boy who was named after him. He was a Scotchman, head of the old New York banking firm founded in 1812 by Robert Maitland of Virginia, now Maitland, Coppel and Company; our family has had an account with them for a hundred years. My uncle Gouverneur was in their "counting house," as he called it, for a short time, but did not like a business life any better than his grandfather Colonel Armstrong. When Mr. Maitland came to Danskammer he always brought the little boys packages of candy; "Stewart's Mixed Broken Candy, put up in square blue and white packages, sticks of pink, cinnamon, and wintergreen, and red-and-white striped,

and white vanilla in squarish pieces, also occasional strips of lemon that were much prized." The Stewarts were Scotchmen who made large fortunes and lived in handsome houses on Fifth Avenue. In my childhood this candy was known as "Ridley's" and came in cornucopias; otherwise it was the same. I haven't seen any for a long time.

Lieutenant Charles Marshall Armstrong to his nephew, Master David Maitland Armstrong, Danskammer.

Mansion House, Brooklyn, July, 1846

My dear Dave, With great delight I received your letter, for which I can state many reasons. Firstly, it proved you could do something for your old Uncle—2ndly, you did not neglect your promise—3rdly, those I love sent me their love and are well. I suppose all the Boys, except Harry, were at Danskammer on the Fourth and enjoyed themselves. Dave, do you recollect the previous 4th when we sat in the orchard and criticised the Billy's appearance—Jack's boat—and several others? We were so happy then, not a single wish was expressed to be on board any of them, or anywhere else. I passed the day delightfully among friends and ladies, received unmeasured hospitality and listened to charming music in the evening, did you beat that? I fancy not.

Now in answer to your letter, I am glad you like your Cousin Ellen's husband [John Screven], it's best to like ones connections, even if they have odd sounding names. I wonder where his ancestors were when they served out names—busy writing,

I suppose. Was it you or your mother who said he was called Scrivener? Anybody that calls me that will have to insert *bad*. And so you have a span of horses that cost \$450 to \$500—they ought to be good ones. Are they switch tail bays, about sixteen hands high? if so, I have an idea that I have seen them. I hope they are sound, fast and have good dispositions, and will last as well as my namesake and Bessie have done. Are you certain there was *three* yolks in *that* egg? Say to your mother that I met Mr. Gilbert Wilkins, who wishes to purchase two Yews and a South Down Buck. I told him I was not salesman and recommended him to go up and see the Overseer, I think it would be a good plan to let him have them and purchase a Zupp at one of the annual fairs.

I shall occasionally hint to you, my dear Boy, that you freely promised me to be a Lawyer; it would be too bad, out of five boys, for not one to have the sense or taste to follow the lofty profession in which their maternal grandfather [John Ward] gained so great and high an eminence. God Bless you, Love to all.

Maitland Armstrong, my father, was twelve years old when he wrote the letter below, and at boarding school in Newburgh. Mr. Warren Delano, who rented the Danskammer house at this time, afterwards bought a country place at Balmville near Newburgh. I remember him as a very old gentleman. His daughters were all extremely beautiful women, one of whom is Mrs. James Roosevelt of Hyde Park, mother of the present Governor of New York. Laura, the youngest, a lovely girl of about eighteen, was burned to death; her dress took fire from

an alcohol lamp while she was curling her hair, and she ran downstairs in flames, and although her brothers-in-law tried to stop her she broke away from them, making for a little pond on the lawn which she reached too late. Later on the Danskammer house was rented by Mr. Bancroft Davis, and the year I was born my grandmother, Mrs. John Neilson, rented it for the summer. Mr. Davis afterwards bought the southern part of the Danskammer estate and Richard Hunt built him a handsome house costing over a hundred thousand dollars in the style of a French château on a bluff overlooking the River. If he had been able to go on living there it would have kept the neighborhood for country places; but unfortunately his health broke down. He went to live in Mentone and his place was sold and soon ruined by brickyards. The farm on the plateau to the north, then known as the "Bloomer Farm," was at one time rented to Coventry Wadell, a well-known figure in New York, and very nearly sold to a son of Samuel Morse, the inventor of the telegraph, who considered it for some time. We lived there as children, and it now belongs to my brother Noel.

In those pre-railway days, New Yorkers writing in winter never failed to say just how far up the River was closed, as Maitland does in the letter below—they always, by the way, dignified the River with a capital letter as if there were no other stream in the world—and "the great annual event of the ice giving way at Albany, and navigation being resumed after eight or ten dull weeks, was heralded from the wharves of New York to those of Buffalo. From the Atlantic to Lake Erie was heard the joyous cry: 'The River is open!'"

*David Mailand Armstrong to his uncle,
Lieutenant Charles Marshall Armstrong,
U. S. Ship Ohio, Canton, China.*

New Burgh, January, 1849

Dear Uncle, I have written to you two or three times, but I have not had the pleasure of hearing from you. I am going to write two or three letters and send one to Canton and one to California. I expect you will receive one of them. I went skating the other day and it was very good skating, because the ice was thick. Mother has rented the place out to Mr. Delano for three years for \$1500 a year. Mother is going to live in New York. Mr. Delano has sent up a number of boxes. I hope that Mr. Delano is a good tenant, I do not believe that he is a very good farmer. We have had some very good riding down hill here. We have ten boys at school here now. Sam Craig has gone out West and is keeping a store out there; he said that there was very good shooting out there. The Cholera is in New York but there are not many cases of it, I am taking dancing lessons. Will you be so kind as to answer this letter as soon as you receive it and tell me all the news from Canton. Last Saturday was very cold at night, both the boats had to stop at Hampton. John Bush had to go up to Hampton for Gouv, and old Charley was all covered with white frost. Mother sold the oldest of those two horses to Mr. Roe, the butcher in New Burgh, he was not good for much. The youngest one we kept and had his tail cut off which makes him look a great deal better and we drive him with Charley and they look very well together. Mother does not want to sell old Charley so she is

going to send him over to Charles Brown's and let him keep him. Elizabeth, the cook we used to have, came back and while John Bush was in New York she stole his watch and \$65. We sent to New York and got Hays the Constable to search for her but he could not find her. I suppose she went to England. Jack plays the violin and goes on very well with it. Mother went down yesterday by the railroad from Turner's. Mr. and Mrs. Alzimora send their respects to you, I remain ever your affectionate nephew, David M. Armstrong.

P. S. I wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

In 1850 Charles Marshall Armstrong died of yellow fever, "at midnight, aboard cruiser Ohio, off Rio, homeward bound." The "Order" for his funeral at sea praises his "kindness and benevolence, his consideration for the comfort of all around," and ends: "As the corpse leaves the poop, followed by the officers in undress uniform, the funeral guard will present arms, and after the funeral service is performed, fire three vollies of musketry; in the mean time the ship will be hove to and the colors hoisted half mast. C. K. Stribling, Capt." No uncle was ever remembered with greater affection. My father said: "We boys loved Uncle Charles dearly. I shall never forget his last visit to Danskammer. It was winter and snow was on the ground. I was out at the stable and he drove up to say goodbye. I watched him as he disappeared through the big black gate. They said that at his funeral there was not a dry eye on the ship."

When Mr. David Maitland retired he went to live in his native Scotland, where he had a beautiful country place of about a thousand acres, with a fine moor. My father and Uncle

Gouv both visited at "Barcaple" when they were young men. Mr. Murray, whom Mr. Maitland speaks of, was of course Edward Armstrong's old friend.

David Maitland to Mrs. Edward Armstrong.

Barcaple, Scotland, 1851

I was very happy to see Mr. Murray and Miss Wadsworth bring their long engagement to so happy an end. I see they have been on a visit to the Queen and are soon to embark for Egypt, but I fancy they will not stay more than a year. I saw a good deal of Miss W. last summer at the Duncans, with whom she came over; and she and Miss Duncan joined us at a Shooting Lodge in the Highlands and seemed greatly to enjoy the wild scene. The party were all to have visited me here in October, but Murray arrived and the engagement was renewed and I was forgot, though they insisted I should go to the wedding. I fancy a great number of Americans will be over this season to see the wonderful glass palace in London, and I hope some of my friends among them will find me out. It is always a bright day for me when an American arrives. Had it only been my *home* I should never have left that country and the friends I had there.

I have been collecting all the new fine kinds of plants that have of late years been introduced, most of them from the North of China, and which stand the climate well. One of them promises to be singularly beautiful, it is a weeping cypress, and last year I got from Carolina a number of Cherokee roses which are doing very well out of doors, though I never could get them to live in New York. The great number and size of the

evergreens here would remind you of the swamps of Carolina and I must have thousands of rhododendrons, some of them ten or twelve feet high.

David Maitland Armstrong to his mother.

"College Hill," Po'keepsie, *June, 1852*

I wish you would write up and ask Mr. Bartlett to let me come down next Saturday as we are not going to have more than a day at 4th of July after all, and besides I want to get some strawberries as they will all be gone by the 4th of July. I go home rather more to be away from here on Sunday, because Mr. Bartlett won't let us go anywhere except close around the house. I am very sorry I did not see Gouv when I was at home. I came very near missing the cars on Monday. I got there just a minute before they came along. Jack had better come up for me next Saturday or on Friday evening, it will give his horse some exercise and he won't run away so easy after he gets back. Give my love to Hen, Jack and Gouv.

"College Hill," the boarding school where Maitland spent his happiest school year, was the best in the country. He enjoyed the gymnasium—not many schools of that day went in for athletics—and rambles about the woods with a school friend, Bill Prime, who was fond of natural history: "a handsome fellow, with winning ways, not only manly-looking, but brave and manly in every way." (His daughter married my cousin Will Benjamin, a grandson of Hamilton Fish.) A tragedy of this time—the loss of the steamboat *Henry Clay*—made a great impression at "College Hill," for the wife of

the principal of the school was drowned, as also that friend of Mrs. Edward Armstrong's, Mr. A. J. Downing, the landscape architect, who helped her with farm and garden advice. Mr. Downing was a fine swimmer and saved a great many people before he too went under. The *Clay* had been racing with the *Armenia*—racing on the Hudson between rival fast boats used to be the same risky business that it was on the Mississippi. The *Clay* took fire from overheated boilers, and the captain ran her ashore near Yonkers; but the passengers in the stern, which was in deep water, were cut off by the flames. An appalling number of lives were lost, among others a sister of Nathaniel Hawthorne.

Mrs. Edward Armstrong was taken ill while Maitland was at "College Hill." He was sent for and stayed with her in New York until she died. He was sixteen. For some reason he didn't go back to "College Hill," although he had been happy there, but stayed on in New York all by himself at Mrs. Plummer's boarding house on Union Square, and went to the University Grammar School in the old University Building on Washington Square already mentioned in John Neilson's diary. In Maitland's school-days the Square was known as the Parade Ground because the annual parade of the militia was held there, and he "well remembered seeing the stout German militia officers dashing about on their steeds." Still earlier, it had been the "Potter's Field," where paupers were buried, and a place for public executions. My great-uncle, Hamilton Fish, remembered seeing a colored woman hanged just where the Washington Arch stands now.

A boy of sixteen must have found it rather lonely, living by himself in a boarding house. But Mrs. Plummer was kind and

did not mind his keeping a pair of red squirrels, a present from Billy Prime, in a cage in his bedroom. And the Parade Ground was a good place for games and foot-races and marbles; he bought candy from old Jimmy, the Irish candy man with his tray of taffy and cocoanut candy, and roamed about the open country that then lay near by in almost all directions. He saw a great deal of the Elliots, so often mentioned in the Salters' letters, who lived at this time on East Fourteenth Street; Daniel Giraud Elliot, the ornithologist, told my father not very long ago that his memory went back to a time when nothing was to be seen looking north from their back windows but open fields. New York was a better place for boys then than it is now. There was a large space of orchard and pasture between Seventeenth and Twenty-third Streets, and in winter there was fine skating on a pond in the common at Sixth Avenue and Forty-second Street. Maitland went to Danskammer for his holidays, for his three brothers were living there, and he often spent weekends at Castle Hill, Mr. Gouverneur Morris Wilkins's place in Westchester. Delightful days, for no one could have been kinder to the boy than "Uncle Gouv" and "Aunt Catherine," as he called them, though they were not blood relations—Maitland's aunt, Mary Ward, had died, and this was Mr. Wilkins's second wife. Castle Hill has already been mentioned in connection with the old Wilkins house where Tories were hidden during the Revolution; this ancient house, in young Maitland's time, still stood but was used as a farmhouse. The three hundred acres of Castle Hill lay at the junction of Westchester Creek and the Sound, opposite Zerega Point. The house was an old one, added to by Mr. Wilkins with "taste and discrimination"; the dining room, paneled with

oak, was hung with old family portraits and one of "Aunt Catherine" as "a young girl in a large flat sort of light-colored garden hat." In the library Maitland used to find books with his Grandfather Ward's book-plate—Colonel Ward's books were, I believe, inherited by Rensselaer Cruger. The grounds were terraced down to the water and beautifully planted, delicious hothouse grapes and figs grew in the greenhouses, and there were plenty of good horses in the stables besides the large gray horse that Mr. Wilkins usually drove, "everything very spick and span," when he took Maitland with him to the post office. When Mr. Wilkins died, he left all his immense property—I said before that all the north end of Central Park once belonged to him—to the "little Ellen" of a previous letter, the wife of John Screven. She, in her turn, left it to her husband, and, in the end, almost all the Wilkins fortune went to a daughter of Mr. Screven's *second* wife, no relation whatever to Mr. Wilkins.

On the whole, Maitland's school days were pleasant. And then they were over, and he went to Trinity College, Hartford, at that time a group of fine old buildings in the classic style, one of them designed by Samuel Morse, inventor of the telegraph, who was almost as versatile as Leonardo. They were more interesting, architecturally, than the rather commonplace gothic structure which has replaced them, but far from comfortable. There was not a bathroom in the whole college, and not even water in Jarvis Hall where Maitland's room was; all the water had to be brought up in buckets from the yard. The students supplied their own lights and fuel. The beds were bunks built into the side of the wall with curtains in front. The bell rang at half-past five in the morning for recita-

tion at six; then came chapel at seven, with breakfast right after it. In winter of course it was pitch dark when the boys started out, and as the recitation rooms were badly lighted they used to take their own lights—lamps or candle ends.

A college character was the old colored janitor, "Professor Jim," whose adventures in the War of 1812 have been described in a previous chapter; "a little man with snow-white hair, looking a good deal like a monkey, but a certain dignity with-all." His speeches were a feature of class day; one ran in part:

"Gentlemen, our communion has been sweet together, our words has been soft, and what you knows I knows and nobody else knows! How you worried and studied all night after you'd been off—how you had to be dragged out from under the bed sometimes, to visit the faculty—how you got along nicely till you run against chronics, chronics was hard! Gentlemen, though you stopped up the key-hole with putty and froze up the bell, I got along somehow! You're soon going to leave this splendid canvas—don't forget the high privileges that has been granted you here, and the benefit of a Supreme Being you ought to appreciate as gentlemen."

Maitland was stroke on the college crew, and he went in for boxing and any athletics that the college afforded; he skated on the little River Hog, and spent most of his pocket money on hiring a saddle horse. But all these activities did not dull his taste for art, and he kept up his drawing and painting, hoping that he might persuade his brothers to see things his way. But painting was not considered much of a profession then; Gouv and Harry wanted him to study law, and he remembered his promise to Uncle Charles "to follow the lofty profession in which his grandfather, John Ward, had gained



MAITLAND ARMSTRONG AS A BOY AT
TRINITY COLLEGE

so great and high an eminence." So when he left Trinity, rather reluctantly, he began to study law, first with Judge Kent, and then in the office of Eaton, Davis and Tailer. Henry E. Tailer became one of his most intimate friends—"a very handsome man, although he had lost an eye, which had been put out by a street boy who threw quick lime in his face." Maitland liked the law pretty well, but art still seemed to him the most interesting thing in life, and a trip abroad just after graduating from college filled him with ideas. So while he pegged away at Blackstone, more and more his determination strengthened to become some day a painter.



CHAPTER XIII

Abroad and At Home

1859-1897

*New children play upon the green,
New weary sleep below;
And still the pensive spring returns,
And still the punctual snow!*

—EMILY DICKINSON

Again the older generation has slipped into the background. The grandparents who replaced the great-grandparents have, in their turn, given way to parents. Fathers, mothers, uncles, aunts, cousins—too nearly of the present day to be seen in dispassionate perspective. A few more letters, to tie the various branches together, and this family chronicle comes to an end.

After my father, Maitland Armstrong, left Trinity College he went abroad for a long trip. Steamships were running regularly across the Atlantic and everybody had lost their fear of steam; but long sea voyages were supposed to be conducive to robust health and to provide interesting experiences for the young. So Gouv, who was his guardian, decided it would do Mait lots of good to spend a month or so at sea and the bark *Celestia* was chosen, a beautiful little clipper-built craft of three hundred tons, with a cargo of grain, bound for Sicily via Madeira. On a gloomy, cold, windy afternoon in late November, Gouv and Jack rowed out with their young brother

in a small boat to the *Celestia* lying off the Battery. They watched him climb up the ship's side and waved farewells.

An interesting experience was not long in coming. Not far from Madeira on a calm clear night the *Celestia* was run down by the *Great Britain*, the largest steamer afloat, whose steersman happened to be taking a nap. Everything came crashing down—masts and rigging of the *Celestia* all tangled up in the spars of the gigantic ship that towered aloft as if she were right on top of her little victim—there they were, all lying perfectly still on a calm misty sea, fastened together!

Boats put out from the big ship, and the British captain offered to take the *Celestia's* passengers to Melbourne where he was bound, for the *Celestia* was a wreck—only stumps left of her masts and part of her bow gone. But they patched her up somehow and she managed to limp the seven hundred miles to Gibraltar, where Mait spent two pleasant weeks sketching. Italy next and more sketches. Then France. Paris at any time would have been thrilling to a college boy but, as it happened, when Maitland arrived there he found the city stirred by the excitement of war—the war in which Napoleon III and Victor Emmanuel defeated the Austrians. Soon after he wrote the letter below he got a glimpse of the Emperor at the height of his glory, driving with Eugénie in a carriage on his way to the victories of Magenta and Solferino. My father wrote: "They passed close to where I stood; I saw that the Empress had been crying."

Mailand Armstrong to his brother Gouverneur.

Paris, May, 1859

Paris is a great place, after all's said and done! Everything is in an uproar about War. The streets are thronged with soldiers coming out and going off, poor fellows, many never to return. Still there does not seem to be a great deal of enthusiasm upon the subject, and the people seem to be a good deal put out that the Emperor should go away to take command of the army. He goes today. The Imperial guard has just passed the window, they are the finest body of men I ever saw. I have not been so fortunate as to see Louis Napoleon, but have seen the little Prince and the Empress, also the Duke de Malakoff.

I am staying at the Hotel Brighton with Mr. and Mrs. Dan Elliot whom I met at Brussels. On Tuesday I went to Waterloo in the English mail coach, it is a beautiful four horse coach with a real old Tony Weller as driver and an English guard who played "God save the Queen" and the "British Grenadiers" all the way out. We had quite a jolly party and it was a very pleasant day. We had an English guide who was in the action and wounded on the occasion, a fine old fellow who wore a Waterloo medal. We got a better idea of it all in that two hours than all the books could tell.

Don't worry about me, I assure you I haven't the most remote intention of spending more money than I have already drawn, for I know as well as you that there is no more coming, when it is gone I shall return home and not before. I have always gone to the best hotel I could find and have lived like

a gentleman, but have spent very little in luxuries, my wine bill that you seem so anxious about, has not amounted in all to \$10. I shall return in a sailing vessel, I devote \$100 to that and the remaining \$300 I have will keep me thro' Paris and England—about six weeks. I shall go to Scotland to see Mr. Maitland. Your accounts of trout make me envy your luck, but I hope for something of the sort when I get to Scotland. I bought a watch at Geneva, and have found it thus far perfect. How do you like my note paper? I think it's very nice.

After Paris, London—Derby Day and the National Gallery; horses and pictures were Maitland's two devotions. Then Scotland, and a visit to Barcaple, his godfather's country place. Mr. David Maitland had not changed much; "his cheeks were still flushed with health and he had the elastic step of a young man, as he was accustomed to shooting and fishing, and could walk his ten miles as well as ever. As always, he was well dressed and the picture of neatness, and still addicted to his enormous standing collars with a check cravat tied in a bow." Young Maitland enjoyed the magnificent moor, purple with heather, where the grouse rose under your feet; he liked, too, seeing Jessie Morland, the chestnut mare, very old now, sired by Sir Henry and raised by Edward Armstrong at Danskammer, kept by Mr. Maitland as a memento of many pleasant Danskammer days in the past. He took tea at the Selkirks', and saw the teapot that John Paul Jones had stolen during the Revolution and returned with the tea leaves still in it, and he went on picnics with the young Maitlands of Compstone Castle. He made sketches of Gilknockie, the old border tower,

and of Kirtleton, Colonel Armstrong's birthplace. He was told anecdotes of Ned of the Hewck, his convivial great-uncle, and on his way to Edinburgh in the coach he was shown the roofs of Glenae House on a wooded hilltop, because his great-aunt, Anne Armstrong, had married a Dalzell. No wonder young Maitland wrote in his journal: "The Scotch are exceedingly kind and particularly so to Americans."

Blackstone must have seemed less interesting than ever when the traveler got home, and New York small and dusty after London and Paris. But there were alleviations. My father had a saddle horse—a bay, sixteen hands high and beautifully made, named Lucille after a favorite poem of those days. He had some friends among the artists—such as they were—and was in and out of their studios; and the new Academy of Music on Irving Place was handsome enough for Paris. Best of all, he spent many pleasant weekends in Westchester, especially at Pelham, Doctor Richard Morris's country place, famous for its hospitality. Doctor Morris's wife was Elizabeth Fish, a sister of Mrs. John Neilson—the same little girl who hated to wash her face because she wanted to keep La Fayette's kiss as long as possible. Aunt Lillie Morris—she was my great-aunt—preserved this girlish love of romance to the end, and many marriages were made at Pelham. Of one particular weekend and his first meeting with my mother, my father wrote: "Miss Helen Neilson and her sister Julia were staying there, as well as Harry Redmond and Robert Barry; and besides Stuyve and his three sisters, Lou Morris was also at home on furlough. They always had a house party when Lou came home. The next day was Sunday and we all went to church

at St. Peter's. Coming out of church I spoke to my future wife for the first time—I was never introduced to her. During this same Pelham visit, Julia Neilson met Robert Barry whom she afterwards married, and it was at the Morrisises' old place at Morrisania that my father, Edward Armstrong, met my mother, Sarah Ward. So you see the Morrisises have played quite a part in our lives!"

Soon after this Pelham house-party Maitland Armstrong and Helen Neilson—my father and mother—became engaged, and with their engagement the four families who have taken the chief place in this chronicle were drawn together—Armstrong and Ward were linked to Fish and Neilson. The letter below, from Helen Neilson's uncle, was written while Mr. Fish was taking a holiday from political life, and traveling on the continent with his family.

Hamilton Fish to his sister, Mrs. John Neilson.

Rome, February, 1858

We are in the midst of the Carnival. I fear I have spent a large portion of my life in overestimating the importance of the carnival in Rome! Why, I had supposed it worth a visit across the ocean, but now that I have seen it, I find an hour on the balcony is more than enough to satisfy me. Stuyve is the most enthusiastic of the family, he really enjoys it, and the girls have moderately warmed up to it. I suppose it requires younger blood than mine to enter into the sport of it.

On Tuesday last we were presented to the Pope. Sunday is the day selected by the "great head of the church" for such

ceremonies. Julia, the Girls, Stuyve and I were presented in form by our Minister. The ladies are required to be dressed in black with black veils on their heads, the gentlemen in full dress. The Pope is a kind, gentle old gentleman, who receives everyone graciously and courteously. We were presented alone, each one taking the old gentleman's hand as introduced and bending the head down, *as though* kissing it, but the kissing is not expected of us. The former usage was to require all present to kneel, this is dispensed with now as respects American Protestants, and they are allowed to do as Julia and I did; the girls, however, knelt, it was their own act and I was glad that they did so. The Pope is a Temporal Sovereign and, in that capacity, entitled to all the respect due to any other Sovereign. Being presented, the old gentleman addressed some remarks, which led to a pleasant conversation for a few minutes; as there was a large number waiting outside to be admitted on our withdrawal, our stay was short. In retiring, one cannot turn his back upon a "Sovereign," so we had to back out of the room, which chanced to be a long one with the entrance at one extremity and His Holiness at the other. Hoops and Crinoline, and long dresses, were inconvenient in this process, but we got out without any accident.

Bishop Eastburn to his god-daughter Meta Neilson.

Boston, February, 1865

So Helen is not yet fiancée? Well, perhaps it is not quite, but *almost* a fait accompli.

My sixty-fourth birthday found me in perfect health and

strength, altogether independent of those odious crutches called spectacles, and without an ache or pain of body to interrupt my enjoyment of life. The death of Mr. Everett has produced a great impression, he was truly a remarkable man. I belong to the Thursday Evening Club, a literary and scientific association, meeting once a fortnight at the houses of the members. We had some proceedings on the occasion of Mr. Everett's death, remarks by Dr. Mason Warren and a discourse by Dr. Whipple, a well-known lecturer; in conclusion the Bishop of Mass' made a speech. Give my love to all the chicks one after the other.

December, 1866

I have just eaten a round-heart and they are first-rate. The cookies are princes of their class. Dear little Meta, how perfectly lovely you looked at the wedding in that white sacque, it was very becoming. I hope Helen caught no cold on her journey to and from these hypoborean regions. She looked very lovely; but I can hardly realize the fact that she is grown up, and is verily and truly a married woman! She has, I think, from what I have seen of Mr. Armstrong, as fair a prospect of happiness as ever fell to the lot of any; and I pray God send on her and Mr. Armstrong every blessing of time and of eternity.

My father and mother were married on December 6, 1866, at Mrs. Neilson's house on Stuyvesant Square. They celebrated their Golden Wedding fifty years later at 58 West Tenth Street, New York.

Shortly after his marriage my father was sent to Rome as United States Consul to the Papal States. After the taking of Rome by the Italians, it was made the capital and he was promoted to be Consul General to Italy. His name had been suggested by Hamilton Fish, and I believe this appointment and a diplomatic position for Mr. Fish's son Nicholas were the only two offices that Mr. Fish ever asked for during his long political career. As there was no Minister from the United States to Rome at the time, my father's duties covered a good deal that is usually considered diplomatic rather than consular, and as both he and my mother—a beautiful girl—were young and fond of society, they looked back with pleasure to their years in Italy. But those Roman days have been delightfully described by my father in his book of reminiscences, *Day Before Yesterday*, so I shall only give a few letters from my mother. The function she speaks of in the letter below was the Ecumenical Council that proclaimed the doctrine of the infallibility of the Pope—after strong opposition: there was a saying at the time, “the bishops came to Rome shepherds and went home sheep.”

*Mrs. Maitland Armstrong to her mother,
Mrs. John Neilson, New York.*

Rome, December, 1869

Last Wednesday the Grand Council opened. Maitland went early and saw the procession from the Vatican to St. Peter's, but I did not attempt it as there was a dreadful crowd. I went in the afternoon just before the ceremony broke up, and saw

the Council Hall and heard the chanting, and then saw them disperse. It was a wonderful sight, St. Peter's so thronged that right under the immense dome the air was close and hot. The Bishops in beautiful purple dresses with white lace capes and long white satin cloaks embroidered in gold, and white mitres. The Cardinals in rich dresses with red caps, the priests dressed according to their different orders, nuns, peasants, and soldiers, the French regiments and the Papal Zouaves. The Swiss Guard had the most picturesque uniforms, brilliant steel helmets and armor covering their waists, and loose kneebreeches of red and yellow and black stripes. The whole thing was so grand and on such an immense scale that I felt as if I were in a book! After the first day the doors of the Council Chamber were closed, and only the Diplomatic Corps and a few others had seats. What the Council is all about, except for the glorification of the Pope, no one knows, but it is very interesting, as there are six hundred bishops from every part of the world and there has been no such council since that of Trent. I saw the Pope driving the other day; first came outriders, then his carriage, followed by a cardinal's. It was funny to see the people drop down on their knees in the dirty streets to receive his blessing as he passed. Mrs. Astor has been here and made a very pleasant visit.

While my father had been going through college, traveling abroad and studying law, his brother Gouverneur had been dutifully raising sheep and making cider at Danskammer, and Harry had been leading a life of adventure. He had been named William Henry after his grandfather, the colonel, and

his half-uncle who had been killed leading a forlorn hope in India; perhaps this gave him a distaste for the commonplace. Anyway, my Uncle Harry's story ought to have a book to itself. In early youth, army life appealed to him and he went to a military school at West Point for a while, but gave it up for Trinity College where he broke his leg jumping out of a second-story window in a "frolic" and left at the end of his freshman year. Then he set his heart on following the profession of his favorite uncle, Charles, and Mr. Legarè almost succeeded in getting him a warrant in the navy. In fact, it was supposed to be all settled and Harry went to New York with Uncle Charles, only to find that the secretary of the navy had just died and hadn't signed the warrant after all. It was a great blow. But Harry was more inclined to a sea-faring life than ever, so he went as cabin boy on a clipper ship and found one trip to Hong-kong and back was enough. Then he tried law, but a good many of his friends happened to be studying medicine so he shifted off to the New York Hospital and got a smattering of medicine and surgery before he caught the gold fever, raging in 1849, and started off hot-foot for California. He joined an expedition that promised well, but it was broken up by disagreements before they got very far and Harry—who never gave up anything, good or bad, that he had set his heart on—decided to go on by himself and proceeded to ride to California alone. He crossed the American desert alone, swam his horse across the Colorado, and finally reached the coast where he took passage in a brig. The captain died on the way, Harry took command, for he knew something of navigation, and got her safely to San Francisco. And now, at last, he was



HENRY ARMSTRONG AS A
"FORTY-NINER"

in the gold fields; he built himself a house, made his knowledge of surgery useful by amputating a man's leg, and was "getting on nicely" when he heard that his mother was ill and came hurrying home.

A commonplace interval followed of experiments with business and farming, varied by shooting trips to Carolina. So far, life had been too full for any thoughts of matrimony. Then Harry fell in love. As luck would have it, the young lady was a Charleston girl and the Civil War was just beginning, so the courtship was very nearly ended by a rope. In Atlanta Harry expressed northern views so freely to an unsympathetic audience that his friends, coming to the rescue, found him with his back against a wall, pistol in hand and the mob closing in.

But once having decided to settle down, Harry did it with his customary thoroughness. He married Miss Mattie Grayson, took the Acker Farm—part of the original thousand acres granted to Wolfert Acker, or Eckhert, by Queen Anne—as his share of the Danskammer property, and spent there some fifty years as dull—except for fast horses and thoroughbred dogs—as man ever spent. There wasn't even a view from his house, for, like most Dutchmen, Wolfert had nestled his dwelling in a deep hollow and built the walls of stone and brick so thick that no sunlight ever seemed to get inside. A gloomy little house, though quaint—still standing and by far the oldest in the neighborhood—with huge open fireplaces, oak beams, deep window-seats, and loopholes to defend it from Indians. Harry called it Brooklands after the brook, just across the road, which was the prettiest feature of the place.

The farm paid as well as farms ever do, and Harry amused

himself by driving fast horses and raising pointers, and they had one little girl named Emily, after her cousin Emily Salter; a lively little child devoted to her dog Twist who had been a present from the Armstrongs when they went to live in Italy.

Henry Armstrong to his brother Maitland, Rome.

Brooklands, Newburgh, *February*, 1870

Your description of hunting on the Campagna is very exhilarating. I think tho' that it's just as well not to take *too* stiff fences, for broken necks cannot be mended. Those walled canals would be the devil and all; fact is, I'm almost afraid I should cave at a stiff jump now, tho' I never used to cave at anything. Nevertheless I *would* like to ride along side you at one of the runs on the Campagna.

When I was in New York last week I spent an evening at Mrs. Neilson's, Gouv had written that John was to be there, and I never passed a more pleasant evening. Your friend Sam Ellis and his brother Col. Ashe Ellis were there. I understood the brothers had not met for five years. I also payed Jim Morris a visit and saw his wife for the first time, she seemed an amiable nice kind of woman, but is even plainer than I expected to find her. Jim's boy is a jolly looking little fellow, I went to look at him lying asleep in his crib. He has a hand like a working man's, broad and stubby. His face bears a strong resemblance to Dr. Morris.

Tom Pinckney writes me he is to be married!! to a Miss Mary Stewart of Richmond, he says you know some of the ladies of the family. I hope his matrimonial speculation will

be a success, for he is a mighty fine fellow. Gouv Wilkins has been overseeing a rice plantation on very scanty pay. Tom writes that Sam Craig "went and put his foot in it, married the overseer's daughter on Blake's plantation next door; however, it has had a very happy effect on him, and if he is satisfied no one else need complain." Tom says most of the plantations on Santee are returning to their original wildness, and game thrives and is to be found in immense quantities.

While I write this, little Twist lies near me snoring like a grampus. He is exceedingly fond of Emmy and passes most of his time with her, she lies with her head on his side, pats him, and says, "Nice Tissy". Emmy is a very rosy little thing, very fat and tough looking, like an English baby. When she falls down and hurts herself it's hard to get a cry out of her. Poor little country child—her world is composed of Tissy, Shot, horses and chickens.

I hear Miss Denning and Mrs. Van Rensselaer have gone to Florida. I wish we could have gone to Florida, but Emmy is certainly best at home. Now dear Mait, it's past midnight, so adieu.

It is rather strange that the names of Miss Jane Denning and her sister, Mrs. Van Rensselaer, mentioned above, have not appeared before now; for the Dennings lived at Fishkill, near enough to the Armstrongs to be considered neighbors, and, as it happens, they were very intimate friends of the Neilsons, so that we children—my sisters and brothers and I—inherited a double friendship. Old Mrs. Denning, the mother of these ladies and great-grandmother of my friends the Shippens,

lived to be nearly a hundred. She had given a glass of water to André on his way to execution, and I once sat on her lap when I was a baby, so she links revolutionary times to the present day.

The situation of the Dennings' country place, "Presqu' Isle," was, in my remembrance, the most beautiful that can be imagined. As it was a peninsular it had been unhurt by the railroad, and stretched out into the Hudson below Newburgh Bay with an uninterrupted view across the water to the Highlands; its thickly wooded shores were broken by pebbly beaches delightful for bathing and boating, and in the center of the finest lawns I ever saw in this country—as fine as old English lawns—stood the imposing white colonial house, with tall classic columns and broad piazzas, containing a hundred rooms. It had been built originally as a "shooting-box" of one story and a basement, but old Mr. Denning added a second story of lofty bedrooms, from which—like the Vicar of Wakefield—the family moved in winter down to the warmer basement rooms below. A curious wing angled off at one side, the remains, I think, of a very ancient pre-revolutionary building; here were the kitchens and store-rooms, the fruit-room, and the still-room where we children watched the making of rose water, and a greenhouse remembered for its shower-bath—delicious, of a winter's evening, to bathe in that warm flower-scented air.

The name "Presqu' Isle" brings back the pleasantest recollections of my childhood. Today brickyards have obliterated every vestige of beauty and left only the shell of the old house. But the place was unique, and there was not the same

excuse for its destruction as when the encroaching city wiped out "Castle Hill," the Wilkins country place described in my last chapter, not long after the letter below was written.

*Mrs. Gouverneur Morris Wilkins
to her step-nephew, Maitland Armstrong, Rome.*

New York, April, 1870

I fully appreciate your little sheet from Rome, giving me such pleasant accounts of Helen and the children. Through my brother William and my friend Mrs. [Charles] King we are kept tolerably au courant with your pleasures and amusements. Are you fond of the Hunt and have you been industrious in following up your art and taste in painting? With such opportunities you should be on the alert.

Your Uncle Gouv has been a great sufferer since we came to the city, but a Gracious God still spares to me his precious life. He is patient as of old and keeps up his spirits. We will not return to "Castle Hill" before June. My sister Mrs. Turnbull and her daughter Katie are with us this winter, which has been a charming arrangement; Katie has not been out in society, only to a few gatherings of young people, she is studious and reads a great deal. Another year I hope she will enter a little into the gay world with her cousins the Crugers and Van Rensselaers. Robert and Louis are on the plantation. The former was plagued in the autumn about Miss Marshall, tho' I do not think there is much in the report. [Robert Turnbull married Kitty Screvin.] Cornelia Screvin is to be married

in June to her cousin Martin Wilkins, there is great disparity in their ages but they are desperately in love. Of course they will reside in Charleston, he is southern to the back bone.

At the time the letter below was written, Hamilton Fish was Secretary of State under Grant. The limerick alludes to the lawsuit between the descendants of Anneke Jans, an early Dutch settler, and Trinity Church; a cause célèbre, involving acres of New York real estate, which still occasionally crops up to annoy Trinity Corporation, though the claimants seem not to have a shadow of right on their side.

*Mary Noel Neilson to her brother-in-law,
Maitland Armstrong, Rome.*

237 East 17th St., New York, June, 1870

I had a letter from Aunt Julia Fish yesterday describing the reception of Red Cloud and the other Indians at the White House. It must have been odd to see savages, in their blankets and war paint, surrounding an elegantly spread collation. But they ate ice cream with gold spoons from porcelain plates as if they had never seen any other style. His dusky majesty remarked that he found many things in Washington that the Great Father had never sent as presents to his Red Children—observant savage! And of a fifteen inch gun at the Navy Yard, he said that the U. S. officers could not carry *that* to the Plains.

I hope you are still enough of a New Yorker to relish this nonsense verse from the daily paper published at the Bazaar:

There was an old person of Nantes,
A descendant of Anneke Jans,
Who sued the Grand Turk
For a pearl handled dirk,
Which Noah had dropped there by chance.

*Henry Armstrong to his brother,
Maitland Armstrong, Rome.*

Brooklands, December, 1870

Emmy is excessively pretty and sweet, and just as jolly as a child can be; it's rare she cries whether she cracks her head or any other evil befall her. I think she has the most perfectly formed hands I have ever seen, not so very small but strong and shapely and *beautiful*. I don't know how long they will be so, for all her tastes are boyish and she has a great fancy for dogs and horses and plays going out shooting a great deal. Matty has no nurse for her at present. You don't know how nicely the pond looks, but I was so busy this fall that I left it too late to get some trout from Major Sherman's pond; now they have all gone into deep water and bedded for the winter. Not long ago Gouv caught a woodcock with the tip of its wing damaged and put it in the pond, but I fear some hawk has taken it.

Last week I saw the obituary notice of John Peter De Wint, now that Tontine policy will be divided among the elderly heirs; the property is valued at \$700,000. and is to be divided among seven. I always felt inclined to bet that old John Peter would hang out as long as any of them. Now good night, we all send love to Helen and the babies. Ask Helen if she doesn't

want to come back and live on the Hudson and lead a quiet country life.

*Mrs. Maitland Armstrong to her mother,
Mrs. Neilson.*

Rome, February, 1871

The fancy ball went off very well, many of the artists wore picturesque dresses of the middle-ages. I wore my chiné flowered silk cut very short as an underskirt, with a pink silk waist and overskirt bunched up behind, my hair drawn up over a roll and powdered, with a black velvet bow and a little wreath of small pink roses at one side, pink silk slippers with high heels and large bows with gold buckles. It carried out the idea of a Watteau picture very nicely.

Carnival is not very gay this year. As it rained and the children could not go out, I dressed them up—the baby as a sailor, and Margaret as a little woman in her red flannel dressing-gown, and both with masks—and sent them across the street to the Mowbrays. When they came back I put on a large white cloak and mask, and danced with them, to let them have a little carnival.

On Monday, Maitland with some others went to Ostia for a few days sketching. Mr. Nevin [Rector of the American Church] and Maitland's cousin, Mr. Wetherill, and I took a carriage and drove to Ostia and had a delightful day. We ate our lunch on the top of the tower of an old fortress—Ostia was once a great city—and walked through the splendid pine forest to the sea-shore. Today we are going to dine at Baroness Hoffman's, she was a Miss Ward of New York and is married

to a German; he is very nice indeed, and they have a lovely villa a little out of town. If we get back in time we are going to a reception given for General Sherman at the Healys'. How sad about the Prince of Wales, I should think his living so long gives reason for encouragement.

March, 1872

Poor old Mrs. Wetherill died on Christmas Day. Mr. William Morris and his family were here some time ago, and Newbold Morris's mother-in-law, Mrs. Jones, with her daughter Mrs. Steward, also Mrs. Pickney Stewart and her family. We went to a pleasant Christening at Mrs. Rodman's, her little grandchild, a baby of Mrs. Snelling's. Some of the Tracys in 17th Street are here now, Mrs. Pierrepont Morgan and one of her sisters. Miss Tracy has offered to take some things home for me.

I am glad Sidney Webster and Hamilton are recovering. I suppose Fred d'Hauterville is married by this time, from all accounts Miss Macomb must be a very nice match for him. The silver cup that Nelly sent to the baby from China has never come. It seems David King entrusted it to Mr. Stevens, who gave it to a French friend in Paris to send to Rome; Maitland has written to this man.

Mrs. William Wetherill, mentioned above, was Isabella Macomb; the child brought up in the family of Mrs. William Armstrong and the daughter of "little Bell" of Rendón's letters in an early chapter. Mr. d'Hauterville's first wife had been Bessie Fish; his second was a granddaughter of General Alexander Macomb. The silver mug, to which my mother's letter

alludes, had a curious history. It was a Chinese mug with a dragon handle which Mrs. David King—my mother's cousin, Nellie Morris—had sent to her god-daughter, my sister Helen. It was supposed to be irrevocably lost; then some years later, after his first wife's death, Mr. King happened to see it in the window of an express office in Paris among other unclaimed articles, proved his ownership, and sent it to my sister in America.

When the letter below was written, the "news from the nursery" did not include the new baby's name for it had not yet been decided upon. Later on the boy was christened Frank, with Maitland Armstrong for his godfather, and today the name of the editor of *Vanity Fair* is probably a good deal better known in New York than is that of Couture!

*Frederick Crowninshield to his friend,
Maitland Armstrong.*

Paris, June, 1872

First and foremost the news from the nursery of course claims our attention as fathers, consul generals, and artists. Mother and child are doing well.

My visit to Couture was a success. I am going to establish myself and family in the same town and he is going to overlook my artistic education. He is a dirty little beggar, but is kind and talks well, and, what is better still, paints well. I had some difficulty in finding a place for my family, but thanks to Couture have succeeded. The village is Villiers-le-bel, about fifteen miles from Paris. Goodbye old boy, remember me to Mrs. Armstrong when you write.

General Sherman to Maitland Armstrong, Rome.

Berlin, June, 1872

I notice by the papers that Buchanan Read died on arrival at New York. In early days my wife felt kindly to the sculptor and artist when he worked in Cincinnati, and somehow or other he always wanted to do her and me some compensating act. I always parried this, but he clung to me, and one day as we walked along Barbarini Street he took her into one of those shops where Cameos are cut. I had already ordered some Cameos at Tignano's, but Read remarked that this shop was the best place and called the man to show her some specimens. I avoided discussion by saying I had already given Tignano several sittings, but I heard Read instruct the man to cut a Cameo and engrave on the rear of it, "Mrs. General Sherman from Buchanan Read". Now I am no more responsible for that act than for any other of Read's vagaries, and feel certain that he never thought of it again, but the poor fellow may have followed his instructions. I hate to have a piece of jewelry in a shop in Rome inscribed to her that may be seen by some one who could know nothing of the case. And I ask you, in strolling down the Street Barbarini, to look into the Shops, and inquire if they have a Cameo so inscribed—it may have her full name, Ellen B. At all events try it, and send it to me in Paris with its cost in francs and I will immediately repay. I take it for granted that Healy [the portrait painter] got those ordered of Tignano, as he was to be the judge of the likeness. I suppose the Artist Simmons has finished my marble bust, and I would like to know if he has shipped it, and when and where.

We have made a good long turn, and are working our way to Paris by Vienna, Munich, Turin, Genoa, etc. Address me care of Mr. Washburn. The Fishes are very well and inquired about you. With kindest compliments to your wife and family, I am, Truly y'r friend, W. T. Sherman, General.

*Henry Armstrong to his brother,
Gouverneur Armstrong, Paris.*

Brooklands, April 12th, 1873

Forgive my not writing to you sooner, but I *could not* bring myself to do so until now. Our little Emmy is dead. Suddenly on Monday the 7th of April. Matty is nearly heartbroken, and I scarcely know how to begin to tell the short sad story. Matty had looked forward to a visit to Baltimore with our darling—Anne and Mary had disappointed us, or Matty would have left on the 7th. We were *entirely alone*—the baby, Matty and I. About ten o'clock on Monday I went off to hire a man—Emmy asked to go—I thought it too far. She ran about for a time, went in the house about noon, got her mother to peel her an apple and went out. Matty saw her a little after running quite fast towards the bridge. She thought of calling, but seeing the dogs coming down the road supposed that Emmy would come, as she always did, to meet me. I went to the stable, waited a few minutes, and went to the house, and asked where baby was. In an instant Matty's face told me to fear. She said where she had seen her last going. I ran down the stream, shallow today, but a roaring torrent on Monday. I ran down and back on the wrong side. I rode away on the mare to the pond, called a man and we went up. We found her caught

by her little coat—dead—her face and body but a few inches below the water. I lifted her out—she was an angel then. There was a slight pink tint in her cheeks—her lips were not pale—her eyes partially closed—her little hands open and hanging at her sides. I tried to bring back her breath but it was not to be—there was a small bruise on her right temple, another on her forehead, each about the size of a ten cent piece. The apple she had been eating was in her mouth—she had taken no water, and had not suffocated. How she died is all conjecture. The Doctor thinks, for certain reasons, that the blow on her temple destroyed her little life before she touched the water. The impression is, that running with a little dog and looking back, as she was too much accustomed to do, she fell, was stunned and rolled to the water at one of the only two open places by the side of the road and was carried away, floating on the crest of the flood. Her little body was lying in the house less than fifty minutes, I believe, from the time she was last seen alive. Cold as marble from the icy water, but soft, supple, without scratch or abrasion, only the two little smooth bruises on the head. Rocks, briars and brambles had let her pass harmless by for nearly half a mile, and her course arrested within a little distance of the rapids that would have mutilated, or the pond that would have swallowed her up. The little darling was laid the day before yesterday at the feet of our father and mother. She looked then, at the last moment, as sweet and lovely and placid as during the days of her gentle tender life. I feel sure, dear Brother, that this winter has been to her a season of almost perfect happiness, I think her end was one void of either pain or fear, and we are both trying to say humbly—God's will be done. But Oh it's hard—very hard—

hard to humble as I should my stubborn heart—and vain regrets and repentance for scores of omissions—of reproofs to my little darling—that I did love—that I knew—do know—loved so perfectly in her simple tender loving heart—I can't write any more.

Diary of Gouverneur Armstrong: April 22, 1873, Paris. I have a longing to see some of my friends, Mait or Harry, or poor Jack—and my dear good friends in Florida by the sunny river. I hope I am not going to be ill, this is a heartless place. April 26th. At Munroe's today I saw in the paper that dear little Emmy had been drowned. May 2nd. Letters have come from both Harry and Mait telling the dreadful news. O how sad—one cannot help asking why these dreadful things come—only one little lamb, so much loved in that solitary and lonely house. How can poor Matty bear it. Oh God, temper this affliction to them. Mait sent me a violet from the coffin, taken from the poor little face—an angel in heaven—intercede for the lonely ones on earth.

In 1872 my father resigned his post in Italy and after a summer spent painting in Venice returned to America—reluctantly. He wrote: "Every morning for years after I left Italy, with my first waking thoughts I would plan how I could return, and I often regretted that because of the inadequate salary I had resigned my position as consul general. But as I look back now I am satisfied, I am glad that my children were brought up Americans." He had a studio in New York in the same building on Union Square where his friend Augustus St. Gaudens, the sculptor, had just begun his work,

and we lived for the next few years with my grandmother, Mrs. Neilson, in her house on Stuyvesant Square—the large brown-stone house that is now a convalescent home. At her death we moved to Danskammer; not to the granite house built by Edward Armstrong, which had been sold to Mr. Juan Jacinth Jova of Cuba while we were in Italy, but to the house on the plateau to the north, mentioned in a previous chapter as the “Bloomer Farm,” which overlooks the Point. Here we lived, summer and winter, for many years.

In 1878 my father was appointed “Directeur des Beaux Arts” at the Paris Exposition and went abroad, leaving the Danskammer farm in charge of my Uncle Gouverneur, and spent some months in Paris, living with Augustus St. Gaudens in his apartment in the Latin Quarter and studying painting with Merson, one of the best painters in France. While my father and mother were living in Rome they had become very intimate with the family of Mrs. Charles King, whose three daughters—Henrietta King; Mary (madame Waddington); and Gertrude (Mrs. Eugene Schuyler), my sister Helen’s god-mother—are all mentioned in the letter below, written at the time of the Exposition.

Maitland Armstrong to his wife, Danskammer.

Paris, October, 1878

Americans here occupy a very curious position; they are courted for their money, but looked down upon and sneered at in every other way, particularly in the papers. It comes, I suppose, from the vulgar rich people who make a display. There is a Mrs. Mackey here, Bonanza people from California, who

live, they say, more extravagantly than any one in Paris—she was a cook, I believe. At a dinner which she gave to General Grant, the menus were silver and cost five hundred francs each. In Tiffany's exhibit at the Exposition they have a set of silver for which they asked \$125,000; whereupon Mrs. Mackey said: "Can't you make it cost a little more?" So he managed to add \$100,000 more. It has the Mackey coat-of-arms surmounted by a coronet. Mrs. Mackey's father, Mr. Hungerford, at the time of the Grant dinner, applied to the French authorities for permission to illuminate the Arc de l'Etoile, which was denied. He then sent to ask if they would sell the d——d thing; if they would, he would buy it! Tiffany has the finest exhibition of silver in the Exposition, some of hammered silver of antique shape with red enamel which is the best modern work I have ever seen, and has made a great hit. The Prince of Wales, Rothschild and some of the best collectors in France have bought from him.

I have been working away at my picture at Merson's, it looks dreadfully at present but I have learned a great deal by it. I made a good sketch of a bronze lion in the Luxembourg Garden. Mr. Merson père, who is one of the best art critics here, spoke very highly of the effect of sunlight in my study of the White House at Pont Aven, and Merson, who does not often praise my things, said it was so brilliant it put his eyes out. I have made a drawing for Scribner's, and am going tomorrow to the Trocadero to draw a bust of St. John by Donatello.

The other day I called for Gertrude Schuyler at Mrs. Waddington's and took her up to the Exposition, where we met Henrietta and spent the day in sight-seeing. I gave them lunch

at the Hungarian restaurant where they have most lovely music, and they seemed to enjoy it very much. When I went to the Minister's for Gertrude I was ushered by several domestics through so many grand rooms that I became bewildered; Gertrude said that even she could not find her way about. We took a little cab at the Exposition—it was about nine o'clock, and she said it reminded her of the mornings when we used to drive to the hunt in Rome. She and Henrietta were very pleasant and unchanged, though Henrietta is getting too fat, but as nice as ever. Gertrude and I were amused by an inscription we found in a copy of Tennyson in Mrs. Waddington's boudoir: "Mary A. King from Hoby Onderdonk with his best love, Xmas 1854, sweet sixteen." Also, "Hoby is a goose," and other complimentary remarks too undignified for the wife of the Minister of Foreign Affairs! In the Machinery Department of the U. S. I introduced them to Mr. Pickering, and at ten o'clock he let Henrietta start the machinery by turning a wheel which set going all the machines in the U. S., Sweden and Norway. This is the great engine which received the Grand Prize. At Tiffany's we saw the silver plate which Russell Sturgis has designed for Mr. Schuyler to give Gertrude.

I went yesterday to see Count Palffy who is thinking of buying Dana's picture. He received me politely but was rather grand, and in the course of conversation mentioned that he had had great difficulty in finding me as no one knew who I was. So just as I was leaving I said that Mr. Dana would of course like to sell him the picture as he had a gallery etc., and had asked me who he was, but I was unable to tell him. He looked very much surprised, and said: "Then Mr. Armstrong,

even now you know nothing more of me than you see with your two eyes?" When I said, "Really, nothing more," he was quite taken aback.

I have an invitation from Dr. Whistler, who was in my class in college, to visit him in London, and he will take me to the studio of his brother the celebrated artist, and through him I expect to see Alma Tadema's house. But I must go back a little and give a history of my week of dissipation. On Monday I went to the Palais de l'Industrie to see the Recompenses given; this is the large building on the Champs Elysées where you went to the Salon once. The inside galleries open on a large court with a glass roof, about the size of that half of Stuyvesant Square opposite 237 East Seventeenth Street. This was carpeted with crimson, with seats for the guests—about twenty thousand in all—and a raised platform where were seated the Commissioners and members of the Government; Marshall McMahon in front with the Prince of Wales on his right, the Crown Prince of Denmark, Ex-King of Spain, and other princes, who all marched in in procession followed by the soldiers of different countries. The U. S. Marines looked very well. As the soldiers came in they distributed themselves along the sides of the court, each lot under the flag of his country, while an immense orchestra of men's voices sang the March from Faust—all very grand. Then Mr. Berger read the list of awards and the Commander General of each country came up the steps and received his gold medals in a huge basket. The Director of the Foreign Section of the Exposition also read the names of those who received the Cross of the Legion of Honor, mine among them. There were speeches, none of

which any one heard, more fine music, and the meeting adjourned; altogether it was a very grand show.

The Ball at the Ministry of Agriculture was as hot as fire, and I could not get away before four o'clock as I could not get my overcoat. The only pleasant thing was meeting Mrs. Soley, a relation of Mrs. Howland's. She is a very nice pretty little woman. Her husband is a Professor at Annapolis and is connected with the U. S. Educational Department at the Exposition. They have invited me to dinner today. At the Grand Ball at Versailles the crowd was fearful. The Salle de Glace was beautiful, with a frescoed ceiling, and a double row of glass chandeliers, the cords festooned with flowers; through the windows one saw the park and fountains illuminated with the Electric lights. I met Mrs. Fred Jones, who was with General Meredith Read and Miss Cadwallader. Mr. Kasson, whom you knew in Rome, now U. S. Minister to Vienna, was to have come with them but had not, so Mrs. Jones was delighted to see me and said she would be grateful to me all her life if I would take care of her. I was glad to, as she is a very nice woman. I think, if I had not, she would have been killed. In returning, all of the huge crowd had to come and go through narrow doorways and one stairway; consequently the press at this place was fearful, and I had to use all my strength to keep the crowd from Mrs. Jones who, as it was, was mashed and hurried in every direction—a great Cuirasier struck her bare shoulder with his breastplate. A great many people fainted. I drove home at four in the morning with Mrs. Jones and her party, the drive being the best part of the whole thing, although I am glad I went. In coming down the stairs I stood right behind Governor Hoffman, and I said: "Governor, this

is worse than Albany." He said; "I never saw anything so bad at Tammany Hall"; and Mrs. Jones remarked: "Not even in the Eighth Ward!"

The Waddingtons' ball was quite different, like an entertainment in a gentleman's house, and the handsomest I have ever been to; no crowd even at the supper table, although there were about three thousand people. Gertrude told me that it was through Mr. Waddington that I received the Legion of Honor, and I felt it an additional honor that the most respected public man in France should have taken the trouble to recommend me. I met Mr. Schuyler there, he is very nice. They have taken a house in Birmingham and are going there soon.

Sue sailed today from Liverpool and I suppose took the trunk of clothes. I hope you will like your things. You will have to have some petticoats made to suit them. The shape of the fashionable woman is very much like a slim wine glass, showing the figure very much, the dress being tied back very tight. I think of bringing you a sort of Gainsborough round hat made of silk and felt, but the hats are for the most part ugly, those turned up at one side seem to me the prettiest. The bonnets are *very* small, hardly anything at all. I am expecting little Maity's photograph, but I am afraid St. Gaudens will not be able to do him after all.

St. Gaudens did not make a bas-relief of "little Maity," but the bronze he modeled of my father at this time in Paris was his first work of the sort and considered about the best. St. Gaudens also modeled a pretty head of my sister Helen. Not long after my father returned home from Paris he took up the making of stained-glass, his most important work, in which

my sister Helen also became interested. After this he divided his time between his studio in New York and the farm at Danskammer, and gradually gave up painting except for his own amusement. But the pastels he made in Florida when he was eighty-three are as fresh as the work of a young man, and he himself was as youthful in spirit as when he tramped over Mr. Maitland's purple moor sixty years before and filled his sketchbook with drawings of Gilknockie and Kirtleton.

It is strange that my father's children and grandchildren are Colonel Armstrong's only descendants. Of Colonel Armstrong's family of seven only his son Edward left surviving children; and of Edward's seven, only Henry and Maitland married, and Henry died childless. Except my little brother, Bayard Stuyvesant, who died as a baby, the names of all the children of Maitland Armstrong and Helen Neilson are mentioned in the letter below from an old family friend; and the bottle of Madeira of which he writes links the last letter in this book, and these children, to their ancestor of an early chapter—Petrus Stuyvesant, the old Dutch governor of New Amsterdam.

The Rev. E. Winchester Donald
to Mrs. Maitland Armstrong, 58 West Tenth Street,
New York.

Trinity Church, Boston, *March, 1897*

I have never properly labelled the bottle of Stuyvesant Madeira you gave me at Hamilton's christening. My impression is that I carried it from Danskammer to Amherst on the night of September 9th, 1893. Am I right? And who besides

myself—an honor I shall, when he is older, make more of—were his god-parents? The wine must be accurately recorded.

We opened Meta's bottle on New Year's Day, but an unsympathetic, unappreciative, hard, pragmatic, unimaginative guest was present and laid a callous finger on the subtle joy of tasting the venerable draught. The anticipated gooseflesh failed to pebble my cuticle, my backbone refused to open and shut, and the table's was all there was to be seen of Peter Stuyvesant's famous wooden leg, which Graeme thinks was the chief attraction of that ancient man.

I wish I could run down Tenth Street and run up your steps. Distance is a disagreeable annoying thing. Give my love to—

Maitland, père,

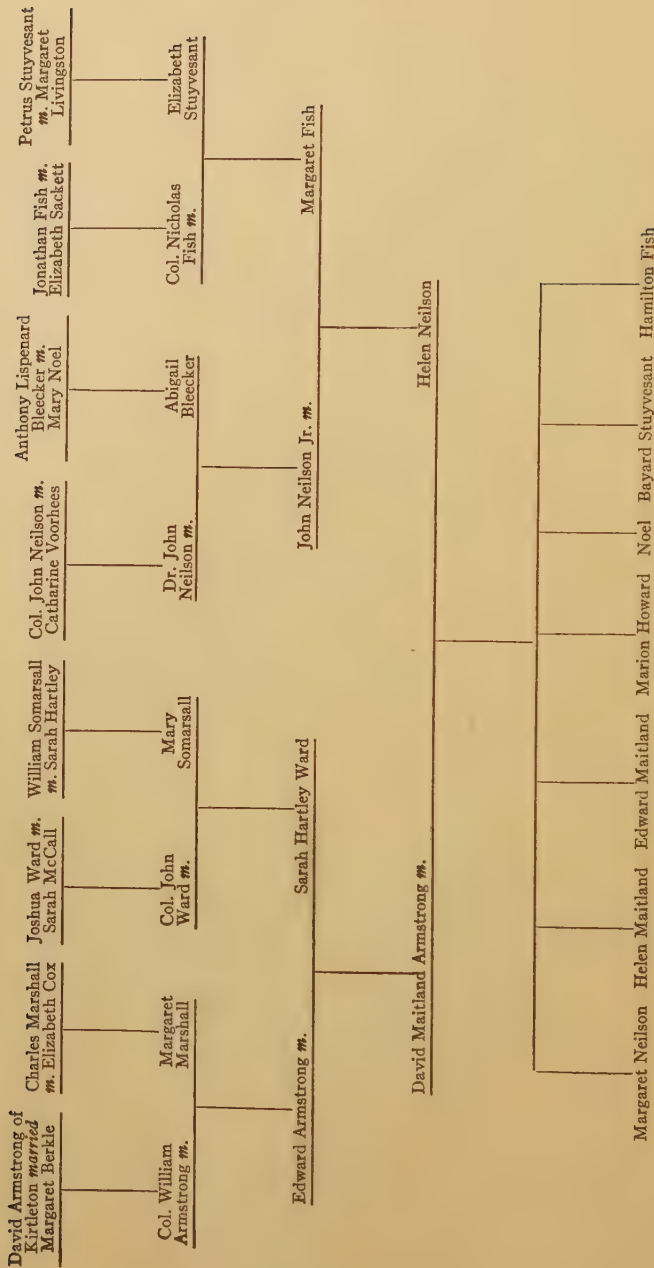
Margaret and Helen; *the* children

Maitland, fils,

Marion, Noel, Hamilton; the *little* children.



THE "FIVE GENERATIONS"



INDEX

- Abaco, Island of, 293
Abdullah, horse, 96
 Abingdon, Lord, 65
 Academy of Design, National, 222, 259,
 262, 265, 266
 Academy of Music, 374
Acker Farm, 381
 Acker (Eckhart), Wolfert, 381
 Adams, Abigail Amelia (Mrs. Col. William
 Stevens Smith), 28, 49
 Pres. John, 36, 56
 Mrs. John, 56, 57
 Pres. John Quincy, 34, 36, 104, 189,
 263, 335
 Major, 18
 Thomas Boylston, 141
Alabama Claims, 279; cartoon, 280
Alabama, ship, 323
 Albert, Prince, 312, 349
 Alexander, Lady Kitty (Mrs. William
 Neilson), 143
 William (Lord Stirling), 10-14, 143
America, yacht, 9
 American Institute Fair, 223
 Museum, 224, 320
 Amherst, Lord, 191
 Amiel, Mrs., 81
 Christian (Mrs. Col. William Arm-
 strong), 72, 81, 187
 John, 73
 Anastaki, 222
 Anderson, Capt., 14
 André, Major, 66, 384
 Animal magnetism, 223
 Anthon, Rev. Dr., 267
 Antwerp, siege of, 212
 Appleton, 174, 180
 Arden, 235
 Armstrong, 73
 Mrs. Andrew (Rose Armstrong),
 165, 184, 227-254, 350
 Andrew, 235, 251-254
 Ann (Mrs. Robert Dalzell), 76, 77,
 84, 374
 Bayard Stuyvesant, 401, 404
 Catherine (Mrs. Durham), 76, 248
 Charles Marshall, Lieut., 165, 299,
 341, 343, 358, 362
 Charles Edward, 193, 354
 David, of Kirtleton, 73, 404
 Mrs. David, of Kirtleton (Margaret
 Berkle), 79, 83, 404
 David, of Liverpool, 76, 82, 248
 David Affleck, 80, 187
 David, son of Edward, 188
 Edward, of Kirtleton, "Ned of the
 Hewck," 77, 374
 Edward, of Danskammer, 86, 94,
 326-350, 375, 401, 404; portrait,
 350
 Mrs. Edward, of Danskammer
 (Sarah Ward), 228, 332, 354-356,
 365, 375, 404
 Edward Maitland, 402, 404
 Emily, 382, 392-394
 Gouverneur, 75, 355, 379, 394
 Frank, 80, 85
 Hamilton Fish, 401, 402, 404
 Helen Maitland, 390, 395, 400, 401,
 402, 404
 Henry, 88, 349, 355, 379-383, 387,
 392; portrait, 380
 Mrs. Henry (Mattie Grayson), 381
 Henry Bruen, 187-193
 Johnnie, 73-74
 John Ward, 244
 Maitland, 308, 350, 355, 361, 364-
 375, 377, 404; portrait, 368

- Armstrong—(*Continued*)
 Mrs. Maitland (Helen Neilson), 202,
 374-379, 388, 401, 404; portrait,
 274; silhouette, last end paper
 Margaret, Miss, of Kirtleton, 76
 Margaret (Mrs. W. D. Salter), 165,
 171, 173-184, 298, 307, 308, 311,
 322
 Margaret Neilson, 402, 404
 Marion Howard (Mrs. Alfred Edey),
 402
 Mary Ward, 349, 350
 Noel, 89, 342, 360, 402, 404
 Rose (Mrs. Andrew Armstrong),
 165, 184, 227-254, 350
 William, Colonel, 59, 63-93, 122, 162
 165, 170, 172, 192, 326, 330, 401,
 404; portraits, 74, 170
 Mrs. Col. William (Christian Amiel),
 72, 81, 187
 Mrs. Col. William (Margaret Mar-
 shall), 5, 36, 62, 63, 83, 86, 162, 166,
 168, 171, 172, 193, 404; portraits,
 22, 170
 Arnold, Benedict, 23, 86
 Mrs. Benedict (Peggie Shippen), 32
 Ascension, Church of the, 263, 264
 Ashburton, Lord, 267
 Astor, 126, 274, 315, 379
 John Jacob, 38, 128, 273
 Astor Place riots, 273
 Auburn prison, 181
 Avery trial, 215

 Bache, 183
 Bache, Theophylact, 87
Bainbridge, brig, 315
 Baker, Mrs. Looe (Sarah Sabina Morris,
 Mrs. Peter Kean), 133, 166, 183,
 197, 267, 307, 318
 Ball, Mrs. (Miss Channing), 352
 Balloons, 26, 27, 214
 Ballston Spa, 173, 182, 219
 Bank Coffee House, 208
 Banks, Ann, 231
 Banks, Sir Joseph, 87

 Banyer, Mrs. Goldsborough (Miss Jay),
 136, 276
 Barber, Col. Francis, 14, 15
 Mrs. Francis (Nancy Ogden), 15
Barcaple, Scotland, 363, 373
 Barclay, 182
 Bard, Dr., 39, 338
 Edward, 186
 Barn Island (Barren Island), 149
 Barnum, P. T., 224, 320
 Barnwell, Nancy, 183
 Barry, Robert Peabody, 374, 375
 Mrs. Robert Peabody (Julia Kean
 Neilson), 374, 375
 Barton, 218
 Battery, N. Y., 41, 124, 150
 Charleston, 351
 Bayard, 37, 56, 65, 134, 357
 Catherine, of N. Y., 134
 Catherine, of Westchester, 134
 Mrs. Nicholas (Judith Varleth), 115
 William, 263
Bayard's Mount, 65
 Bedell, Bishop, 275
 Bedini, Nuncio, 312
 Beecher, Rev. Henry Ward, 324
 Beekman, 37, 66
 Beline, giant, 265
 Bell, of Scotland and Belfast, 80, 81, 83
Belle Poule, La, frigate, 235
 Belmont, 308
 Mrs. August, 320, 321
Belvedere club, 127
 Benbridge, Henry (Bembridge, Bain-
 bridge), portrait by, frontispiece
 Benedict, 219
 Benjamin, Mrs. Samuel N. (Julia Kean
 Fish), 266
 Mrs. William Massena (Charlotte
 Prime), 364
 Bennet's Island, 144
 Benson, Robert, Jr., 263
 Bérenger, 184
 Berkle, Margaret (Mrs. David Armstrong,
 of Kirtleton), 79, 83, 404
 Berry Islands, 293
 Betts, 220

- Bhurtpoor, siege of, 187, 191, 192
 Biddle, 185, 287
 Mrs. J. (Miss Keppel), 186
 Thomas, 210, 225
 Binaghi, Dr., 203, 204
 Bingham, Mrs. William (Miss Willing),
 24; card, 44
 Blackwell, Harriet (Mrs. Alexander
 Bleecker), 266
 Bleecker, Abigail (Mrs. Dr. John Neilson),
 162, 404
 A. J., 204
 Mrs. Alexander (Harriet Blackwell),
 266
 Anthony, 150, 159
 Anthony Lisenard, 130, 404
 Mrs. Anthony Lisenard (Mary
 Noel), 404
 Barclay, 157
 Garret Noel, 215
 Jack, 150
 James, 267
 Rutger, 116
 Sarah (Mrs. Theodore Low), 159
 Bligh, 193
 Bliss, 216
 Bloomfield, 232
 Mrs. Gen. Joseph (Isabella Ramsay,
 "little Bell," Mrs. J. W. Macomb),
 27, 182, 309
Bloomer Farm, 360, 395
 Bodisco, 312
 Bogaert, 115
 Bolingbroke, Lord, 167
 Bonaparte, Joseph, 183
 Bond, Phineas, 19
 Booth, Junius Brutus, 256
 Bosio, 114
 Boston, 343, 344
 Bostwick, Widow, 120
 Boudinot, 14
 Elias, 16, 38
 Bowdoin, Miss (Lady Temple), 49, 50
Bouwerie Farm, 114, 272
Bowery House, 130
 Bowery John, 216
Bowery Theater, Old, 256, 257
 Bowie, Col. James, 216
Boz ball, 298, 299
 Bradish, L., 105
 Luther, 272
Brandywine, ship, 154
 Brant, chief, 90, 355
 Brasher, 14, 15
 Breese, 181, 182
 Bréhan, Marquise de, 54
 Brevoort, 37, 126
 H., 267
Brick Meeting, 44
 Brinckerhoff, Mrs. Peter (Maria Law-
 rence), 214
 Brinton, Mrs. (Miss Gouverneur), 186
 Broglie, Duc de, 26
 Bronson, Arthur, 183
 Brooklyn Navy Yard, 322
 Bross, 18
 Brown, Mrs. Alexander (Catherine Amelia
 Neilson), 219, 220
 Nanny, 134
 Brush, Henry, 231
 Bryant, William Cullen, 202, 208, 216,
 222, 264, 274, 315
Buckhill, Richmond, 20
 Bulkley, Mrs. C. A. (Julia Neilson), 159
 Bunyan, Mr., 71
 Burr, Aaron, 88, 104, 125, 126, 218
 Mrs. Aaron (Madame Jumel), 218
 Theodosia, 62
 Burr-Hamilton duel, 89, 124
Bushkill Gardens, Phila., 129
 Butler, B., 265
 Mrs. Pierce (Fanny Kemble), 210,
 217
Butternuts, 130, 133
 Byron, Lord, 322
 Cabell, 152
 Cabot, 186, 245
 Cadwalader, 28, 399
 Caldwell, Rev. Mr., 16
 Mrs. (Hannah Ogden), 16
 Calhoun, 246
 Camden, battle of, 23, 68, 100
 Cammann, 223, 316

- Campbell, Archibald, "Mad Archie,"
 99, 100, 351
 Mrs. Archibald (Mary Philp), 99, 101
 Margaret (Mrs. Robert Deas), front-
 ispiece, 99, 101, 351
 Mrs. William, 263
 Canning, George, 189
 Canojarie, 174
 Canso, Gut of, 92
 Carlenrig, Scotland, 74
 Carlisle, Miss, of Madras, 190
 Carnival, Rome, 375, 388
 Carnwarth, Earl of, 76, 81
 Carpenter, Mrs. Jacob (Catherine Neil-
 son), 213, 260
 Carey, Rev. Mr., 267
 Carroll, Charles, of Carrollton, 59, 208
 Judge, 268
 Carville, 216
 Cass, Gen., 312
 Cassilis, Earl of (Archibald Kennedy), 31
 Castle Hill, Westchester, 333, 366
 Castle Garden, N. Y., 214, 216
 Castle Point, Hoboken, 9, 222
 Cathcart, Lord, 16
 Catherine II of Russia, 167
 Catlin, George, 258
Celestia, bark, 370, 371
 Cenf, Mrs. (Miss Van Berckel), 39, 40
 Central Park, 110, 125, 333
 Century Club, 202
 Chaffelle, 251
 Chandler, 15, 267
 Miss (Mrs. Dayton), 15, 17
 Chanler, 212
 Channing, Miss (Mrs. Ball), 352
 Chapman, Emily, 209
 Charles III of Spain, 38, 45
 Charleston, S. C., 96, 98, 107, 110, 122,
 351
 Chatham theater, N. Y., 257
 Chauncey, Capt., 183
 Cheeseborough, 215
 Miss (Mrs. Nicholas Stuyvesant),
 158
 Chagaré, school, 356
 Chetwood, 196, 325
 Chevallié, 318
 Chew, 24, 28
 Benjamin, 24
 Chickasaws, 96
Chiens de Brie, 156
 Cholera, 146, 195, 196, 198, 204, 205,
 208, 215, 239, 273, 315, 317, 361
 Chrystie, Mrs. Thomas (Elizabeth Lud-
 low), 232, 234
 Cigars, 42, 209
 Cilley-Graves duel, 258
Cincinnati, Society of the, 25, 26, 49, 132
 City Hall, N. Y., 44, 158, 216
 City Hotel, N. Y., 337
 Civil War, 304, 323, 381
 Clark, Aaron, 221, 222, 259
 Friend, orchard, 69
 Clarkson, Maria, 134
 Streatfield, 134
 Claverack, 116
 Clay, Henry, 335
 Cleveland, 178
 Clinton, Gov. De Witt, 37, 44, 136, 138
 Miss (Mrs. David S. Jones), 214
 Sir Henry, 63-67, 70, 97, 189, 192
 Clinton Hall, 262
Clintonia, 138
 Coal, anthracite, 346
 Cockburn, Admiral, 106
 of Henderland, 74
 Colden, 272
 Mrs. Dan., 183
 Cole, Thomas, 224, 273
 Colgrove, Amy, 177
 Collect pond, 43, 67
 College Hill, Poughkeepsie, 364
 Columbia College (King's College), 119,
 148, 149, 187, 220; programme, 220
 Combermere, Lord, 190
Comptone Castle, Scotland, 373
 Conegocheague, 103
 Conrad, Mrs. (Angela Lewis), 251
 Constitution, U. S. ship, 103, 282, 284,
 313, 322; picture, 296
 Convivial Hall, 12, 15

- Cooper, Anna (Hannah), 128-130
 James Fenimore, 130, 136, 201, 273,
 334, 344
 Mrs. James Fenimore, 201
 Myles, 119
- Copeland, 296
- Copet, 155
- Cornell*, steamer, 328
- Cornwallis, Lord, 72, 78, 122
- Corunna, battle of, 187
- Coulon, Joseph, 237, 252
- Council Tree*, 275
- Courval, Vicomtesse de (Mary Ray), 171
- Couture, Thomas, 390
- Cowenhoven, Lieut., 327
- Cox, Elizabeth (Mrs. John Ramsay), 35,
 171, 404
 Isaac, 8, 9, 25, 171
 Kitty, 171
 Mary (Mrs. Jacob Morris), 8
 Rachel (Mrs. Stevens), 8, 9
 Tench, 32
 William, 153, 185
- Crane, Commodore W. M., 284
- Creighton, 169
 Rev. William, 208
- Crimea, 311, 314, 315, 317
- Crosby, Mrs. William Henry (Josepha
 Neilson), 159
- Croton water, 312, 313
- Crow, Mr., 25
- Crowninshield, Frank, 390
 Frederick, 390
- Cruger, 166, 385
 Mrs. (Miss Douglass), 209, 217
 Elizabeth, 230
 Mrs. Henry (Mrs. Rathbone), 232
 Van Rensselaer, 367
- Crystal Palace*, London, 363
- Cummings, Thomas Seir, 212, 213
- Cunningham, 8, 19, 27
- Currie, John Armstrong, 78, 188, 190
 Mrs. Thomas (Jane Armstrong?),
 77, 78, 81, 86
- Cushing, 278
- Cushman, Charlotte, 256
- Cutler, Rev. Mr., 263
- Cuyler, Abraham C., 116
 Margaret (Mrs. Dirck Ten Broeck),
 115
- Dacre, Admiral, 282
- Daguerreotypes, 258, 262, 265
- Dallas, 183
- Dalzell, John, 82, 91
 Robert, 81, 84
 Mrs. Robert (Ann Armstrong), 76,
 77, 374
- Dana, William P. W., 397
 Charles Anderson, 264
- Danskammer*, 229, 244, 326-360, 395,
 401; picture, 326
- Dashwood, 232
- Day Before Yesterday*, 378
- Dayton, Capt. Elias, 14, 15
- Davis, Bancroft, 360
- Deas, Mrs. Robert (Margaret Campbell),
 frontispice, 99, 101, 351
- DeBache, 216
- Decatur, Commander Stephen, 300
- Decker, Joseph, 27
- De Hart, 6, 159, 229
 Col., 14
 Abigail (Mrs. John Mayo), 6, 7, 17,
 19, 152-154, 311
 Jacob, 232
 Jane, 197
 Louisa, 184, 231, 350
 Sally, 13, 52, 188, 191, 197, 232
- d'Hauteville, Frederick Sears Grand, 389,
 Mrs. Fred. S. G. (Elizabeth Stuy-
 vesant Fish), 261
 Mrs. Fred. S. G. (Susan Watts
 Macomb), 389
- deKay, Dr., 205
- De Lancey, 49, 115, 118
 Charlotte, 41
 Oliver, 65
- Delano, Laura, 359
 Sara (Mrs. James Roosevelt), 359
 Warren, 359, 361
- Delmonico, 203
- Demalogos*, steamboat, 296

- Denning, Emily (Mrs. Rutsen Van Rensselaer), 383
 Jane, 383
 Mrs. William, 383
- De Peyster, 37, 115, 136, 196, 319
 Eliza, 136
 Frederick, 203, 262
 Helen, 136
 Orin, 150
- Derby, 179, 180
- De Staël, Auguste, 154
 Madame de, 154
- Dewees, Dr., 275
- De Wint, Miss (Mrs. A. J. Downing), 234
 John Peter, 387
- Dewitt, Dr., 272
- Dibblee, Fyles, 267
- Dickens, Charles, 257, 298, 299
 Mrs. Charles, 299
- Dinsmore, 198, 248
 Mrs. James (Patty Macomb), 197, 292
- Doctors' Mob*, 50
- Dolphins, 290, 292, 295
- Donald, Rev. E. Winchester, 401
- Dorr, Gov., 267
- Douglass, Miss H. (Mrs. Cruger), 209, 217
- Downing, A. J., 234, 330, 354, 365
 Mrs. A. J. (Miss De Wint), 234
- Draper, Prof. John W., 258
- Dresser, Mrs. George Warren (Susan LeRoy), 270, 273, 276
- Drew, John, 256
- Dry Dock Bank, 222
- Dubufe, Claude Marie, 223
- Dudley, Henry, 223
- Duer, 265
 William, 21
- Duncan, 323, 363
- Dunlap, William, 198
- Dunmore, Lord, 336
- Durand, 214
- Durham, Mrs. (Catherine Armstrong), 76, 248
- Dyckman, 322
- Dwarfs, 223, 320, 321
- Eastburn, Bishop Manton, 209, 221, 260
 265, 276, 277, 376
- Eaton, Davis and Tailer, 369
- Eclipse, annular, 260
- Eclipse*, race horse, 331
- Ecumenical council, 378, 379
- Edey, Mrs. Alfred (Marion Howard Armstrong), 402, 404
- Edgar, 115
 Hannah, 214
- Edouart, August, 264; silhouette by, first endpaper
- Edgar, Mrs. William (A. Van Horne), 41
- Edwards, Jonathan, 15
- Eglinton Castle*, 10
- Electro-magnetism, engine propelled by, 222
- Elizabeth Town, picture of, 244
- Ellicott, Parson, 100
- Elliot, 75, 174, 194, 366
 Mrs. Andrew, 320
 Mr. and Mrs. Daniel, 372
 Daniel Giraud, 366
 Mrs. George (Rebecca Foster), 194, 228
 Mrs. Dr. G. T., 323
 William, 295
- Ellis, Col. Ashe, 382
 Gov., 270
 Samuel, 382
- Ellison, Thomas, 234
- Elphinstone, Lord, 345
- Elssler, Fanny, 305, 306
- Elysian Fields*, Hoboken, 222
- Emma, Queen, 161
- Empire*, steamer, 273
- English Neighborhood, 262
- Erie Canal, 173-178
- Eugénie, Empress, 371, 372
- Evacuation Day*, 72, 167
- Everett, Edward, 377
- Fair Lawn*, 265
- Fairy Island, 260
- Farmer, Capt., 145
- Farragut, Admiral, 282, 304

- Fashions, 9, 41, 56, 58, 102, 116, 163, 164, 165, 168, 195, 210, 400
- Fell, Jesse, 346
- Fifth Avenue hotel, 308
- Fish, Elizabeth Stuyvesant (Mrs. Richard Morris), 131, 139, 374
- Elizabeth Stuyvesant (Mrs. Frederick S. G. d'Hauteville), 261, 389
- Hamilton, 131, 202, 223, 225, 259, 261, 272, 278-280, 318, 319, 365, 375, 378, 386
- Mrs. Hamilton (Julia Kean), 133, 196, 209-211, 217, 225, 376
- Jonathan, 404
- Mrs. Jonathan (Elizabeth Sackett), 404
- Julia Kean (Mrs. Samuel Benjamin), 266
- Margaret (Mrs. John Neilson, Jr.), 137, 143, 214, 360, 375, 395, 404; portrait, 226
- Col. Nicholas, 72, 112, 114, 118, 119, 122-140, 155, 158, 162, 183, 215, 300, 404; portrait, 132
- Mrs. Col. Nicholas (Elizabeth Stuyvesant), 114, 127, 130, 136, 137, 162, 278, 404
- Nicholas, 378
- Sarah Morris (Mrs. Sidney Webster), 259
- Stuyvesant, 205, 208, 215
- Stuyvesant, 376
- Susan (Mrs. Daniel LeRoy), 131, 158, 269, 270, 274, 276
- Fitzgerald, Miss (Mrs. Ricketts), 190
- Fitz Randolph, Isaac, 46
- Fitz William, 230, 290
- Flimnap*, horse, 98
- Fleming, 222
- Folke, Dr., 26
- Forbes, Alexander, 86
- Forrest, Edwin, 256
- Forrest-Macready* riots (Astor Place), 256, 257
- Forsyth, 68, 261
- Foster, 32, 194, 298
- Clara, 194
- Frederick, 233
- Mary, 308
- Rebecca (Mrs. George Elliot), 194, 228
- Fouladon, hairdresser, 210
- 14th Buckinghamshire Foot*, 187
- Fourth of July, 154, 157, 358
- Fowler, Ogden, 320
- Fox, Charles, 154
- Franklin, Benjamin, 29
- Frasier, Miss (Mrs. Dr. Cabot), 186
- Frelinghuysen, 219
- Fulton, Robert, 296
- Galvanic battery, 275
- Galvez, Gen., 23
- Ganesvort, 115
- Garcia, Manuel del Popolo Vicente 159
- Maria (Malibran), 159
- Gardener, Col., 190
- Gardoqui, Don Diego de, 30, 33, 34, 36, 38, 40, 48, 54, 55, 61
- Garrison, William Lloyd, 256
- Gates, Gen., 23
- Gelston, 159
- Georgetown, D. C., 103
- George Washington*, packet, 259
- Gerald, Dr., 191
- Ghyse, Vice-admiral, 160
- Giants, 223, 265
- Gibbs, 59
- Gilknockie*, Scotland, 73-75, 326, 373
- Giraffes, 153, 260
- Glen, Henry, 116
- Glenae House*, Scotland, 81, 374
- Glisson, 223
- Glover, Mrs. John (Helen Otis LeRoy), 273
- Golden weddings, 225, 377
- Gold rush*, 1849, 380
- Goose Creek church, S. C., 100
- Gordon, Lieut., 297
- Gouverneur, Mrs. S. (Miss Monroe), 156
- Miss (Mrs. Brinton), 186
- Grace Church, N. Y., 266, 320, 321

- Graham, 211
 Grayson, Mattie (Mrs. Henry Armstrong), 381
Great Britain, steamship, 371
Great Western, steamship, 259, 260, 262, 264, 347
 Green, Gen., 119
 Greenwich Village (Saponikan), 85, 113, 114, 146
 Greenwood, dentist, 38
 Griffin, Mrs. William Preston (Christine Kean), 225, 318
 Griffith, 182, 183
 Grinnell, 308
 Groesbeck, 121
Guerrière, ship of war, 282, 283, 313; picture, 296

 Hackett, Sam, 18
 Haight, 271, 308
 Hale, Nathan, 66
Half Moon, ship, 114, 327
 Hallam, Francis, 46
 Halstead, Lucinetta (Mrs. John Kean), 305
 Hamilton, 181
 Alexander, 15, 88, 107, 119, 122, 124, 126, 225
 Mrs. Alexander (Elizabeth Schuyler), 15
 Cosmo, 17
 Handy, Commander, 318
 Hard, 233
 Hare, Rev. George, 267, 276
 Mrs. George (Elizabeth Hobart), 276
 Harlem railroad, 223, 224
 Harper, House of, 314
 Harriman, 185
 E. H., 264, 267
 Rev. Orlando, 264, 266, 267
 Mrs. Orlando (Cornelia Neilson), 159, 267
 Harrison, Pres., 265, 266
 Hartley, Mrs., portrait, frontispiece
 Sarah (Mrs. William Somarsall), 404; portrait, frontispiece
 Harvey, Childermas, 95, 96

 Hawkins, Dr., 251
 Benjamin, 57-59
 Hawthorne, 365
 Hayward, 234, 352
 Healy, G. P. A., 389, 391
 Heckscher, 233
 Hendricks, Herman, 259
 Henry, Mrs., actress, 48
 Prof., 233
 Patrick, 19, 337
Henry Clay, steamboat, 364
Herald newspaper, 313
 Heth, Joice, 224
 Hewes, 242
 Hewson, 298, 309
 Mrs. Adinell (Rachel Wetherill), 253, 309
 Mrs. Thomas Tickell, 186
 Heywood, 229
 Hill, Lord, 149
 Himalayas, 191
 Historical Society, N. Y., 256, 263, 264
 Hobart, Elizabeth (Mrs. George Hare), 276
 Hoboken, 216, 222, 275
 Hoffman, Baroness (Miss Ward), 388
 Gov., 399
 Daniel, 263
 Murray, 221
 Hole in the Wall, 292
 Holland, Prof., 223
Home, steam packet, 223
 Hompasch, Baron, 167
 Hone, 183
 Hooker, Edward, 101, 102
Hornet, ship of war, 283
 Horn's Hook, 65
 Hosack, Dr. and Mrs., 185, 186, 267, 338, 339
 Hottinguer, 136, 335
 Houghton, missionary, 189
 Howard, Mrs. E. W. (Elizabeth Stuyvesant Neilson), 225, 273
 Howe, Gen., 64, 67, 145
 Lord, 11
 Dr. Samuel Gridley, 204
 Hoyt, 195

- Hudson, Commander, 314
 Henry, 114, 327
 River, 327, 328, 360
 Huger, Frank, 96
 Hull, Commodore Isaac, 244, 282, 284, 300
 Hungerford, 396
 Hunt, Richard, 360
 Widow, 132
 Hunter, John (John Neilson, Jr., nom de plume), 275
 De Bruce, 229
 Huntington, Daniel, 271
 Hurlgate (Hellgate), 149
 Hutin, Madame, 256
Hyde Park, N. Y., 339, 359
- Inauguration, Washington's, 53, 263
 Indians, 59, 118, 327, 386
 Influenza, 146, 214
 Ingham, Charles Cromwell, 202, 203, 261
 Inman, Henry, 202, 203, 212, 213, 271
 Ireland, 83, 143
 Irish famine, 271
 Irving, Washington, 273
 Ivers, Mary (Mrs. Guy Richards), 307
- Jackson, Gen. Andrew, 91, 132, 208, 212, 219, 295, 335
 Major, 55
 James, G. P. R., 277
 V of Scotland, 74
 Jans, Anneke, 386
 Jarvis, Dr., 151
 Jats, 187
 Jaudenes, de, 57
Java, ship of war, 282
 Jay, 49, 134, 136, 137
 Gov. John, 38, 134
 Mrs. John (Sarah Livingston), 16, 43
 Peter Augustus, 133, 198, 200, 264
 William, 135, 198, 199
 Jefferson, Pres. Thomas, 59, 104, 125, 163
 Jelf, Miss, 14, 18
Jersey Brigade, 12
 Jim, "Professor," 124, 125, 282-284, 368
- Johnson, Mrs. Charles (Mary Noel Neilson), 157
 Sir William, 116
 Johnston, 194
 John's Island, S. C., 97, 107, 109
John Street theater, N. Y., 43, 48, 66
 Joinville, Prince de, 235, 278
 Jones, Chief Justice, 266
 David S., 214
 Mrs. David S. (Miss Clinton), 214
 James, 124
 Commander John Paul, 300, 373
 Mrs. Fred. Cadwalader (Mary Rawle), 399
 Jouve, Miss, 231
 Jova, Juan Jacinth, 395
 Jumel, Madame (Mrs. Aaron Burr), 218
- Kamehameha IV, 161
 the Great, 162
 Kasson, 399
 Kean, 59, 167
 Christine (Mrs. William Preston Griffin), 225, 318
 Mrs. John (Susan Livingston, Mrs. Niemcewics), 7, 10, 11, 17, 18, 133, 166-167, 196, 215, 227, 232, 259, 290
 John, 232, 276, 305, 318
 Mrs. John (Lucinetta Halstead), 305
 Julia (Mrs. Hamilton Fish), 133, 196, 209-211, 217, 225, 376
 Nancy, 196
 Peter, 133, 135, 166, 183, 188, 189, 228
 Mrs. Peter (Sarah Sabina Morris, Mrs. Looe Baker), 133, 166, 183, 197, 232, 267, 307, 318
 Kearney, Mary, 231
 Phil, 215, 267
Kelvin Grove, S. C., 108
 Kemble, Charles, 210
 Fanny (Mrs. Pierce Butler), 210, 217; portrait, 210
 Gouverneur, 263
 Kempt, Sir William, 20

- Kennedy, Archibald (Earl of Cassilis), 31
 House, N. Y., 30, 43, 54, 67
 Kent, 235
 Judge, 92, 369
 Keppel, Miss (Mrs. J. Biddle), 186
 King, 214
 Alice, 244
 Charles, 244
 Mrs. Charles, 385, 395
 David, 389
 Mrs. David (Helen Van Courtland
 Morris), 389, 390
 Edward, 273
 Mrs. Edward (Augusta LeRoy), 208,
 260, 269, 273, 276
 Mrs. J. Francis (Susan LeRoy Neil-
 son), 400
 Gertrude (Mrs. Eugene Schuyler),
 395-397
 Henrietta, 395, 397
 James, 259
 Mrs. John A., 263
 Mary (Madame Waddington), 395-
 400
 Kip, 115
 Kip's Bay, 64
Kirleton, Scotland, 73, 75, 76, 77, 274, 326
 Knickerbocker, 115
Knickerbocker Magazine, 275
 Knox, Gen., 119
 Mrs., 49, 59
 Kosciuszko, 167
 Kossuth, 304
 Kremer, 223
 Kukailimoku, 162
 Kuypers, Dominie, 157

 Ladson, 251
La Grange, France, 139, 140, 151, 152, 153,
 154, 156
 La Fayette, Clémentine, 151
 George Washington, 140, 151, 155
 Marquis de, 7, 9, 71, 122, 138, 139,
 140, 141, 151-157, 184, 204, 217, 374
 Marquise de, 140
 Natalie (Mme. Adolphe Perrier), 140,
 151
 Lafayette Place, 139
 Lafitte, pirate, 91
 Lake, Col. (Gen.), 122, 188
 Lansing, 115, 118, 175
 Mrs. Richard, 181, 182
 Lasteyrie, Pauline (Mme. Charles Ré-
 musat), 140, 141
 Comte Louis de, 156
 Laswari, battle of, 187, 191
 La Trobe, Mrs., 168
 Lawrence, 8, 174, 180, 223, 235, 290
 Billy, 18
 Catherine (Mme. Roubelle), 230, 231
 Cornelius, 216
 Isaac, 267
 Capt. James, 283
 Jane, 169
 Julia, 232
 Maria (Mrs. Peter Brinckerhoff), 214
 Leavenworth, 244
 Ledyard, Ben, 134
 Legaré, Hugh Swinnerton, 352, 353
 Leggett, Mary, 159
 Legion of Honor, 398, 400
 L'Enfant, 103
 Lenox, 308
 LeRoy, 57, 59, 134, 137
 Cornelia, 134
 Daniel, 158, 202, 259, 262, 269
 Mrs. Daniel (Susan Fish), 158, 269,
 274, 276
 Edward, 195
 Mrs. Edward (Miss Morris), 195
 Helen Otis (Mrs. John Glover), 273
 Helen V. C. (Mrs. Pinckney Stewart),
 273, 389
 Herman, 265
 Herman, Jr., 269
 Mary, 137
 Augusta (Mrs. Edward King), 208,
 260, 269, 273, 276
 Stuyvesant, 270
 Susan (Mrs. George Warren Dres-
 ser), 270, 273
 Miss (Mrs. Daniel Webster), 262
 Lewis, Angela (Mrs. Conrad), 251
 Lorenzo, 251

- Lex, Mrs., 309
Lexington, steamer, 263, 264
Liberty Hall (Ursino), 12, 15, 16, 167, 227, 232, 265, 318
 Lincoln, Pres., 321
 Livingston, 37, 40, 178, 183, 186, 229
 Judge Brockholst, 124
 Mrs. Edward (Mary McEvers), 55, 56
 Elizabeth (Mrs. L. W. Otto), 50
 Janet (Mrs. Gen. Montgomery), 26, 51, 153
 John, 116
 Mrs. John Ashe (Augusta von Pfister), 319
 Rev. John H., 121
 John the Loyalist, 117
 Kitty, 16
 Margaret (Mrs. Petrus Stuyvesant), 404
 Margaret, 115
 Margaret, 17
 Maturin, 17
 Peter, 17
 Peter Van Brugh, 10
 Philip the Signer, 120, 121
 Mrs. Philip (Cornelia Van Horne), 40, 41
 Sarah (Mrs. James Ricketts), 10, 11, 12, 32, 49
 Sarah (Mrs. John Jay), 16, 43
 Susan (Mrs. John Kean, Mrs. Niemcewics), 7, 10, 11, 17, 18, 133, 166-167, 196, 215, 227, 232, 259, 290
 Susan, from Princeton, 17, 18
 Van Brugh, 226
 Gov. William, 10, 12, 167
 lobsters, 68, 113
Locofocos, 262, 265
 Loodiana, India, 190
 Lord, Daniel, 272
 Louté, Princess, 153
 Low, Theodore, 159
 Mrs. Theodore (Sarah Bleecker), 159
 Lowndes, 229
 Thomas, 108
 Ludlow, Elizabeth (Mrs. Thomas Chrystie), 232, 234
 Capt., 232
 Lunch club, 202
 Luzerne, Anne-César, comte de la, 16
 Lyle, Mrs. (Mercia Macomb, Mrs. Beekman Verplanck), 232, 245, 307
 Lynch, Dominick, Jr., 134
 McCall, Sarah (Mrs. Joshua Ward), 404
 M'Cleod, Capt., 13, 15
 McElroy, 195
 McEvers, 166, 235
 Charles, 267
 Mary (Mrs. Edward Livingston), 55, 56
 McGillivray, Duncan, 87
 McIvor, 235
 McKim, Meade and White, 338
 MacDonald, 149, 223
 MacGillicuddy, 231
 Mackenzie, Commander, 302
 Mackey, Mrs., 395, 396
 Mackrabie, 29
 Macomb, Alexander the "Speculator," 21, 54, 58
 Mrs. Alexander (Janet Marshall, Mrs. J. P. Rucker), 5, 8, 19, 20, 21, 34, 58, 91, 171, 305
 Gen. Alexander, 91, 166, 174
 Mrs. Gen. Alexander, 166, 196, 197
 Alexander, 169
 Christina, 196
 Czarina (Mrs. John Navarre Macomb), 197
 Francis, 169
 Isabella (Mrs. William Wetherill), 166, 234, 305, 309, 389
 John, 44
 John Navarre, 169
 Mrs. John Navarre (Czarina Macomb), 197
 Mrs. John Navarre (Nanny Rogers), 21
 Mrs. John William (Isabella Ramsay, "little Bell," Mrs. Gen. Bloomfield), 27, 182, 309

Macomb—(*Continued*)

- Mercia (Mrs. Beekman Verplanck, Mrs. Lyle), 232, 245, 307
- Patty (Mrs. James Dinsmore), 197, 292
- Susan Watts (Mrs. Fred. S. G. d'Hauteville), 389
- Macy, Capt., 151, 156, 205
- Madison, Dolly, 267, 268
- Madison, Pres., 59, 136
- Square, 308
- Maine, 245, 255, 262, 267
- Maitland, 253, 373
 - Coppell and Co., 357
 - David, 233, 234, 354, 356, 357, 362, 363, 373
 - Robert, 357
 - Stuart, 234, 356
- Malakoff, Duc de, 372
- Malbone, miniature by, 132
- Malibran (Senorina Garcia), 159
- Manigault, Charles, 351
- Marbois, Barbé de, 16, 22, 29, 133, 139, 153
- Madame Barbé de, 29, 40
- Maria da Gloria, Queen of Portugal (Beauharnais), 207, 287
- Mars, Mlle., 153
- Marshall, Charles, 6, 404
 - Janet (Mrs. J. P. Rucker, Mrs. Alexander Macomb), 5, 8, 19, 20, 21, 34, 58, 91, 171, 305
 - Margaret (Mrs. Col. William Armstrong), 5, 36, 62, 63, 83, 86, 162, 166, 168, 171, 172, 193, 404, portraits, 22, 170
- Martineau, Miss, 245
- Mason, Jon., 104
- Mathews, Charles, 228
- Mawhood, Col., 69
- Maxwell, 86, 220
 - Gen., 13, 15
 - William, 228
- Mayo, 181
 - Col. John, 19
 - Mrs. John (Abigail De Hart), 6, 7, 17, 19, 152-154, 311

Mayo—(*Continued*)

- Maria (Mrs. Gen. Winfield Scott), 19, 152, 153, 193, 211, 245, 311
- Col. William, 19, 20
- Meadows, Gen., 78
- Mechanics' Bank, 222
- Meredith, 186
 - Mrs. Reese, 8
- Merson, Luc Olivier, 395, 396
- Mervine, Commodore, 316
- mesmerism, 271
- Metcalf, Sir Charles, 191
- Merchants' Exchange, N. Y., 216, 218
- Metropolitan Hotel, 314, 321
- Miguel, Regent of Portugal, 206, 207, 287
- Mildebergh, 215
- Miller, Judge, 183
- mint juleps, 337
- Minturn, 308
- Minuet, 311
- Miralles, Don Juan de, 16, 22
- Mississippi*, U. S. steamship, 296, 298, 300, 303, 304
- Mississippi steamboats, 236, 238
 - treaties, 30, 52, 61
- Missouri*, U. S. steamship, 296, 302, 303
- Mix, Capt., 244
- Moffert, Scotland, 82
- Molandaïs, comtesse de, 153
- Monmouth, battle of, 72, 144
- Monroe, 137
 - Pres., 140, 141, 155, 156, 295
 - Miss (Mrs. S. Gouverneur), 156
- Montgomery, 271
 - Gen. Richard, 51
 - Mrs. Gen. Montgomery (Janet Livingston), 26, 51, 153
- Moorcroft, explorer, 191
- Moore, Bishop Benjamin, 134
 - Clement C., 276
 - Sir John, 98, 187
 - Tom, 164
- Montreal, 117
- Moreau, Gen., 170
 - Madame, 169, 170

- Morgan, 180
 Mrs. Pierrepont (Frances Tracy), 389
- Morris, 28, 130, 166
 Miss (Mrs. Edward LeRoy), 195
 Mrs. (Miss Post), 195
 Billy, 7, 8, 9
 Charlotte, 213, 214
 Gouverneur, 9-11, 103, 135, 173, 332
 Helen Van Courtland (Mrs. David King), 389, 390
 Jacob, 8, 9, 307
 Mrs. Jacob (Mary Cox), 8
 George Pope, 312
 James, 208, 277, 382
 John Cox, 133, 217
 Lewis, 135
 Lou, 374
 Newbold, 389
 Dr. Richard, 202, 204, 213, 256, 260, 374
 Mrs. Richard (Elizabeth Stuyvesant Fish), 131, 139, 374
 Robert, 214, 215, 266
 Sarah Sabina (Mrs. Peter Kean, Mrs. Looe Baker), 133, 166, 168, 183, 197, 232, 267, 307, 318
 Dr. Stuyvesant Fish, 374
 William, 214, 215
- Morrisania*, 332, 375
- Morse, Samuel, 257-259, 262, 360
- Morton, George, 275
 Georgina (Mrs. William Shippen), 275
- Mott, 230, 352
- Mount Pleasant*, 149
- Moustaches, 9, 223
- Moustier, comte de, 43, 54
- Moylan, Gasper, 32
- Moyland, 52
- Muelh, Lieut. William, 191
- Muhlenburg, Dr., 222, 356
- Murdock, 80
- Murray, Mrs., 64
 Hon. Mrs., 75
- Murray—(*Continued*)
 Charles Augustus, 106, 110, 240, 336-341, 345-349, 355, 363
 Mrs. Charles Augustus (Elizabeth Wadsworth), 341, 363
 Mrs. David (Martha Osborn Neilson), 255, 271
 Lieut., 314
- Museum, American*, N. Y., 224, 320
- Musgrove, Marquis of, 338
- Napier, Lord, 296
- Naples, Queen of, 322
- Napoleon III, 371, 372
- National* theater, N. Y., 266
- Neilson, 143, 146
 Anthony Bleecker, 149, 151, 158
 Mrs. Anthony Bleecker (Emily Neilson), 158
 Catherine (Mrs. Jacob Carpender), 213, 260
 Catherine Amelia (Mrs. Alexander Brown), 219, 220
 Charles, 157
 Cornelia (Mrs. Rev. Orlando Harri-
 man), 159, 267
 Edward, 219, 222
 Mrs. Edward (Martha Osborn), 213
 Elizabeth Stuyvesant (Mrs. E. W.
 Howard), 225, 273
 Emily (Mrs. Anthony Bleecker
 Neilson), 158
 Helen (Mrs. Maitland Armstrong),
 202, 374-379, 388, 401, 404,
 portrait, 274, silhouette, last
 endpaper
 Helena (Mrs. John Coles Neilson),
 157, 159
 Henry, 159, 161
 James, 143
 James, 205, 214
 John, 143
 Col. John, 72, 143-147, 213, 404
 Mrs. Col. John (Catharine Voorhees),
 145, 149, 404; portrait, 146
 Dr. John, 112, 146, 147, 162, 208,

- Neilson, Dr. John—(*Continued*)
 404; portrait, 146; silhouette, first
 endpaper
 Mrs. Dr. John (Abigail Bleeker),
 162, 404
 John Jr., 143, 148, 151, 154, 202-226,
 255-275, 404, portrait, 200
 Mrs. John Jr. (Margaret Fish), 137,
 143, 214, 295, 360, 375, 404, por-
 trait, 226
 John, 259, 275, 382
 Mrs. John Coles (Helena Neilson),
 157, 159
 Josepha (Mrs. W. H. Crosby), 159
 Julia (Mrs. C. A. Bulkley), 159
 Julia Kean (Mrs. Robert Peabody
 Barry), 374, 375
 Martha Osborn (Mrs. David Mur-
 ray), 255, 271
 Mary Noel (Mrs. Charles Johnson),
 157
 Mary Noel, 215, 275, 386
 Meta, 277, 377, 402
 Nicholas Fish, 204, 259
 Schuyler, 219, 220
 Staats, 160, 222
 Susan LeRoy (Mrs. J. Francis King),
 400
 William, 143, 158, 159
 Mrs. William (Lady Kitty), 143
 Nevin, Rev. Dr. Robert J., 388
 New Amsterdam, 112-115, 118
 Newbold, 218
 New Brunswick, N. J., 144, 145
 Newburgh, 68, 103, 232, 326
 New Orleans, 60, 61, 208, 235, 238-242,
 246-249, 254, 269, 315
 battle of, 82, 91
 Newport, R. I., 231
 New Year's Day, 123, 402
 Niagara, 158, 173, 180, 224, 275
Niblo's Garden, 208, 223, 308
 Nicholson, Capt., 205
 Niemcewics, Count Julian, 167, 196, 218,
 225, 232
 Niemcewics—(*Continued*)
 Mrs. (Susan Livingston, Mrs. John
 Kean), 7, 10, 11, 17, 18, 133, 166-
 167, 196, 215, 227, 232, 259, 290
 Noailles, Duc de, 154
 Noel, Mrs. Garret, 16
 Mary (Mrs. Anthony Lisperard
 Bleeker), 404
 Nelly, 14, 18
 North, Gen., 132
 North America, ship, 205
 North Carolina, U. S. ship, 299
 Nutt, "Commodore," 321
 Oakley, Judge, 265
 Oatman, Dr., 271
Oconee, steamer, 269
 Oddie, 223
 Ogden, Major Aaron, 14
 Dr., 223
 Gov., 228
 Hannah (Mrs. Caldwell), 16
 Mrs. David, 307, 313
 Frank, 234
 Jonathan, 212
 Matthew, 166
 Nancy (Mrs. Francis Barber), 15
 Phoebe, 168, 235
Ohio, U. S. ship, 361, 362
 Okey, 231
 Olmstead, Frederick Law, 110
 Onderdonk, Hobart, 397
 Oriskany, 175
 Osborn, Martha (Mrs. Edward Neilson),
 213
 Otis, 181
 Otto, Louis William, Comte de Mosloy,
 50, 51
 Mrs. Louis William Otto (Elizabeth
 Livingston), 50, 51
 Otway, Admiral Sir Robert, 287
 Oude, King of, 191
 Packard, 183
 Page, 179
 Commander, 315
 Paget, Sir Edward, 190

- Painter, Dr., 261
 Palffy, Count, 397
 Pakenham, Gen., 91, 92
 Palmer, 232
 Papal infallibility, 378
 Papal States, 378
 Paris, 199, 372
 Paris Exposition of 1878, 395, 396, 398
Park theater, N. Y., 159, 208, 257
 Parley, Peter, 150
 Panoramas, 262, 264
 Pass Christian, La., 249, 250
 Patterson, 183
 William, 233
 Paul, Emperor, 167
 Paulding, J. H., 245
 Payne, Howard, 208, 209, 311
Peacock, ship of war, 283, 284
 Peale's museum, Phila., 24
 N. Y., 265
 Pearsall, 216
 Pearson, 267
 Pedan, 317
 Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, 206, 207, 285-
 287
 Pelham, Westchester, 374, 375
 Penn, 28
 Percy, Lord, 64
 Perrier, Adolphe, 140
 Mme. Adolphe (Natalie La Fayette),
 140, 151
 Casimir, 140
 Perry, Commodore Matthew C., 303, 341
Petersfield, 130
 Phelps, 233, 244, 287
 Philadelphia, 24, 28, 29, 129, 186, 209, 234
 Philip, 186
 Philp, Mary (Mrs. Archibald Campbell),
 99, 101
 Phoenix, 265
 Pico, Mrs., 196
 Pigeons, passenger, 342
 Pinckney, Thomas, 141
 Thomas, 382
 Mrs. Thomas (Mary Stewart), 382
Pipe-layers, 265
 Pius the IX, Pope, 375, 376, 379
 Plague, 219
 Plattsburg, battle of, 91, 170
 Poe, Edgar Allan, 267
 Polk, Pres., 268
 Pollock, Mrs. (Miss Edwards), 13, 15
Pomona Hall, Yonkers, 124, 125
 Popham, Major, 88, 124
 Porter, Kentucky Giant, 223
 Admiral David D., 304
 Port Royal races, 95, 96
 Post, Dr., 195
 Miss (Mrs. Morris), 195
 Potter, Bishop Horatio, 321
Potter's Field, 365
 Powel, 28, 29
 Powell, 220
 Power, Tyrone, 266
Pulaski, steamer, 260, 352
Punch, London, 279
Puseyites, 267
Pussiana, Miss, 128
 Putnam, Gen., 67, 119
 Putnam's store, 274
Precaution, novel, 136
President, steamship, 265, 266, 277
Presqu' Isle, 384
Pretty Prospect, Georgetown, 103
 Prevost, Sir John, 91, 172
 Price, Gov. Rodman, 312
 W., 261
 Prime, Charlotte (Mrs. William Massena
 Benjamin), 364
 F., 203
 William, 364, 366
 Princeton, battle of, 69
 College, 119
Prospect Hill, Albany, 131
 Pruin, 115
 Quarantine, N. Y., 205
 Quebec, 116, 205
 Queen St., N. Y., 37, 38, 53
 Quesnet, 24
 Rahway murder, 212
 Ramsay, Betsy, 8, 19, 20, 195, 232, 237,
 310

- Ramsay—(*Continued*)
 Isabella ("little Bell," Mrs. J. W. Macomb, Mrs. Gen. Bloomfield), 27, 182, 309
 John, 6, 24, 55, 169
 Mrs. John (Elizabeth Cox), 35, 171, 404
 Randolph, 212
 John, of Roanoke, 214
 Ranelagh, Countess of, 52
 Rathbone, Mrs. (Mrs. Henry Cruger), 232
 Rawlston, 183
 Ray, Mary (vicomtesse de Courval), 171
 Read, Buchanan, 391
 Mrs. Jacob (Kitty Van Horne), 40, 41
 Gen. Meredith, 399
 Reade, Joseph, 136
Rebecca, ship, 194
 Red Cloud, 386
 Redmond, Harry, 374
 Reform bill, 204
 Remson, 137
 Rémusat, comtesse de, 140
 Charles, comte de, 140, 141
 Mme. Charles (Pauline Lasteyrie), 140, 141
 Rendon, Don Francisco, 5, 19, 21-53, 60-62, 188, 238, 389; portrait, 22
 Rensselaerwick, 115
 Renwick, Prof., 258
 Reynall, Gen., 192
 Rhineland, Dr., 305
 Richards, Mrs. Guy (Mary Ivers), 307
 Westley, 330
 Riché, Mrs. G. I. (Elizabeth Ramsay Wetherill), 310
 Richmond, Va., 20
Richmond Hill, N. Y., 56, 125
 Ricketts, C., 234
 George, 169
 Mrs. (Miss Fitzgerald), 190
 James, 11, 188, 190
 Mrs. James (Sarah Livingston), 10, 11, 12, 32, 49
 Ridley's candy, 358
 Riggs, Helen, 183
 Rio de Janeiro, 286, 316
 Robert, Col. Philip Rhineland, 124, 125
 Robertson, Alexander, 266
 Walter, 5, 67, 71; portraits by, 22, 74
 Robinson, W. D., 222
 Rochester, N. Y., 178
 Rockefeller, John D., 336
 Rocky Mountain sheep, 87
 Rodman, 389
 Rogers, Ben Woolsey, 134
 Eliza (Mrs. William Van Rensselaer), 214
 Rev. J. M., 216
 Mary ("Marie Roget"), 267
 Nanny (John Navarre Maccomb), 21
 Roosevelt, 37
 Mrs. James (Sara Delano), 259
 Roslin, Earl of, 9
 Roslyn, 274
 Ross, 28, 29, 290
 Widow, 120
 Rothschild, 396
 Roubelle, Madame (Catherine Lawrence), 230, 231
 Rucker, John Peter, 20, 58
 Mrs. J. P. (Janet Marshall, Mrs. Alexander Maccomb), 5, 8, 19, 20, 21, 34, 58, 91, 171, 305
 Ruff, Dr., 250
 Russel, 179, 180
 Rutgers, Mary, 181
 Rutgers College, 121, 157
 Rutherford, Miss L., 168
 Stuyvesant, 272
 Rutherford, 134, 135
 Helen, 134
 Walter, 276
 Rutledge, 25
 Rutter, John, 118
 St. Clair, Gen. Arthur, 7-9, 49
St. Cecilia, Charleston, 96, 109
 St. Gaudens, Augustus, 394, 395, 400
 St. John's Chapel, 220
 St. Luke's Hospital, 222, 275
 St. Mémin, 5; portraits by, 170
 St. Nicholas Society, 261

- St. Patrick's Day, 204
 St. Peter's Church, Barclay St., 38
 Westchester, 119, 375
 Sackett, Elizabeth (Mrs. Jonathan Fish),
 404
 Salter, Elliot, 194
 Emily, 185, 243, 299, 305, 309
 Harriet, 310
 Commodore William Dayton, 173-
 184, 232, 281-325, 350; portrait,
 308
 Mrs. William Dayton (Margaret
 Armstrong), 165, 171, 173-184,
 298, 307, 308, 311, 322
 Sands, Miss, 212
 Robert Charles, 202, 209, 216
Sandy Hill, N. Y., 157, 159
 Sandy Hook, 148
San Francisco, ship, 313
 Santos, Marchioness of, 287
 Saponikan (Greenwich Village), 85, 113,
 114, 146
 Saratoga, 173, 182, 217, 230
 Sargent, 180
 Satterthwaite, 230
 Schenck, 183
 Schermerhorn, 201
 Katherine (Mrs. Benjamin S. Welles),
 274
 Schuyler, 118
 Abraham, 116
 Angelica, 212, 278
 Elizabeth (Mrs. Alexander Hamil-
 ton), 15
 Mrs. Eugene (Gertrude King), 395-
 397
 Scott, Adam, of Tushielaw, 74
 Barbara, 170
 Major Thomas, 169, 170
 Sir Walter, 170, 208
 General Winfield, 19, 193, 196, 246,
 310, 311
 Mrs. Gen. Winfield (Maria Mayo),
 19, 152, 153, 193, 211, 245, 311
 Scranton, 346
 Screven, Cornelia (Mrs. Martin Wilkins),
 385
 John, 358, 367
 Mrs. John (Ellen Wilkins), 332, 335,
 351, 353, 367
 Kitty (Mrs. Robert Turnbull), 333,
 385
 Seabury, Bishop Samuel, 119
Seawant, 113
 Selkirk, Lord, 373
 Senate of S. Carolina, 101, 102
Seven Oaks, John's Island, 107
17th Foot, 67-72
 Seviler, 288, 289
 Sharks, 291
 Sheep, 154, 330, 348, 359
Shepherdess, sloop of war, 282, 283
 Sherman, 181
 Gen., 389, 391
 Shippen, 26, 383
 Peggie (Mrs. Benedict Arnold), 32
 Sally, 32
 Molly, 32
 Mrs. William (Georgina Morton),
 275
 Shrewsbury Beach, 148
 Simmons, Franklin, 391
 Simms, William Gilmore, 99
 Sindia, 188
Sir Henry, race horse, 331, 373
Sirius, steam packet, 259
Sketch Club (XXT), 202, 208, 212
 Slaves, 98, 108, 118, 171, 172, 216, 224
 Slocum, 346
 Sloops, Hudson River, 145, 146
 Smith, Col. William Stevens, 27, 49, 58
 Mrs. Col. W. S. Smith (Abigail
 Amelia Adams), 28, 49
 Snelling, 389
Society Library, N. Y. C., 259
 Soley, Mrs. James Russell, 399
 Somarsall, Mary (Mrs. John Ward), 162,
 404; portrait, frontispiece
 William, 404
 Mrs. William (Sarah Hartley), 404;
 portrait, frontispiece
 Sparks, Jared, 214

- Spencer, 194
 Spursheim, 208
 Staats, 115, 160
 Stage-waggons, 46
 Stanley, Lord, 331
 Steuben, Baron, 26, 132
 Stevens, 272
 Castle Point, 9, 31, 222, 275
 John Cox, 9, 31
 Horatio G., 263
 Mrs. (Rachel Cox), 8, 9
 Steward, 389
 Stewart, 357
 A. T., 271
 Mary (Mrs. Thomas Pinckney), 382
 Mrs. Pinckney (Helen V. C. LeRoy),
 273, 389
 Stewart's candy, 357
 Stirling, Lord (William Alexander), 10—
 14, 143
 Lady, 13
 Stock Exchange, N. Y., 220
 Stoddard, Benjamin, 103, 104
 Stone, Col., 223
 Stony Point, capture of, 69, 70
 Strong, James, 260
 Stuart, Gilbert, 57
 Sturgis, Russell, 397
 Stuyvesant, Cornelia (Mrs. Dirck Ten
 Broeck), 130
 Elizabeth (Mrs. Nicholas Fish), 114,
 127, 130, 136, 137, 162, 278, 404
 Gerard, 204
 Institute, 256
 Judith (Mrs. Benjamin Winthrop),
 129, 130
 Julia (Mrs. Winterhoff), 273
 madeira, 401
 Margaret, 130
 meadows, 126
 Nick, 158
 Mrs. Nicholas (Miss Cheeseborough),
 158
 Nicholas William, 214
 pear tree, 114
 Gov. Petrus, 114, 115, 130, 272, 327,
 401, 402; portrait, 112
 Stuyvesant—(*Continued*)
 Petrus, 130, 404
 Mrs. Petrus (Margaret Livingston),
 404
 Peter, 272
 Peter G., 204, 213, 216, 261, 265, 271,
 272
 Rutherford, 272
 Square, 272, 318
 Street, 130, 139, 216
 Suffern, 233
 Suffrage, 264
 Sully, Thomas, portrait by, 210
 Sumner, Major Job, 295
 Swaart, 117
 Taler, Henry E., 369
Talisman magazine, 150
 Talmage, Recorder, 266
 Tammany, 14, 221, 262
 Tarleton, Col., 98
 Tattnall, Flag Officer Josiah, 304
 Taylor, Gen. Zachary, 271
Tea-water pump, 37, 38
 Telegraph, 257, 258
 Ten Broeck, Abraham, 120
 Gen. Abraham, 117, 119, 121, 131
 Mrs. Gen. Abraham (Elizabeth Van
 Rensselaer), 121
 Dirck, 213
 Mrs. Dirck (Cornelia Stuyvesant),
 130
 Mrs. Dirck (Margaret Cuyler), 115
 Petrus Stuyvesant, 131
 S. (L.?), 213
 Ten Eyck, 121
 Jacobse, 116
 Temple, Sir John, 50, 51, 54
 Lady (Miss Bowdoin), 49, 50
 Thackeray, William Makepeace, 277
 Thibault, 213
 Thomas, Mary, 278
Thompson's, Corporal, 308
 Thompson, Jonathan, 264
 Thorn, 274
 Tiffany and Co., 396, 397
 Tolland, 186

- Torrington, Lord, 348
 Touche, Chevalier de la, 26, 27
 Tom Thumb, 320, 321
 Mrs. (Lavinia Warren), 320, 321
Tontine, 204, 262, 263, 387
 Tracy, Frances (Mrs. Pierrepont Morgan), 389
 Trenton Falls, 181
 Trichinopoli, 78
 Trilobites, 182
 Trinity Church, 42, 65, 66, 131, 213, 233, 271, 386
 College, Hartford (Washington College), 223, 367-368, 380
Tripler's Hall, 314
 Trollope, Mrs., 257
 Tupper, Martin, 274
 Turnbull, 233, 385
 Catherine, 385
 Louis, 385
 Robert, 385
 Mrs. Robert (Kitty Screven), 333, 385
 Turtle Bay, 42
XXI (Sketch Club), 202, 261
 Tyler, Pres., 267

United States, U. S. frigate, 204
 University, N. Y., 257, 365
 Upjohn, Richard, 264
Ursino (Liberty Hall), 12, 15, 16, 167, 227, 232, 265, 318

 Valentines, 271
 Van Berckel, Frank, 39, 40, 52, 338
 Pieter Johan, 32, 34, 38-40
 Madame, 39
 Miss (Mrs. Cenf), 39, 40
 Van Boskirk, Lucas, 261, 262
 Van Bueren, 308
 Van Buren, Pres. Martin, 216
 Van Courtland, 137, 286
 Gen., 310
 Augustus, 261
 Vanderbilt, "Commodore," 328
 Mrs. Cornelius, 321
 Frederick, 338

 Vanderburg robbery, 264
 Vandervoort, 55
 Van Dyck, 115
 Van Horne, 134
 Anna (Mrs. William Edgar), 41
 Cornelia (Mrs. Philip Livingston), 40, 41
 Kitty (Mrs. Jacob Read), 40, 41
 Van Rensselaer, 117, 224, 339, 340, 385
 Catherine (Mrs. Gouverneur Morris Wilkins), 244, 333, 366, 385
 Elizabeth (Mrs. Gen. Abraham Ten Broeck), 121
 Henry, 214
 Hobart, 215
 Philip, 214
 Rutsen, 212, 215
 Mrs. Rutsen (Emily Denning), 275, 383
 Patroon Stephen, 115
 Stephen, 357
 Stephen P., 131
 Gen., 244, 339
 William, 385
 Mrs. William (Eliza Rogers), 214
 Van Schaick, 115
 Van Veghten, Lucas, 116
 Philip, 116
 Varian, 262, 265
 Varleth, Judith (Mrs. Nicholas Bayard), 115
Vauxhall Gardens, N. Y., 127, 139
 Verplanck, 26, 115, 141, 307, 328
 Beekman, 307, 320
 Mrs. Beekman (Mercia Macomb, Mrs. Lyle), 232, 245, 307
 Delancey, 234
 Gulian Crommelin, 138, 216
 Philip, 231
 William, 234
 Versailles, 333
 Viar, Don José, 55, 56
 Victoria, Queen, 161, 223, 264, 322, 344-346, 349, 363
Vixen, ship of war, 284

- von Pfister, Alexander, 166
 Augusta (Mrs. John Ashe Livingston), 319
 E. M., 319
 Voorhees, Catharine (Mrs. Col. John Neilson), 145, 149, 404; portrait, 146
- Waddington, Madame (Mary King), 395-400
 Waddell, Coventry, 360
 Wadsworth, 338, 341
 Elizabeth (Mrs. Charles Augustus Murray), 341, 363
 Wainright, Capt., 232
 Rev. Dr., 233
 Wales, Prince of, 389, 396
 Wallace, 134, 246
 Wall, William, 203
 Wallack, Lester, 256
 Waln, 210
 Walnut tree, 130
 Walton, 37, 127
 Judge Henry, 127, 128
Walton House, 37
 Walton, Jacob, 65
 Octavia, 230
 Ward, 94, 97, 204, 222
 Miss (Baroness Hoffman), 388
 Henry, 333
 John, of Kent, 98
 Col. John, 94, 101-107, 123, 162, 359, 404
 Mrs. Col. John (Mary Somarsall), 162, 404; portrait, frontispiece
 Joshua, 404
 Mrs. Joshua (Sarah McCall), 404
 Mary Somarsall (Mrs. Gouverneur Morris Wilkins), 183, 229, 332, 366
 Sarah Hartley (Mrs. Edward Armstrong of Danskammer), 228, 332, 354-356, 365, 375, 404
 War of 1812, 90, 106, 147-150, 163, 165, 282, 283, 300
- Warren, Lavinia (Mrs. Tom Thumb), 320, 321
 Dr. Mason, 377
 Minnie, 321
 Admiral Sir Peter, 31
 Washington, city of, 35, 58, 90, 103-106
 College (Trinity College, Hartford), 223, 367-368, 380
 General, 6, 12, 13, 23, 26, 29, 38, 45, 53, 54, 66, 68, 69, 103, 119, 123, 125, 145, 173, 188, 214, 224
 Mrs. Gen. George, 55, 57, 59, 145, 251
 George Augustine, 7-9
 Col. John Augustine, 268
 Mrs. Col. John Augustine, 268
 Square, N. Y., 159, 365
 Waterloo, field of, 372
Water Witch, ship, 315, 317
 Watts, John, 31
 Robert, Jr., 134
 Wayne, Anthony, 70-71
 Webb, 95
 Webster, Daniel, 262, 276
 Mrs. Daniel (Miss LeRoy), 262
 Sidney, 389
 Mrs. Sidney (Sarah Morris Fish), 259
 Weehawken, N. J., picture of, 258
 Weir, Robert Walter, 202, 272
 Wells, Thomas, 193
 Welles, Mrs. Benjamin (Katherine Schermerhorn), 274
 Wendell, 115
 West Point, 235
 Wetherill, Rev. Bloomfield, 388
 Elizabeth Ramsay (Mrs. G. I. Riché), 310
 Francis, 309
 Harry, 320
 John, 309, 310
 Rachel (Mrs. Adinell Hewson), 253, 309
 Samuel, 309
 Dr. William, 253, 309
 Mrs. Dr. William (Isabella Macomb), 166, 234, 305, 309, 389
 Wetmore, P. M., 272

- Whaling Co., 232, 234
 Wheaton, Rev. Dr., 242
 Whipple, Dr. Edwin Percy, 377
 Whistler, Dr., 398
White Hall, 115
White-fish, boat, 173
 White, Stephen, 262
 R., 264
 Wickham, George, 134
 Wickoff, 196, 198
 Wigg, Billy, 95
 Thomas, 95
 Wilkes, 183
 Wilkins, 119, 235
 Ann, 229
 Catherine, 183
 Ellen (Mrs. John Screven), 332, 335,
 351, 353, 367
 Gilbert, 359
 Gouverneur Morris, 103, 104, 183,
 229, 332-333, 366, 385
 Mrs. Gouverneur Morris (Mary
 Ward), 183, 229, 332, 366
 Mrs. Gouverneur Morris (C. Van
 Rensselaer), 244, 333, 366, 385
 Gouv., 108, 109, 383
 Martin, 108, 356
 Martin, 385
 Mrs. Martin, 351
 Mrs. Martin (Cornelia Screven), 385
 Martina, 233, 244, 249
 William IV, 67, 222
 Willard of the City Hotel, 337
William Neilson, steamer, 208
 Williamsburg, Va., 336
 Williams, Eleazar, 278
 Willing, 209, 211
 Miss (Mrs. Bingham), 24; card, 44
 Willis, N. P., 202
 Wilson, Hugh, 109
 Winans, Elias, 315
 Wine, 110, 200
 Winslow, Capt., 323
 Winterhoff, Mrs. (Julia Stuyvesant), 273
 Winthrop, 212, 221
 Benjamin Robert, 131
 Mrs. Benjamin (Judith Stuyvesant),
 129, 130
 Dr. Egerton L., 141, 151, 154, 155
 Eliza, 137
 John, 265
 Robert, 213, 260, 269
 Witches, 115
 Wolcott, 265
 Wolf, Gov., 216
Woolly horse, 224
 Woolsey, 251
World, newspaper, 307
 Wright, Silas, 265
 Wynne, Sir Watkin William, 98
 Wyoming Massacre, 347

 Yates, 115
 Yeats, Peter, 132
 Yellow fever, 60, 85, 86, 146, 239, 240,
 250, 253, 315, 317, 362
 Yorktown, surrender at, 122, 139, 188

 Zacatecas, Mexico, 62

FIVE
GENERATIONS

By Margaret Armstrong

*Set up in Caslon Old Face and printed
from type. Format by A. W. Rushmore.
Manufactured by the Haddon Craftsmen.*

Published by

HARPER & BROTHERS
NEW YORK AND LONDON

MCMXXX



LIBRARY
COLLEGE OF PUGET SOUND
TACOMA, WASH.

E
161
A73

E
161
A73

Armstrong, Margaret
Five generations.

LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF PUGET SOUND
Tacoma, Washington



E161.A73

Collins Memorial Library

uppa

/Five generations; life and letters of a



3 5121 00104 6559